WEEK
ENDING
JULY 26, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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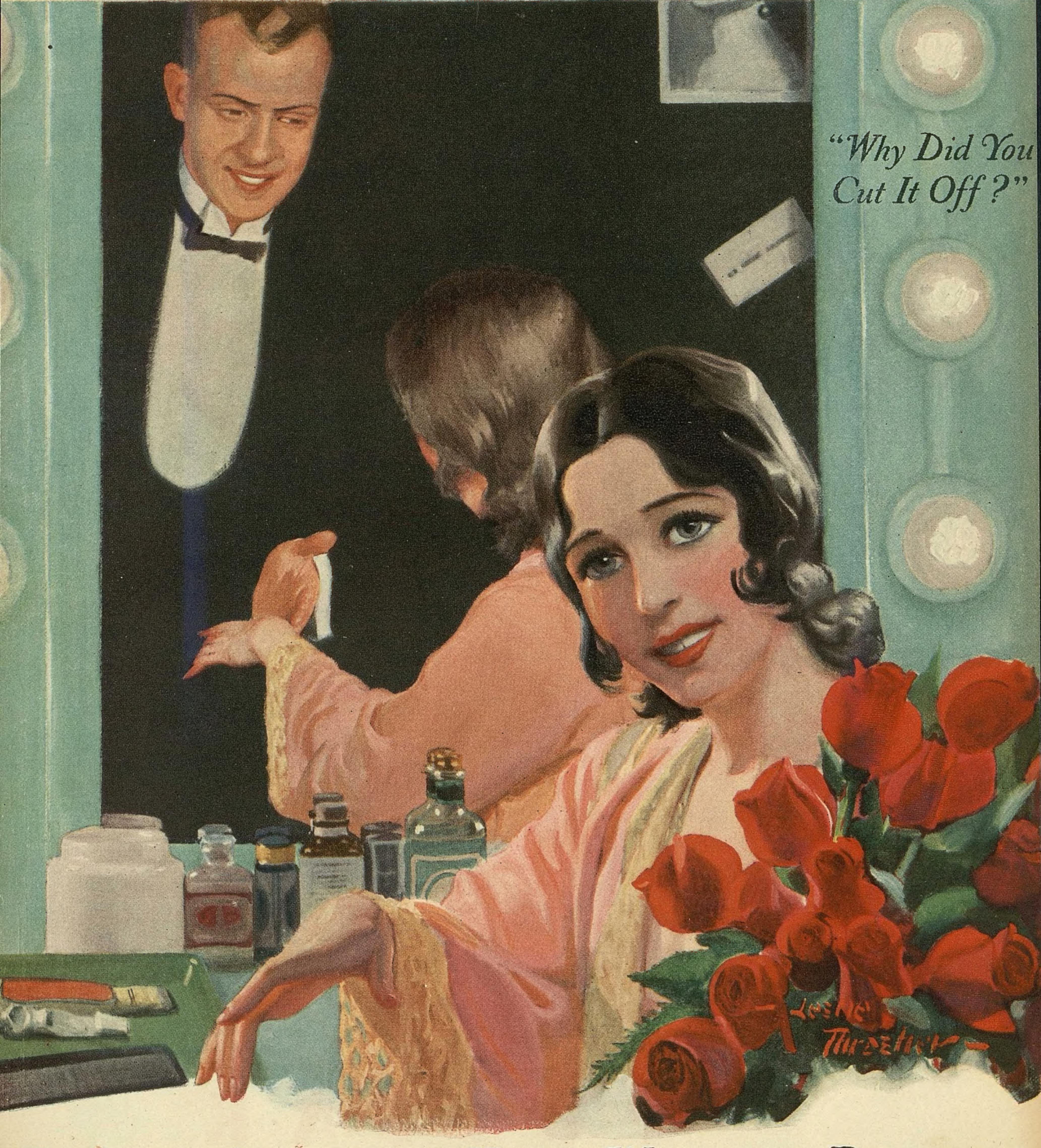
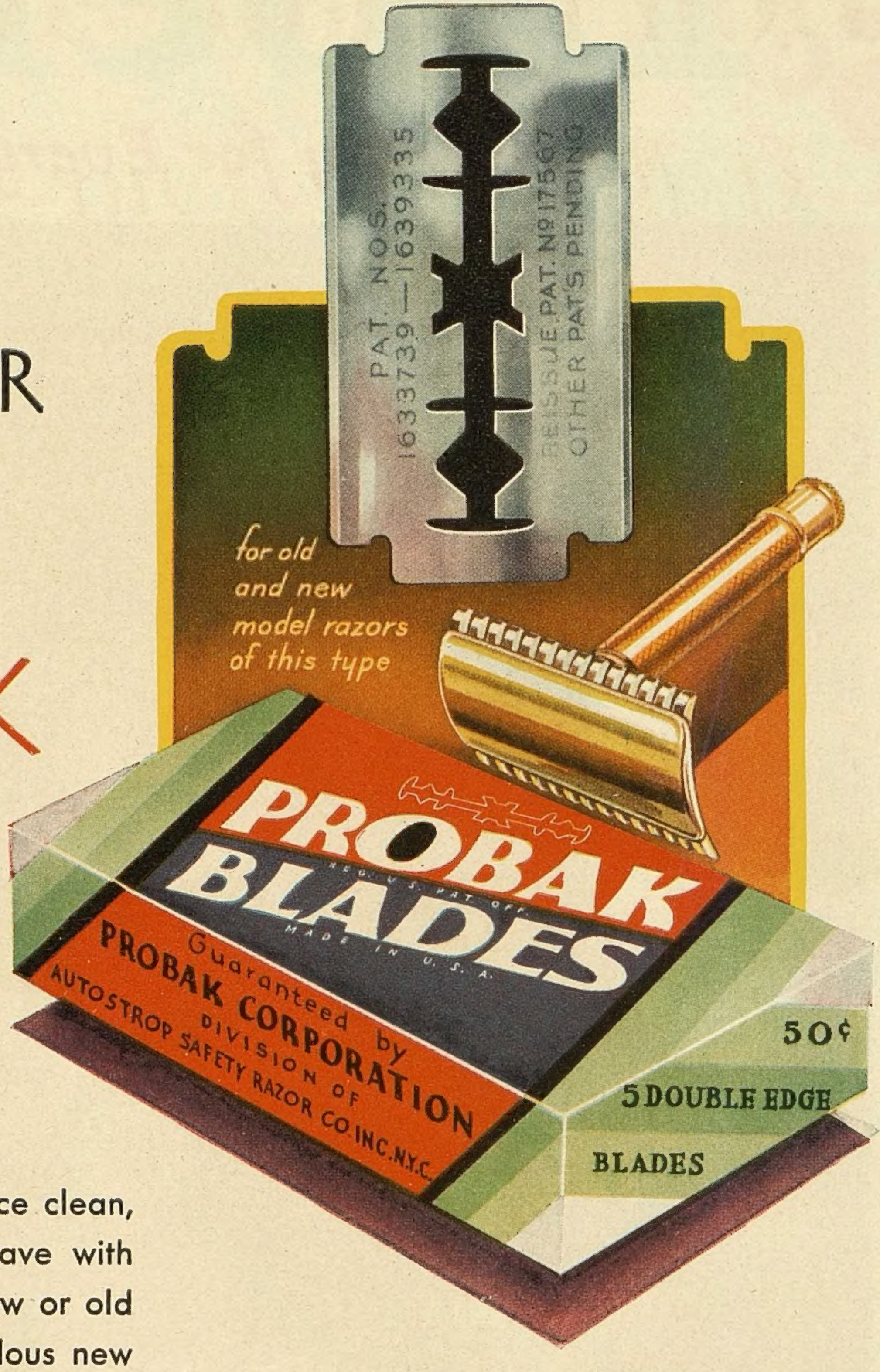


"Why Did You Cut It Off?"

TARBELL ~ GILPATRIC ~ HOPE ~ WINSLOW ~ DOHERTY

NOT ONE SOUR BLADE IN A MILLION

ONCE OVER IS ENOUGH *with* PROBAK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MADE IN U.S.A.
Guaranteed by PROBAK CORPORATION DIVISION OF AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO. INC. N.Y.C.
50¢
5 DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

LIGHT, swift, easy strokes leave your face clean, smooth and refreshed when you shave with the super-keen Probak blade in your new or old type double-edge razor. Try this marvelous new blade. See what a world of difference it makes. Ease up on your razor—just guide it—there's no need to press or pull.

Patents protect Probak's revolutionary advantages. Butterfly channeling in 17% heavier, duo-tempered steel enables this blade to bend without distortion—brings the straight-edge principle to the double-edge razor. There's not one sour blade in a million. Every Probak is guaranteed by one of the oldest, largest safety razor and blade manufacturers. You get complete satisfaction or your money back. Don't wait to exhaust your present supply of blades. Buy a red-green-blue package of Probaks now. Use two in a conclusive competitive shaving test against your old brand. If every Probak shave isn't better in every way—return the package. Your dealer will refund the full price. $1 for 10, 50c for 5.

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Probak Blades give wonderful shaves in your present double-edge razor — but even better shaves in the new Probak Razor. If your dealer cannot supply you send $1 for Probak's introductory package including one Probak Razor and eight Probak Blades.

Just print your name and address clearly on the margin. Inclose $1 and mail this coupon to the Probak Corporation, Dept. L-17.

PROBAK

Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335. Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending.

"Don't Blame Your Luck—
It May Be Your Looks"

After Ted recovered from the jolt of it—he realized that his Dad's letter hit the nail on the head. Especially this part: "Sorry you lost your job. I believe your firm lost confidence in you because of your lack of attention to details—particularly those concerning your appearance. Your sloppy socks, for example, created the impression that you were slipshod, careless and indifferent—*about everything*. Don't blame your *luck*—it may be your *looks*."

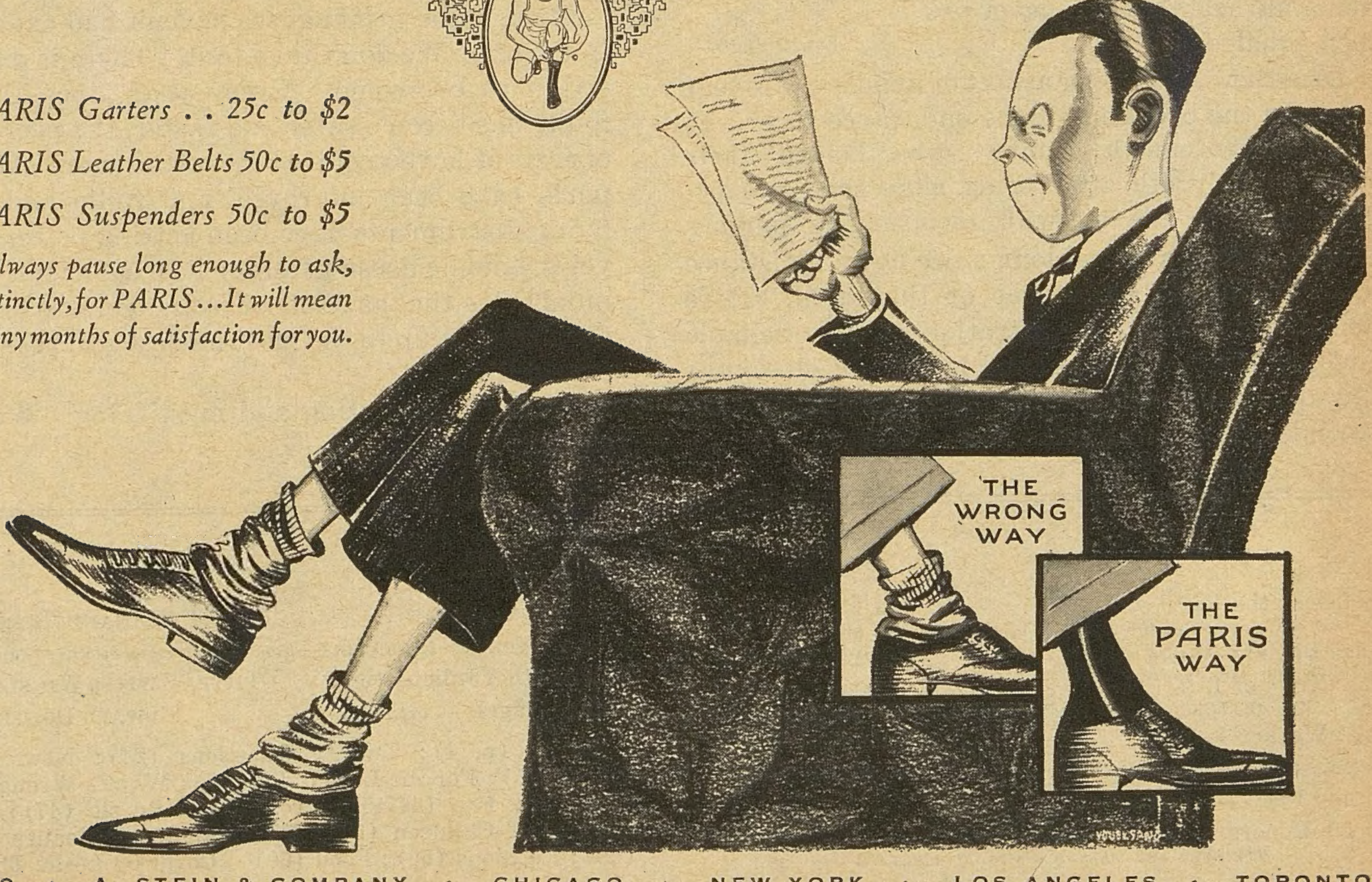
No SOX Appeal—Without

PARIS
GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Keep UP your good appearance

PARIS Garters . . 25c to $2
PARIS Leather Belts 50c to $5
PARIS Suspenders 50c to $5

Always pause long enough to ask, distinctly, for PARIS . . . It will mean many months of satisfaction for you.



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JULY 26, 1930

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A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

HOW ABOUT LOWELL SMITH?

Major Kingsford-Smith's achievements in the air—his flights from California to Australia, thence to England, and (in the first east-west flight of its character ever made) from Ireland to America—have stirred up quite a dispute as to who is the greatest long-distance flyer.

Most Americans, no doubt, would claim the title for Colonel Lindbergh, while most Australians would nominate the Major. If a neutral were asked to choose between the two, we must admit he probably would say Kingsford-Smith. For, though Lindbergh's feat has never been performed solo by anyone else, others have traveled virtually the same course since—whereas the flight to Australia was a miracle that has never yet been equaled.

Lowell Smith

Another interesting aspect of aviation this year has been the breaking of the endurance record by John and Kenneth Hunter, who landed their plane on July 4th after being more than twenty-three days in the air with their engine purring steadily along, and had long since flown a distance equal to the circumference of the earth. Here was a marvelous demonstration of how reliable airplane engines can be, and in any discussion of long-distance flyers the Hunters have their own special right to be mentioned.

But actually covering great distances, of course, is different from flying round and round. And while we are on the subject of long-distance flyers, what about Lowell Smith, who made a complete circuit of the world in 1924?

He led the Army's flight from east to west after the original flight commander, Major Martin, had crashed in Alaska. His plane completed the round-the-world flight in six months, and so did that of Lieutenant Erik Nelson, who was under his command.

Kingsford-Smith went around the world—and, as he has said, not merely around the top of the world—but what Lowell Smith did, he did six years ago, and whether or not it is because he is a retiring, reticent sort of person, the fact remains that he has never received anything like the acclaim due him.

Not that this is particularly to be wondered at. Among people interested in the air the question is repeatedly asked, What is the matter with aviation in the United States?

This country has plenty of flyers, ships, and airports, but there is not enough flying, and nobody is making money at it.

We don't think this is due to fear of the air. During the war, the service was overrun with volunteers, at a time when flying was far more dangerous than now. We have plenty of young men willing to go into hazardous occupations, from that of a gangster up. We don't believe there is a yellow streak in our people.

Nor do we believe it is a matter of expense. There are plenty of other expensive but popular occupations and amusements.

It must be just that we haven't had experience in the air. We don't take to it. There is a sort of strain to overcome. Every year since the war flying has become safer and faster, the people who operate it have acquired more and more skill, airports have been improved, and radio and blind-flying instruments have been getting better. And yet the public doesn't fall for it in sufficiently large numbers, either as pilots or passengers, to bring its development up to the most modest and reasonable expectations.

It is disappointing and mystifying. We can't explain it.

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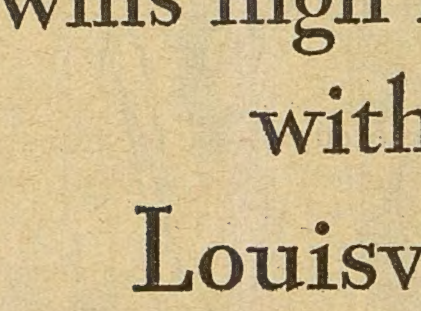
MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

VALET wins high honors with Louisville Senior Medics

TESTED in classroom and dormitory—voted first in quality and performance—the new Valet blade won and holds the overwhelming preference of dermatological students awarded degrees this year by the University of Louisville. These senior medics—thirteen in a class of fourteen members—use the new Valet—declare it unsurpassed for shaving comfort. Let the advice of alert young skin specialists guide you. Here's their statement:



"The superior grinding and honing of the Valet blade are manifest in a smooth, comfortable shave—and a decided tendency to eliminate skin irritation and troublesome and disfiguring infection."

The new Valet glides lightly, smoothly, without irritating the skin or causing abrasions. Dermatologists prescribe it for the prevention of skin troubles that are caused or aggravated by harsh shaving.

Valet's advanced precision methods finish triple-hardened steel to a micro-perfect edge of marvelous keenness. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection assure utmost uniformity. Every blade is a triumph in steel—a revelation in shaving comfort.

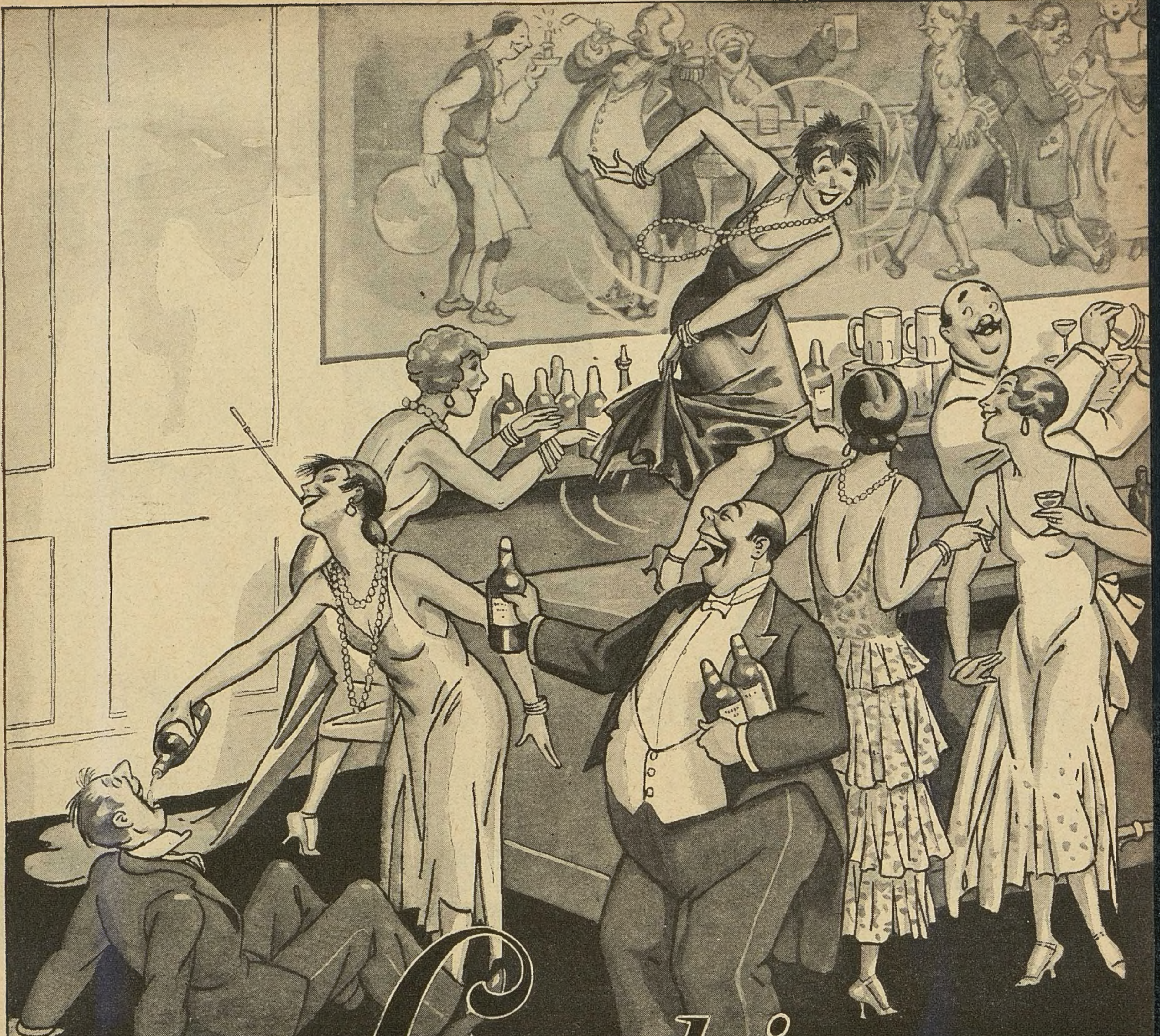
The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning, and always holds the edge at a friendly shaving angle.

Keep your face young—your skin clear. Enjoy unmatched convenience and a revelation in comfort. Shave with this amazingly keen blade—preferred by men who know steel and prescribed by those who know faces.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

The NEW VALET *Auto-Strop* BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York—Also Toronto • London • Paris • Milan • Rio de Janeiro



Pictures by
CLARA ELSENE
PECK

Ladies at

An Examination of the

By

IDA M. TARBELL

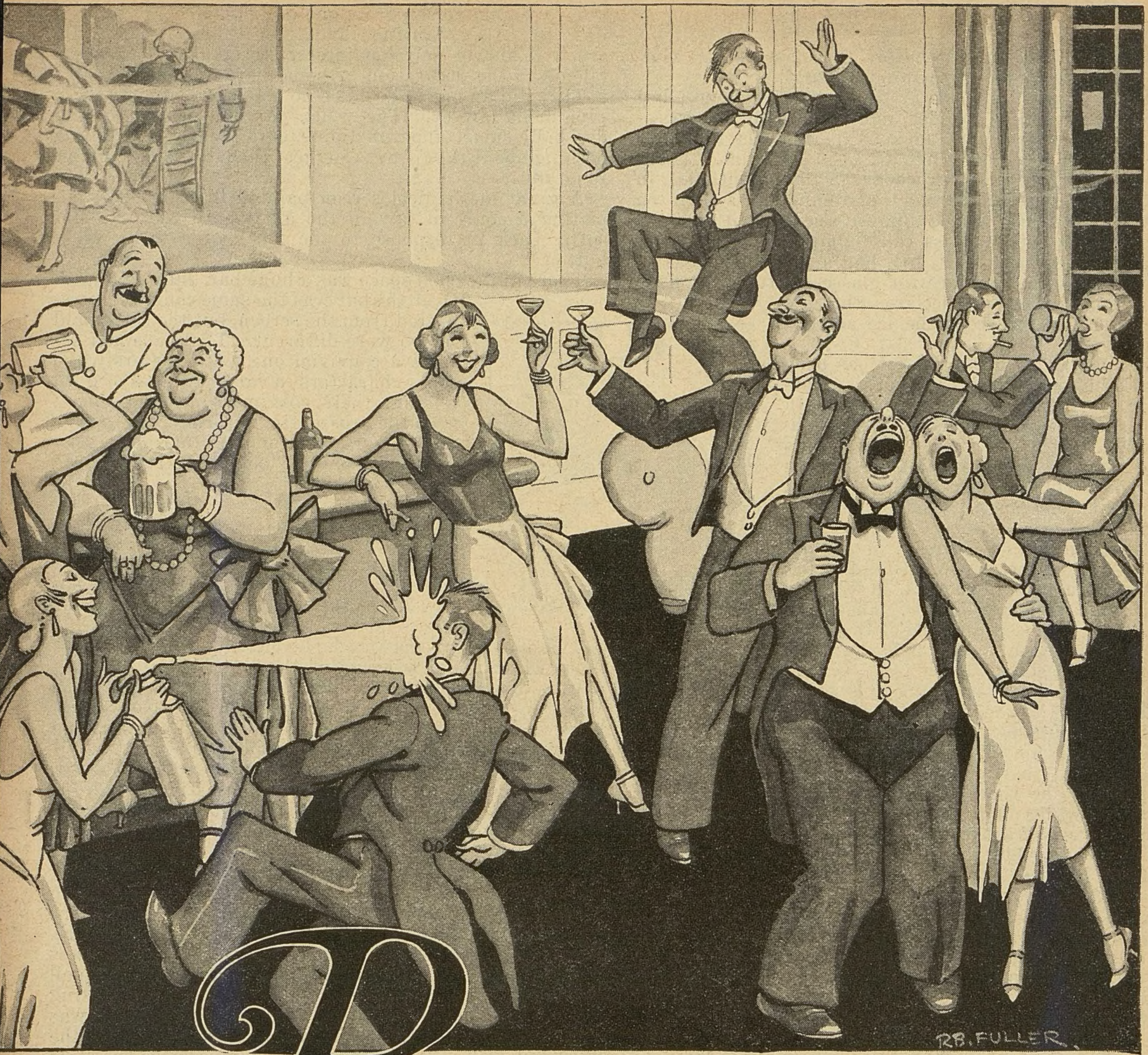
a distinguished publicist and historian, made famous in 1904 by her two-volume History of the Standard Oil Company. She is also the author of several books on Lincoln, and a leading authority on his life. Last year she told in Liberty what, in her belief, would be his attitude toward prohibition.

THE present widespread revolt against prohibition draws no little of its intensity and its bitterness from a growing realization that the American bar, supposed to have been cut root and branch from our life by the Eighteenth Amendment, has merely been transplanted into the American home.

When women demand barrooms in their new homes and apartments; when still other women turn their cooking utensils to making home brews and their kitchens into speakeasies; when merchants and manufacturers can afford to advertise "bars for homes, clubs, and apartments," we must admit that this famous American institution still lives—that it has simply changed its habitat.

This changed habitat has made a new equipment necessary. If drinking is to be taken out of public places and carried on in the home, there must be provision for it; and so we have a multiplication of what was rare enough in pre-prohibition days—the private barroom. If the tea party is to be turned into a cocktail party, the new social function must be provided with proper conveniences, a proper setting. The very latest device to meet these needs is the "portable American bar."

An advertisement in the columns of a great metropoli-



the Bar

A convivial crowd is a careless crowd, hard on furniture. Set up a bar and you can hope, at least, to concentrate the drinking.

New Era in Brass Rails

tan daily first called my attention to this novelty. It looked as if here was something to add to my collection of Curiosities of the Prohibition Era. Was it really a bar? I hunted up the out-of-the-way place—out-of-the-way for me—where it was made; for this particular "portable American bar" was sold not in great shops but by correspondence only.

A GLANCE at the model took away all doubt as to its being a veritable bar—small, to be sure, forty-eight inches long, but lacking none of the hallmarks. Here was the shiny wood, the waterproof top, the shelf for bottles and glasses and shakers. Here was the brass rail.

The pleasant salesman was enthusiastic over his novel ware. "This is not an old-fashioned makeshift like the cellarette, the sideboard of pre-prohibition times," he said; "it is the real thing. Of course you can have it in any length, in any finish, fit it into any scheme of decoration and color. And look at the convenience of having a portable piece of furniture—something you can put under a bed, behind a bureau—no trouble at all." With a twist of his wrist he had folded it up as one does a bridge or sewing table and had tucked it into a closet.

A point he emphasized was its strength, and indeed its construction was of the solidest. "Look here," he exulted; "*you can hook it to the floor,* where it can't be budged no matter how gay the crowd is. It will stand any amount of abuse." By which I suppose he meant that the party could dance on its top if it so willed.

The salesman grew dithyrambic in his praise of it. "No matter what the occasion, it is sure to break the ice. You are always prepared for hospitality—to give everybody a chance to grow mellow." And, as he had already

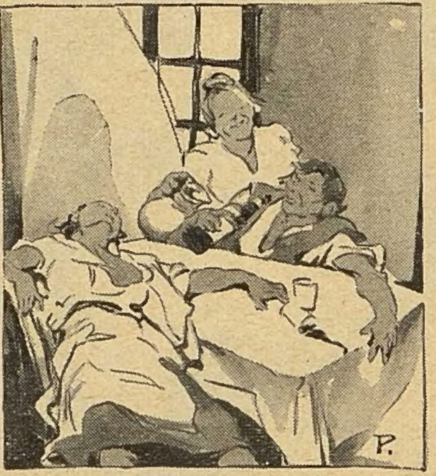
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LADIES AT THE BAR
Continued from page seven

explained, if they grew so mellow that they became riotous, " the bar was built to stand abuse! "

This was my first look at the new convenience, but not my last. Much grander and more costly advertisements were appearing in smart periodicals than the modest one which had started me on my hunt. There was a certain portable bar known in the patent office in Washington as a buffet—much more ambitious than the modest piece I had seen. But in essentials it was the same. It, too, had a brass rail " guaranteed to support a man's full weight." It, too, had a top impervious to stain. It, too, had a place for glasses, bottles, towels—everything, indeed, so declared the gay advertisements, " except the ice and ingredients."

This particular bar or buffet has been remarkably successful. Put on the market in April, 256 of them were sold in about six weeks in New York City, Washington, Atlantic City. Not a little of this success has been due to cunning salesmen who spied out an open-minded market. They found one among business men. A considerable number of the executives in our financial, manufacturing, publishing worlds are suspected, at least, of being interested in anything connected with the selling and serving of liquors. The clever salesman, convinced that one of these important gentlemen is personally wet, however politically dry he may declare himself to be, sends in to his desk a seductive circular describing the new " convivial convenience." With the circular goes a card saying that the salesman is outside with a model. It generally proves too alluring to turn away. The man is allowed to come and set up the tiny bar on the executive's desk.



They tell me that offices have been completely disorganized while admiring subordinates gathered to admire the work of art on the boss's desk.

It was believed by the inventor of this bar that women would be his best customers, and he was not mistaken. Thousands of women today, particularly in our cities, take the liveliest interest in their liquor service. Their tea parties have become cocktail parties. They are generous with drinks at their dinners; as for their late parties, the drinking seems never to stop. They pay a heavy price for their fun. A convivial crowd is a careless crowd. It spills its liquors on rugs and cushions. It sets its empty glasses down on rare wood, valuable books and stuffs. Set up a bar and you can hope, at least, to concentrate the drinking.

This was a practical talking point that won women customers from the start, but to the surprise of the inventor they were not interested in his " authentic copy of an American bar."

What he did not realize was that most of the women he was trying to interest had long known just how the American bar looked in the old days. Those who knew Paris had probably first seen an American bar there. I know that I did, thirty-five years ago; and since then gorgeous American bars serving American drinks have been set up in many smart cafés of Paris, mainly to cater to Americans. Thus it has been possible for women interested in the ways of their country, ways which they were forbidden to see at home, to learn all about them in Paris, and many have.

BUT if the woman had no curiosity about the bar as a piece of authentic Americana she was quick to see its practical value as a protector of furniture—also that it gave fresh interest and excitement to her liquor service. All she asked was that it should not clash with her " ensemble "—her decorative scheme. It is, of course, a fascinating and profitable task to produce a piece which " goes "—so we have gold and silver lacquered bars, ebony and silver bars, as well as modernistic effects startling in their daring and their originality. Distinguished artists and decorators lend their skill to creating exciting and seductive effects.

Two young women from one of Louisiana's best families, the Misses Lucinda and Ellen Goldsborough, who are well known mural painters, occasionally lend their talents to the decoration of home bars and barrooms.

They did an entire room of no mean proportions for a prominent lawyer. The walls, paneled entirely in the decidedly smart unpainted pine, cost $3,000. There was nothing about the room to suggest that it was a drinking room until—

A great mechanical screen painted in soft tones, depicting a court of law in the eighteenth century, slid softly back in response to the touch of a finger on a button.

There in the open space was a huge bar, fully equipped. Over the bar was the same court scene repeated from the screen, but the colors and tempo were different. The scene had become a convivial one, with the erstwhile sober characters in various stages of good feeling, their costumes in vivid tones; even the prosecuting attorney was in tune with the gay and genial atmosphere portrayed—a painted bottle protruded from a hip pocket!

THUS the portable bar indirectly made another appeal to woman; a bar was at least an approach to the veritable barroom that many of her richer friends enjoyed. If she could not have a barroom, she could have the bar.

This home barroom which she envied was not entirely unknown to the gay world of the United States in the days before prohibition. It must be twenty years since I saw my first, one not fifty miles from New York City; but even its owner considered it a joke, and his wife and her women friends regarded it with disapproval.

When the Eighteenth Amendment closed the regular drinking places there was a general casting about for substitutes for the saloon by those who refused to give up their liquor. Many a man had in his home a room sacred to him, called his den. What more natural than that the den should become a barroom?

I do not belong to the world which converts dens into barrooms or builds private barrooms in new houses, but occasionally I find myself a professional visitor there. My first introduction after prohibition to the new arrangement was as early as 1920 in a charming small house where the host, cut off from his old drinking haunts, had made a perfect miniature copy, so I was assured, of a famous New York barroom. Here was the mirrored wall, the polished mahogany, the same style of silver and glass, the same sporting prints. The only difference—size apart—was that the original never admitted a woman.

Now the hostess mixed the drinks and as many women as men, if not more, called for them.

Naturally enough, there is keen rivalry among those who create barrooms. They want something " different " —" unique "—" interesting." They demand copies of the drinking places of other lands—the *Bierstube*, the rathskeller, the taproom. The most outstanding copy, in my limited observation, is in the famous Cosden villa at Palm Beach, where Addison Mizner, that master handler of Spanish art, has produced a Spanish barroom perfect in every detail, rich in the beauty and in the rarity of its treasures. The bar itself is faced with ancient tiles fit for a museum; rare iridescent plaques decorate the walls; old handmade jugs and jars stand on the shelves of the built-in tiled cabinet—an amazing and fascinating creation!

Week-enders bring back enthusiastic reports of the barrooms in the new homes of gay suburbanites.

" The first thing he showed me was the bar in the basement," I heard an acquaintance who had been out to see a friend's new house saying. " It was as complete as any commercial bar you ever saw, even down to the cash register—which is a joke, of course, but enhances the interest of truthful reproduction.

" The wife came down, a good woman, and her pride in the place was even greater than that of her husband.

We had our cocktails and then she showed me the new house, children's room and all—but I could not help feeling, when we had been over the place and were downstairs again for another cocktail before dinner, that her real pride was centered in that barroom."

"There was a dinner party and the women drank quite as freely as the men, and even more freely when we adjourned downstairs for our after-dinner cigars and more drinks—so freely, indeed, that the host finally shooed us all upstairs, saying to me aside, 'We have to get them out of this. Women don't know how to drink.'"

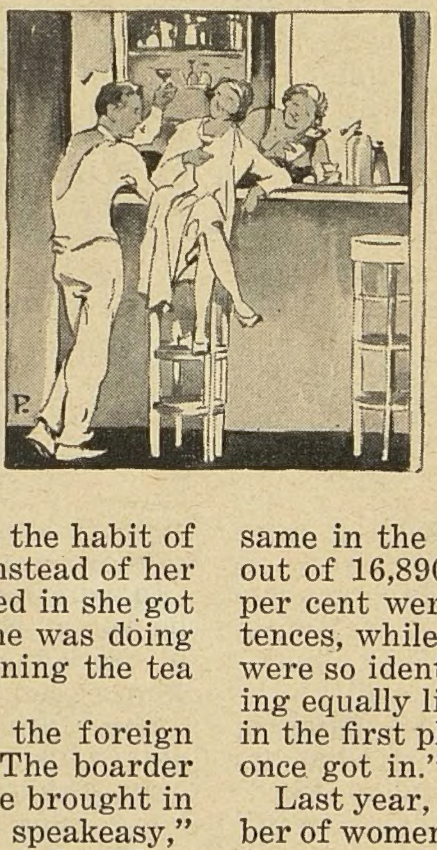
Here in the making were customers for the portable bar. It is not without reason that an anonymous writer in the New York World says:

Build me a house, Mr. Architect,
A house in the modern mode,
With a whoopee parlor fixed up with a bar,
Where my guests may get their load.
If you have to abolish the nursery,
Or throw out the kitchen sink,
It's inconvenient, but what of that?
For we all must have a drink.

Build me a house, Mr. Architect,
With a room with a swinging door,
With a mirrored wall behind the bar
And a free-lunch counter before.
If you have to abolish the bathroom,
Why, it's sad, but this my whim:
That a host today with a whoopee room
Is always in the swim.

We have been talking of women in well-to-do homes so far, but it is not they alone whose habits have been affected by the destruction of the licensed saloons. Women of the working classes, particularly the wives and daughters of the foreign born, have been hard hit.

Undoubtedly there has been a high percentage of increase in the sobriety and prosperity of many workers in industrial regions. Saving accounts, radios, cars, homes bought, all seem to show this. But it was idle to suppose that the bootlegger would overlook so large and promising a market as that of the industrial town. He has not. He has established himself in working quarters where for the first two or three years of prohibition liquor seemed to be wiped out for good and all. His liquor is bad and its price high. He rapidly gathers to him all the old-time saloon patrons. The foreign-born worker who all his life has taken a glass of beer at home or in a saloon at the end of his day's work, and often nothing more, soon realized that the bootlegger was breaking the law, but that it was done with the help of the authorities. Not infrequently this gave him an idea. He would make his own drinks; he could have something better than he was paying big money for.



HIS wife was willing enough. Often, no doubt, she thought only to keep him and the money he spent at home. Possibly all either of them thought at first was to supply him. But the woman easily fell into the habit of taking whisky, or whatever she concocted, instead of her former cup of tea. When a neighbor dropped in she got out the gin bottle instead of the teapot. She was doing what her rich uptown sister was doing, turning the tea party into a cocktail party.

In many, possibly most of the homes of the foreign born, boarders are taken into the family. The boarder became a customer for the woman's brew; he brought in a friend to drink with him. Soon a "home speakeasy," as it is called, was launched. Where at first only boarders and neighbors had bought drink of the woman of the household, gradually an outside trade knocked at the door. Strangers came in. The kitchen became a barroom.

The most pitiful feature of the home speakeasy is the use of children in the household as messengers to deliver drink ordered by those on the outside. According to Milan Mihailovic, who has recently published full reports of the degenerations since prohibition in the habits of many foreign-born families long known to him, the children grow up familiar with the worst of drunken debauchery. They live with liquor; their parents make it; they themselves sell it, deliver it, and soon learn to drink it.

"How can we expect them to be anything but drunkards?" a tormented woman in an Illinois town cried to me as she explained how the children of her neighborhood were being used by the speakeasies to bring in and carry out liquor. "They never entered a saloon in the old days. The saloon keeper himself drove them out if they showed themselves at the door—but now they live with the stuff."

THE use of children by speakeasies is regarded by many experienced social workers as the cause of the increase of crime among boys and girls under fourteen. "Fifteen years ago," writes one woman long familiar with the habits of children of the poor in New York City, "the automatic piano may have clanged its invitation from every street corner, but men of forty were the ones who pushed the swinging door. Today it is children between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one who steal into the city's vile and filthy dens, as numerous as the saloons, and stagger out at all hours drunk."

Several of the clergymen who four years ago reported to the Church Temperance Society the conditions in their parishes since prohibition spoke despairingly of the increase of the use of liquor by the children, particularly of the foreign born.

"Before prohibition," wrote a missionary to the Hungarian people of Trenton, New Jersey, "more than 90 per cent of my people never kept liquor in the house. The head of the family bought his drink in the saloon before going to work and after. Consequently the children did not have any opportunity to taste liquor.

"And since prohibition? Many of the best hardworking people of my flock turned to making their own poisonous moonshine. And the children are drinking the poisonous moonshine made by their mother or father, not caring for anything else but to follow the footsteps of their parents."

What has this invasion by the bar of these homes, high and low, done to women? What do statistics say? Scattered and incomplete as they are, they prove that all the gain from the closing of the saloon in 1920 has been wiped out and at some points there is a sickening loss. Here is the report for 1928 of the city magistrates' courts of New York City. It seems that while, in 1919, women convicted of intoxication numbered 999, in 1928 the number had risen to 1038. The number of women convicted of all offenses—and these include felonies, misdemeanors, disorderly conduct, and vagrancy; in all of which liquor plays a part for men and women—rose from 26,189 in 1919 to 36,033 in 1928.

The authorities tell me that "while the number of women convicted seems to be increasing regardless of whether the number of men increases or decreases, the amount of recidivism remains about the same in the two sexes. In the year 1929, for instance, out of 16,890 men convicted, 6,755 or approximately 40 per cent were identified as having served previous sentences, while out of 2,391 women, 1,020 or 42½ per cent were so identified. In other words, we appear to be having equally little success in keeping women out of prison in the first place and in reclaiming them after they have once got in."

Last year, 1929, there were more than double the number of women in the penal institutions of Manhattan that there were in 1920. The causes of this increase are not clear, but that intemperance is concerned directly or indirectly with it will hardly be disputed by anyone acquainted with the courts of the city. Judge Jean Norris, a distinguished magistrate of New York City who handles prostitutes and wayward girls, finds that her cases in the first category have increased from 1,812 in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

LADIES AT THE BAR
Continued from page nine

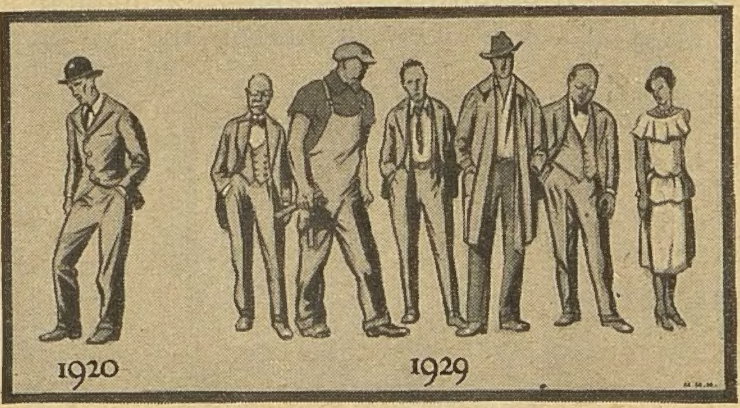
1920 to 3,294 in 1929—in the second, from 312 to 580. Judge Norris attributes the increase mainly to the speakeasies, where women are freely admitted; indeed, they often run them. Her ten years' experience has forced her recently to declare that the prohibition law is "completely unenforceable"—a reluctant conclusion, since she has always been a prohibitionist.

On every side one picks up damning facts. Holiday celebrations yield an increasing crop of drunks of which women are a percentage. The morning after New York City's riotous celebration of the birth of 1930, 128 victims were placed in Bellevue, twenty-eight of them women. The Keeley Institutes for treating liquor addicts report that in 1929 they treated more persons for alcoholism than in any previous year of their existence—the years 1896, 1906, and 1907 excepted. These institutes now accept women patients, though once they had them rarely if ever. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reports that in 1929, 641 of its policyholders died of alcoholism—three and four-tenths persons for every hundred thousand policyholders. This is close to six times as many as died in 1920 from the same cause. About 18 per cent of the 641 were women.

But statistics cannot measure the changes which the home barroom and the speakeasy are working in the outlook on life, the habits, the sense of responsibility of numbers of our women. Quite sure it is that in going behind the bar they have abandoned the old position of guardian of family manners and morals. Take a matter like going into a saloon. What decent woman before the days of prohibition ever thought of passing through the swinging door? The bartender would have put one out if she had tried it. But the present-day successor of the saloon, the speakeasy, in New York City is frequented by women of fashion and of position, by women of serious professional ambitions, as well as by the riffraff. And what women in New York City do, groups in all American cities, even small towns, are sure to imitate.

THE number of speakeasies in New York has always been disputed; 30,000 seems to be the figure at present accepted. "Into how many of them do respectable women go?" I asked an old-timer, familiar for forty years with the city's drinking habits, to find out for me. "Five hundred is a conservative count," he reported.

What astonished my investigator was that most of the women were entirely at home in the speakeasy. "They are so natural about it," said he. "You ought to see a couple of them standing at the bar talking together—for they come in often without escorts in the afternoon. Makes me think of the way a couple of brokers would drop into the Hoffman House thirty years ago to take a drink before going home to dinner. There they stand, elbow on the bar, foot on the rail, drinking their liquor like two old-timers."



In 1929, six times as many policyholders of a great insurance company died of alcoholism as had in 1920. About one in every six of its victims in 1929 were women.

It is not only young and old idle women seeking gayety and adventure that patronize the speakeasy bar; for a certain number—not large, but not negligible—of business girls it has become a source of revenue. A girl who entices a customer into a speakeasy and persuades him to buy freely receives as commission one-third of what he spends. If she were cunning, her own glass would be filled with tea colored like liquor, of which she could drink freely without intoxication. This is the habit of the professional prostitute. Unhappily she is not cunning at first.

Along with the old sensitiveness about being seen in a public drinking place have gone certain attributes once respected and desired even if not deserved. There is what we call decorum—those restraints on tongue and actions that are born of a fine sense of social values and social relations, as well as of a care for one's dignity and personality. Decorum has been thrown into the discard. Inevitably so, for liquor releases the controls and too much of it destroys them. Everything goes—sense of values, self-respect, self-restraint.

These women who so wantonly let themselves go are not young girls—that is, they are rarely novices in life. They are usually women from twenty-five upward, most of them married; women in easy circumstances generally, who are seeking a new sensation, stifling a disillusionment, being a good fellow with a man in whom they are interested.

IT is these women, I am convinced, who are largely responsible for most of the drinking among the young girls of the well-to-do classes. If these women of twenty-five and more, thinking only of themselves, of fresh sensations, new excitements, will not restrain themselves for the sake of their daughters, how can you expect the girls to restrain themselves under present conditions?

You cannot and they do not. My first introduction to a dangerous loosening of control among young girls came perhaps six years ago, at a time when I was convinced that prohibition was working. At that time I had seen almost nothing to the contrary and I had seen an extraordinary improvement at the point where I was particularly interested—the industrial center. I was a guest at luncheon in a southern city; a distinguished physician in the party took me aside to make a most impressive plea that I, as a journalist, give serious attention to a condition among young people, young girls particularly, that was utterly new and he believed was spreading over the country—an outcome of prohibition. Again and again he was being consulted by young women whom he had known since childhood, panic-stricken because, under the excitement of liquor and darkness, they had lost self-control and now were faced by the possibility of motherhood.

I could not believe that he described more than a local situation, one which it seemed to me that parents ought to handle. But when I said, "What are the parents thinking of?" he answered bitterly, "The parents are thinking of themselves, their own pleasure. Their irresponsibility, their unheard-of selfishness, is bringing misery and disillusionment on their own children." Since that experience I have repeatedly listened to similar expressions from physicians and teachers.

If we are to explain the much criticized younger generation we must take into account the generation from which it has sprung and the substitution there of self-indulgence for self-control.

Ten years of prohibition have yielded a bumper crop of unexpected and poisonous fruits. In smart circles drinking has become a function of fashionable hospitality. Where fashion points, women follow. They set up bars in their homes, boast of their bootleggers and their brews, tolerate and practice a looseness of tongue and manner once familiar only in saloons and brothels.

In working circles the making and serving of brews by the woman is steadily increasing. She is often a successful bootlegger. She turns her kitchen into a speakeasy and uses her child as an assistant and messenger.

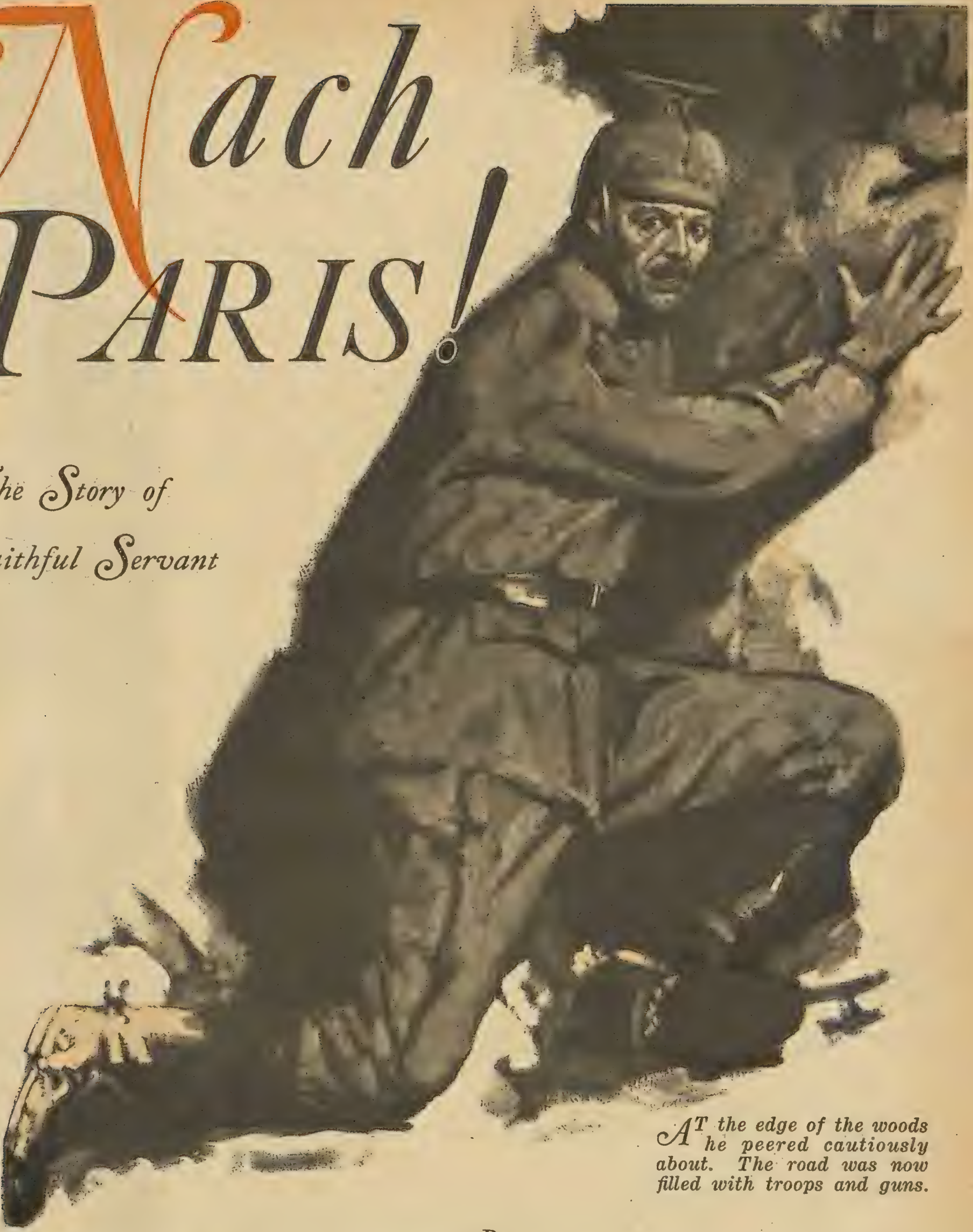
These are ugly exhibits in our present society—exhibits which must be faced. To declare, "I never see anything of this kind," is no answer. Few of us see anything that goes on among men and women outside the world in which we live. And for each of us it is such a small world!

But these ladies at the bar are too sinister and insidious a fact to deny. For at two vital points they are spreading a fatal poison: among children, familiarizing them with debauchery; and among young girls, weakening the only genuine protection they have to see them through life—their instinctive self-control.

THE END

Nach PARIS!

The Story of a Faithful Servant



AT the edge of the woods he peered cautiously about. The road was now filled with troops and guns.

By

GUY GILPATRIC

who was born in New York and now lives there. In 1912 he became a licensed airplane pilot and flew professionally for five years. Two others were spent in service during the war. He is now succeeding in the advertising business, but one of the best things he does is writing fiction.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

ONE day, when Hugo was busy in the stable with a tub of warm water, a tangle of officers' bridles, and a bar of harness soap, the orderly came over from headquarters. "Hurry up, dishwasher, put on your soldier suit," he said. "The captain wants to see you."

"Me? What's he want to see me for?" asked Hugo, drying his hands on a horse blanket, and reaching for the gorgeous blue-and-crimson tunic of the prewar German Uhlans. "Tell me, Egon. Did he seem angry about something?"

The orderly, who was an old soldier, shrugged impatiently and spat into the tub. "Oh, come on and stop gassing," he said. "That's the trouble with you fellows just serving your time—you're always asking questions."

Nervously fumbling with his collar hooks, Hugo crossed the barrack square to the captain's office, outside which stood a mounted sentry with his pennant-tipped lance resting in the stirrup socket.

"I want to see the old man," said Hugo. "He sent his orderly after me."

"Well, go ahead and see him," growled the sentry. "Do you want me to turn out the guard for you, or what?"

Taking a long breath and squaring his shoulders, Hugo

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NACH PARIS!
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goose-stepped into the captain's office and saluted. The captain snapped a rubber band around a sheaf of papers, tucked a monocle into his eye, and stared him up and down.

"Trooper Tappken," he said at length, "I see by your papers that in civil life you are a waiter."

"Yes, *Herr Rittmeister*," said Hugo.

"So! Are you a good waiter?"

"Yes, sir, very good," said Hugo with a note of pride.

"Hmph! Well, I hope you're a better waiter than you are soldier," observed the captain, lighting a cigar. "Whoever told you you were a good waiter?"

"My employers, sir, and also a great number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen. The tips, sir . . . Well, you see, the tips . . ."

"Ah, quite so, the tips! Well, where have you worked, Tappken?"

"Always in hotels of the first order, sir. The Bertolini in Rome, the Monte Rosa in Lucerne, the Crillon in Paris. In fact, sir, I'm going back to the Crillon when my time is finished here. The day I left, Monsieur Adolphe said to me, 'Hugo, old fellow, when you—'"

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, tell me, Tappken. Have you ever waited on a colonel—a German colonel, I mean?"

"Not that I remember, sir."

"No? Ha! Well, now, my boy, you're really going to learn something about waiting! Colonel von Weringrode has requisitioned another house orderly, and you, Tappken, are it!" And the captain sat back and chuckled sardonically at the ceiling.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Hugo, to whom soldiering had been an irksome round of practice rides, saddle boils, and poking at dummies with a ten-foot lance. "I am deeply grateful to you, *Herr Rittmeister*."

"What?" The captain leaned forward and stared in such surprise that the monocle dropped from his eye. "Er—did I understand you to say you are grateful to me, Tappken?"

"Yes, sir," said Hugo.

"Ho, ho!" roared the captain, rocking back and forth. "Grateful! Ho! . . . Tappken—get out of here before I laugh myself sick!"

And when Hugo was halfway across the quadrangle he could still hear him laughing.

Hugo felt like laughing, too, as late that afternoon the troop mess wagon carried him up the hill to the park which surrounded the stately residence of His Excellency Colonel Count Lothar von und zu Weringrode. "Only six months more in the army!" Hugo was thinking; and these six months would be at his own beloved trade. No more soldiering! No more saddle boils! No more currying of horses which stepped on one's feet and switched one's face with their tails. . . .

AT the lodge he dragged his dunnage from the wagon and made himself known to the soldier on guard.

"Well," said the fellow, "you come at a bad time, *Lanzenschmeisser!* God knows what's going on in the house, but a while ago we could hear His Excellency roaring way out here. You're the fourth orderly they've sent up this week. I'm surprised you didn't meet the last one limping down the hill."

"Is the colonel really so—difficult, then?"

"Difficult? He's impossible! Listen, old boy! Take my tip and watch the back of His Excellency's neck. When it starts to get red—really red, I mean—about the shade of your breeches stripe there—it's time to crawl under your helmet. You might as well leave your stuff here and save yourself the trouble of having it thrown at you."

Walking down the long avenue of trees and going around to the rear of the house, Hugo clanged the knocker of the kitchen door. As nobody answered, he sounded it again, waited, and then opened the door and entered. The spacious kitchen, with its gleaming copper pots and pans, was deserted. Somewhere—the pantry, no doubt—a bell was ringing frantically; and the sound of suppressed giggles came from the same direction. But from somewhere more remote came a muffled bellowing, terrible in its implication of power enraged and rampant.

Walking to the pantry, Hugo peered within. At the far end clustered a group of servants—the chef, the maids, three or four butlers. They were listening and laughing, their heads together at the crack of the door. On the wall, unheeded, one of the bells was tossing about on its spiral spring like a linden leaf in a thunderstorm.

Hugo's servant soul was outraged. "Why don't you answer that bell?" he asked abruptly.

STARTLED, they turned, and, seeing him, laughed.

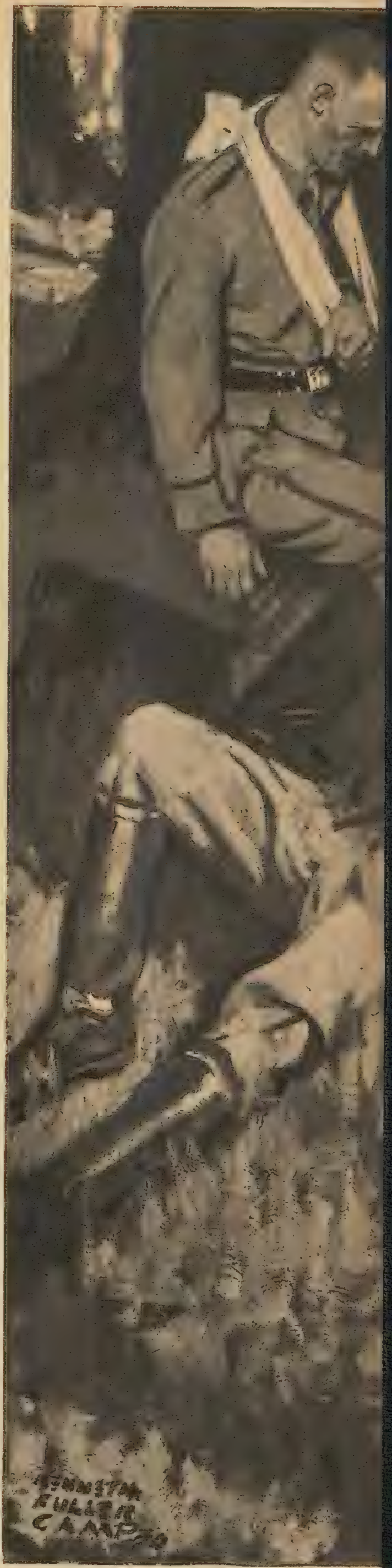
"Oh!" said one. "Here's a new Uhlan for the dragon to eat! Why don't we answer that bell? Well, just because it's you he's ringing for—that's why! You'd better hurry, *Lanzenschmeisser!*"

Hugo pushed his way through them and entered the dining room. On the buffet he saw a bottle. With professional interest he glanced at the label.

"Magdeburg '81!" he read appreciatively. "Well, there's none better than that. What a pleasure to serve a gentleman who does things right! I wonder if . . ."

From the pantry came a renewed pealing of the bell, and to the distant roaring was added the sound of cavalry boots stamping on a parquet floor. "Ah," said Hugo, "His Excellency is complaining of the service. Well, I don't blame him!"

Then, because he was a born servant—a man who by instinct divines the



He bowed his head and said a praye

which Elsa had taught them both.

wishes of his master—he whisked out the cork of the bottle, turned imperiously upon a butler, and snapped, "Ice! Soda! A napkin! Cigars! Quick!" In less than no time he was hurrying toward the sounds of strife with a quick and confident step which had traversed the carpeted corridors of the best hotels in Europe.

It was good to have a tray in his hand again; good to be answering a bell; good to be a servant! He forgot his uniform, his boots, and his flat-topped helmet with its red plume and brass eagle; and as he hurried along with his tray—tilting it deftly as he turned corners—it seemed to him that once again he was in tail coat, stiff shirt, and striped waistcoat, side-burns growing on his cheeks, and his pocket filled with five-franc pieces.

THE roar was coming from overhead. The stairs? Ah, here they were! As he took them two at a stride, the bell was suddenly silent.

"*Gott im Himmel!*" came the voice. "Cook, chambermaid, gamekeeper — somebody! Has the whole household deserted? Must I bear the tortures of childbirth alone, with no one to bring me a drink?"

It was the colonel, sure enough! He was pacing up and down the hall outside a closed door, waving in his hand a tapestry bell pull which he had yanked from the wall. In a niche behind a statue of Frederick the Great, Hugo saw two empty bottles. He saw also that the colonel's neck was very red.

Hugo coughed discreetly. "Monsieur rang?" he murmured, bowing.

At the sound, the colonel wheeled in his tracks, thrust out his chin, and snorted like a bull. What had this impudent *bursche* called him? "Monsieur," eh? "Monsieur!" Well, he'd teach the horse-bruising lance-bender to address a German colonel as "Monsieur"! He'd—

"With a dash of soda, monsieur, and a little ice perhaps?" purred Hugo in his best conciliatory manner, squirting the siphon and flicking about with his serviette.

The colonel's truculent jaw dropped in amazement. His neck, chameleonlike, faded from the fiery red of an August sunset to the delicate pink of a January dawn. Slowly he extended his hand and took up the glass. As he drank, his eyes were fixed on Hugo's face. This, he felt, was no mere clod of a soldier accustomed to slinging stew in a regimental mess hall, but a clever fellow trained to serve gentlemen! His voice, his bow, his manner reminded one of the Metropole—yes, of the Adlon, even! After thirty-one years in the army, the colonel realized that here, at last, they'd sent him a capable servant.

He smiled. A miracle had happened! The lion was tamed!

"Thanksh, m'goo'man," he said meekly and with sincere appreciation. He took the proffered cigar. Hugo extended a match and lit it with his thumb nail, all in one fluid gesture.

At this very moment the door opened, and out came Captain Doctor Bruns in his shirt sleeves, followed by a plump blonde nurse who carried something wrapped in a blanket.

"It is a boy!" announced the doctor, saluting. "My heartiest congratulations, Excellenz."

The colonel, who was swaying back and forth, steadied himself against Hugo's shoulder and made a modest, deprecatory gesture. "Not 'tall!" he said. "Simplest thing in the world! Er—just pour me another cigar—er—hic . . ."

"Certainly, monsieur!" said Hugo, busying himself with the bottle. "And permit me, too, to offer my humble congratulations upon the birth of this handsome little son."

"Oh, yes," said the colonel. "By the way, I'm going to name him—hic—er—hic—*Erich!*"

The blonde nurse snickered and retreated into the room.

Hugo put His Excellency to bed.

Three months later he married the nurse.

II

HER name was Elsa, and she had been the countess' maid since girlhood. After so many years with the family, the prospect of leaving it and going to Paris with Hugo rather frightened her. Then, too, there was little Erich to consider. Would it be right, she asked, to desert her mistress, to leave her with a six-months-old infant on her hands, when it was well known that the poor dear lady couldn't even do up her own hair? She hated to part with the baby, too, the darling! And how could Hugo have the heart to leave the colonel servantless and alone—Hugo, the only *bursche* who had ever satisfied His Excellency, kept him in a good humor and sober practically all the time?

Hugo, pushing the perambulator through the private park, agreed that there was a great deal in what she said. He was now in full charge of the household; he had no soldiering to do; and he had not only his army pay, his uniforms, and allowances, but comfortable quarters and the colonel's generous tips besides. If they went to Paris, Elsa would have to work for strangers. Here she was treated almost like a member of the family.

"Well," he mumbled, puffing thoughtfully on one of His Excellency's best Brazilian cigars, "perhaps, after all, I'll sign up for another enlistment. With the spring maneuvers coming and all, I don't know what would happen to the colonel if I were to quit him now. And as

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NACH PARIS!
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long as you love the baby so dearly— Well, let's call it settled!" And he kissed her.

Elsa was overjoyed. Even little Erich gurglingly applauded the decision. He was a very good baby—the first baby Hugo had ever really liked. He was becoming fonder of him than he cared to admit. He and Elsa agreed that Erich ought to have a playmate, and they planned to supply the deficiency as soon as her responsibilities as nursemaid should lessen sufficiently to warrant her taking the time for their own affairs. It would be a year at least, but it was something to look forward to.

Shortly before his second birthday little Erich had measles. Then the countess took him to Carlsbad for the summer, and Elsa, of course, went with them. That winter His Excellency was attached to the *Grosser General Stab* in Berlin, and Hugo came home only when his master was on leave. And so, what with one thing and another, their plans failed to materialize—a fact which they accepted along with the realization that good servants are not supposed to have plans of their own. This, they wistfully concluded, was probably the essential difference between masters and men.

They felt very badly about it at first, but after a time they took to consoling themselves with a little secret game in which they pretended that Erich really belonged to them. It was a harmless game and it gave them great pleasure, but just the same they sometimes felt a little guilty about it. It wasn't, perhaps, quite respectful. . . . But the pretense had become a habit; and through the years they continued the game with a realism which bordered on belief. They were "mama" and "papa" in all their private conversations, and while speaking to others of young Herr Erich, they said "little son" to themselves.

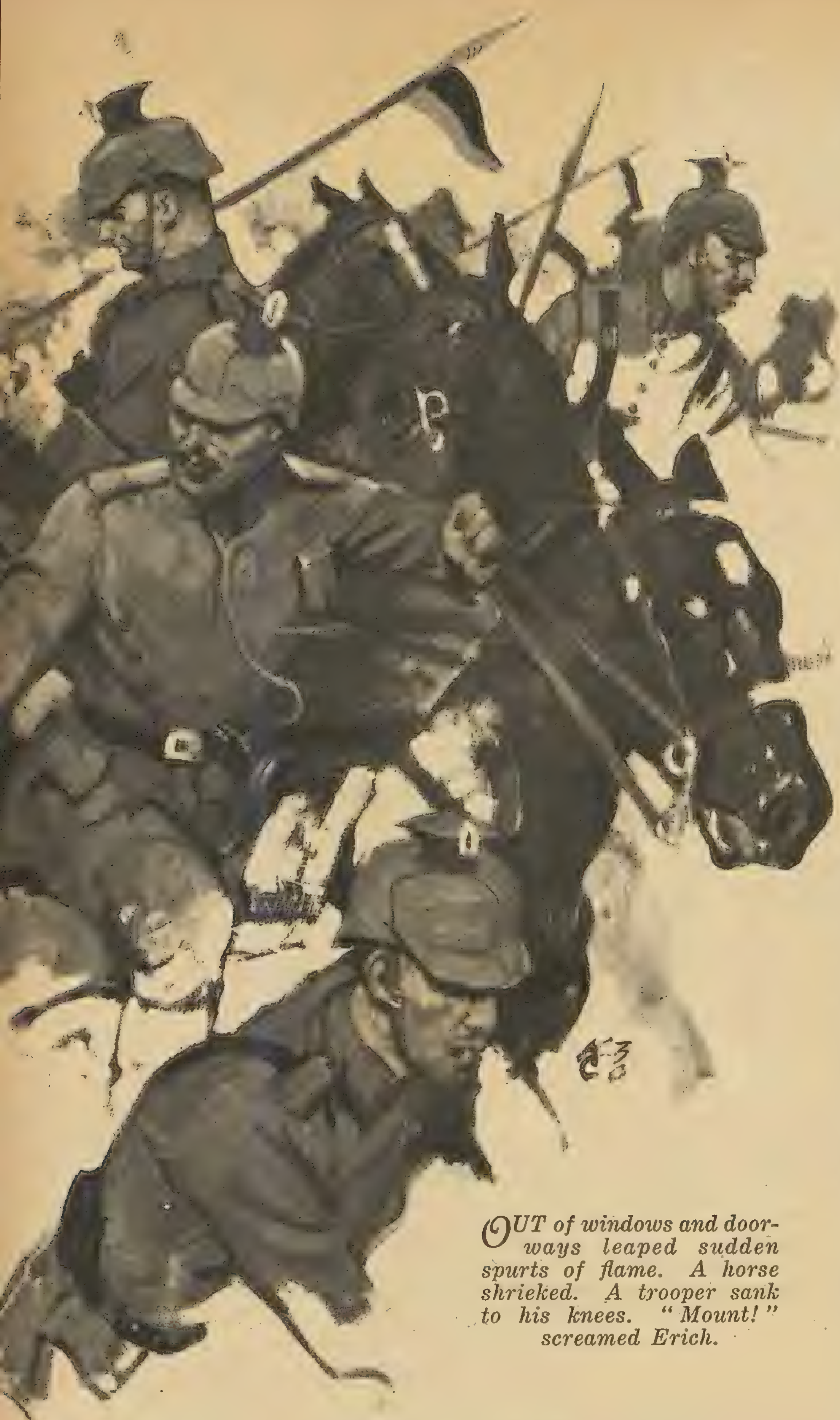
AT the age of twelve Erich was sent away to the *Kadettenanstalt*. This was a place where they took little boys, kept them for eight years, and made them into second lieutenants. He came home for a week every four months; and to Hugo and Elsa these visits were the times by which all else was dated.

He told them about the other boys, the fights he had, and the friends he made. He showed them a trick with the saber which Sergeant Schmitt had taught him, and with which he was certain of winning the spring fencing tournament. He described jolly Count von Zeppelin, an honored visitor, who told stories of his Uhlan days and showed them pictures of the great new airship he was building at Friedrichshafen.

Then there was General von der Rhetz, the famous Uhlan commander, who came twice each year to deliver his lecture entitled, Cavalry Tactics in the War of 1870-71. The general was a tiny little man, seventy-six years old, bow-legged from countless hours in the saddle, but as pink and spry as the lustiest boy in the school. His lecture was always the same. Standing before a huge map mounted on rollers, like a panorama, he would start his discourse with analytical descriptions of the border actions at Saarbrücken and Wörth, wording everything in highly technical military terms. Then, leading up to the battles of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour, he would become mellow and anecdotal. By the time the map unrolled to Sedan, the old fellow would be whacking it with his gold-handled riding whip in frantic excitement.

Suddenly the whip would remind him of the French general de Wimpffen, from whom he had captured it; and this, in turn, would recall a memory of the captive Emperor Louis Napoleon, tears washing streaks in the rouge on his face, sitting bareheaded in a carriage beside which rode the mighty Bismarck.

After this, he would wave for the map to be rolled



OUT of windows and doorways leaped sudden spurts of flame. A horse shrieked. A trooper sank to his knees. “Mount!” screamed Erich.

along to Paris, to illustrate his tale of the army's triumphal entry. This historical event, it appeared, consisted chiefly in his winning a race with another lieutenant, and being the first to jump his horse over the chain barrier beneath the Arc de Triomphe. This part always brought cheers from his youthful audience, which pleased the old fellow mightily. He would strut back and forth before the map, twisting his fierce white mustache, and slapping his whip against a boot polished like a gun barrel. But suddenly he would scowl, stiffen, and point a trembling finger.

“Gentlemen!” he would rasp in a melodramatic whisper. “France has not forgotten! France has not forgiven! In Paris, in the Place de la Concorde, there stand eight statues, symbols of the cities of France. Ever since 1871 the figure of Strasbourg has been draped in mourning for Alsace and Lorraine. Some day that crêpe will be removed. Who will tear it down? A Frenchman, exulting in victory, or—one of you?”

“*Nach Paris! Nach Paris!*” the cadets would shout, pounding on the desks and stamping their feet; and while the tumult was at its height, General von der Rhetz would salute, bow, and make his exit, chuckling to himself.

At the General Staff in Berlin it was said that old von der Rhetz and his lecture were worth ten infantry divisions and a cruiser squadron.

Erich knew the speech by heart, with every gesture and shading of tone. But one day, in the spring of his senior year, came a notable variation. As the map was unrolled to disclose the city of Paris, the cadets burst into wild cheers. For there, marking the capital of France, they beheld a crudely drawn likeness of an Uhlan's helmet.

General von der Rhetz became almost apoplectic with pleased surprise.

Erich, though, was not surprised, for it was he who had drawn the helmet.

III

LATE that summer a scourge of locusts came out of the east in great gray swarms, which swept over fields and forests, cities and hamlets, and left the land weeping behind them. Down through Belgium, out of Alsace and Lorraine, they poured into France. Day and night, days and nights, the straight white roads echoed the clumpf, clumpf, clumpf of their boots, and trembled under the iron might of their artillery.

Ahead of the swarm, swift as the wind, rode the Uhlans—darting this way and that, peering, probing, feeling the way for the parent horde. In twos and threes they cantered through the ripened wheat, or lurked in woods where soft moss swallowed the thud of hoofs. They splashed through streams, their clank and jingle startling trout which knew no man-made sound save whir of reel. With yells in their throats and carbines crackling, they swooped in companies upon fear-frozen villages, and from spire and housetop trained their glasses across the green peacefulness which lay before. Then a telegraph key would stutter (Steady there, Frenchy, that's a pistol prodding your guts!), a signal flag would dip and dance, or a dusty horseman go speeding the word back to the army. And always its message was, “Forward! Hurry! *Nach Paris!*”

To Second Lieutenant Erich von und zu Weringrode it was glorious progress—a lark's flight into the sunshine after those eight years in the *Kadettenanstalt*. This, he realized, was the reason for it all—and it was worth it! On to Paris—*Nach Paris!* And, by God, he'd be the first to get there; the first to rip the impudent crêpe from their Strasbourg statue; the first to set his helmet on the proud marble head of it!

The helmet, though, was shorn of its red plume, and its golden eagle and shining patent leather were concealed beneath a field-gray waterproof cover. Gray, too, was his uniform; the peacetime blue and all the other finery had been laid aside a scant three weeks after they had come to him from the tailor. It had been fun wearing them around Berlin, dancing the tango at the Metropole and the Café Bauer, Unter den Linden. But this—this was better! Didn't Hugo think so?

Hugo, jogging along half a length to the rear, respectfully grumbled that he thought nothing of the kind. He knew of lots of things he'd rather do than ride thirty miles a day through hostile country—or any country, for that matter. He was getting old—forty-seven, in fact. Anyway, he was a servant, not a soldier, and he hated being shot at. Still, there was nothing he could do about it. His Excellency, now become a general, had bestowed

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Continued from page fifteen

Hugo upon Erich as the boy was leaving for the front—a noble and fatherly sacrifice in which the offering, though vitally concerned, had not been consulted.

There were only fifteen men in Erich von Weringrode's *Abteilung*, but even to remounts it was a complete little army in itself. A noncom carried the maps; one trooper was cook; another had melinite, fuse, and detonators for blowing up railroad tracks; a third had telegraph and telephone instruments and wire-tapping tools; in fact, each man carried with him some integral part of a remarkably adequate whole.

Hugo bore his master's dressing case, sleeping bag, a dozen pairs of soft white socks knitted by Elsa, the medical supplies, and a private collection of extremely painful saddle boils.

"Never mind, you old growler," Erich comforted him. "In a week or so you'll be in Paris, and there'll be no more riding. How about that, eh?"

"I shall be glad to see Paris again," said Hugo, half closing his eyes. "It's a beautiful, beautiful city, Herr Erich. I thought I'd go back to it after my three years' service, and at the end of each enlistment ever since. But . . . it's been twenty-two years!"

"Well, you'll have plenty of time to look up your old stamping grounds. It will take a month or so to arrange the terms of peace. We may still be there at Christmas. What was that hotel in which you worked?"

"The Crillon."

"Well, we'll be billeted at the Crillon, and you can either wait on my table or be the head waiter of the whole place, just as you choose. I'll bet you'll have a lot of fun making those Frenchmen jump!"

"Some of them were very decent lads," said Hugo, shaking his head.

"Of course," agreed Erich. "See here, old fellow. I'll call a halt for a minute while you let out your stirrup leathers a couple of holes. It'll ease your weight off that crop of boils."

ALTHOUGH their job was to scout, not to fight, they saw plenty of action. Daily they were fired upon from woods and farmhouses, and twice it was their duty to burn towns in which civilians were caught sniping. They had numerous brushes with French cavalry—blue-capped hussars and red-cloaked Algerian spahis who rode like madmen. Each day they lost a trooper or so, but casualties were promptly replaced.

Their trumpeter laughed when a bullet drilled a hole in his instrument. He patched it up with surgical tape. Just as he had finished, he was shot through the throat.

"He won't patch that!" remarked the sergeant as he glanced back at the limp form sprawled on the highway.

Once, as they were riding along a road, a great lumbering French Farman biplane swooped down at them, and the men in the front seat leaned over and discharged both barrels of a shotgun. The pellets plowed up a cloud of dust some fifty yards ahead of the Uhlans. Erich returned the fire with his parabellum pistol, so the Farman headed for home, its box-kite tail just scraping the trees. From time to time they saw German Taubes churning along overhead; but they agreed that airplanes, while disturbing to the horses, were not to be taken seriously.

One morning, after a night spent in a clump of woods, they cantered across the fields until they came to a broad tree-fringed road. "It's a *route nationale*," said Erich, pointing at a kilometer stone. "Let's stop a minute, sergeant, and orient ourselves on the map. H'm, let's see, now. Route Number one hundred twelve. . . . Why, look, sergeant! Look, Hugo! This map ends right here. We go over on to Section sixty-one—the Paris map! Men, we're on the Paris map!"

A little cheer went up from the Uhlans.

"Yes," said Erich. "I'll bet we're the first Germans on it, too. We'll lead the whole parade into Paris!"

A horseman galloped up from the rear. He was the dispatch rider with the orders of the day.

"Humph!" snorted Erich scornfully. "Listen to this! 'Mounted reconnaissance patrols will advance no farther than five kilometers beyond the head of the main column.' Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think it's a very sensible precaution, Herr Erich," said Hugo stoutly. "I remember Major von Werder telling you about the Battle of Le Mans in '71, when . . ."

"Le Mans, rats!" said Erich impatiently. "This means that our foot-slogging friends back there in the infantry are afraid we'll capture Paris and get all the glory."

Putting spurs to his horse, he jumped the ditch and started across the fields. The warm September sun rose higher and burned away the mist. In the distance, on both sides, they could see other gray horsemen pressing forward. It was a race, then! *Nach Paris!*

THE country, now, was distinctly suburban. The farms were smaller. There were many rich estates, pretty villas, and snug little towns. On the guideposts Hugo saw names which awakened memories of Sunday picnics, and advertisements of wines and cordials long forgotten but now like old friends suddenly encountered. They were near Paris—very near Paris—and Hugo felt a little ashamed at his sense of elation, which was that of a wanderer coming home. Here, for instance, was a poster of the Folies Marigny; there, one advertising the Cirque d'Hiver. . . . Well, he'd had some jolly times in those places!

The following afternoon there were sounds of heavy firing on both sides of them, and a great black tower of smoke marked a burning town. As the soft breeze shifted they could even hear the *phut-phut* of faraway rifles, and the monotonous woodpecker voices of machine guns. At dusk they cantered cautiously into the main street of a village which had grown up at the junction of two roads. The place was deserted save for a dozen hungry cats which followed at the horses' heels, mewing piteously. Evidently the good folk had departed in panic to the shelter of Paris.

At the far end of the street, Erich called a halt. "Dismount," he ordered, swinging from his horse. "We'll have supper and a bit of sleep. The main column should be here by midnight." Opening his notebook and scribbling his report: "Sergeant, have somebody take this back to division. And now—"

From down the street came a flash, a crack. Out of windows and doorways leaped sudden spurts of flame, as hidden riflemen settled down to a steady fire. A horse shrieked and reared. A trooper sank to his knees, coughing, and then fell forward on his face. "Mount!" screamed Erich; but his own horse was plunging and floundering, its foreleg shattered. All around him his men were dropping or scurrying to cover. Hugo seized him by the arm and dragged him into the doorway of a shop. Bullets were slapping against the corrugated iron shutters and chiseling angry white pox in the stonework. From behind the dead horses and from the windows of the bakery across the street, the Uhlans were returning the fire. There was no chance to get over to them; the intervening air was laced with lead.

"A fine mess!" groaned Erich. "And we walked into it like sheep. There must be half a regiment of them."

Hugo said nothing. His eyes were fixed upon a spot on Erich's tunic—a spot just below the belt. In the gathering gloom it appeared to be black.

"Herr Erich, you're hit!" he gasped. "Oh, the swine, the dirty swine, they've shot you!"

"Shh! It's only a trifle," shrugged Erich. "It feels like a burn, that's all."

The fire was now concentrated on the bakery. Each of its four upper windows was surrounded with white scars whose number constantly, magically, increased. Phuit!—slap!—ze-e-e! said the bullets; and only at long intervals came an answering flash. Finally an Uhlan sprang up from behind a window sill and pitched head first to the street, his carbine still pressed to his shoulder. Then the house was silent.

“Herr Erich,” said Hugo, “we've got to get out of here while they're watching that place opposite. Have you your pistol?”

“It was in the saddle holster, damn it.”

“So was my carbine. Well, it can't be helped. Let's try to creep around between the houses and get out into the fields in back. Here, let me help you.”

“No; I'm all right, I tell you. Come on, keep flat against the wall.”

Down the street they saw figures lurking in the shadows; tens, scores of them, all making for the house of the dead Uhlans. Suddenly Erich paused and held up his hand. There, in a doorway not six feet distant, crouched a lone figure, his rifle held ready and his eyes on the bakery. Silently Hugo stooped, seized a stone, and hurled it with all his force. With a gasp and a thin whine, the soldier slumped down and was still.

“Quick, get his cartridges,” whispered Erich, twisting the rifle from the dead man's fingers. “By God, Hugo, look! He's an Englishman!”

“Yes, and I hope he's the one who shot you!” snarled Hugo, unbuckling the bandoleer and slinging it over his shoulder.

Striking back through an alley and skirting the houses, they reached a meadow across which they saw the black loom of woods. Beyond the trees the beams of distant searchlights waved like tall grasses in the sky. Paris was in that direction. Well, Paris wasn't sleeping these nights!

On three sides, now, a great battle was raging. “Listen,” said Erich as they entered the woods and sat down. “It won't be long before we're out of this. Our people will be here in an hour or two. See how the guns light up the sky!”

“Please lie down and be quiet,” begged Hugo. “I want to look at your wound.”

ERICH'S breeches were soaked with blood. The bullet had entered his abdomen on the left side. It was a terrible wound, and Hugo felt weak as he went tenderly about bathing and dressing it. But—

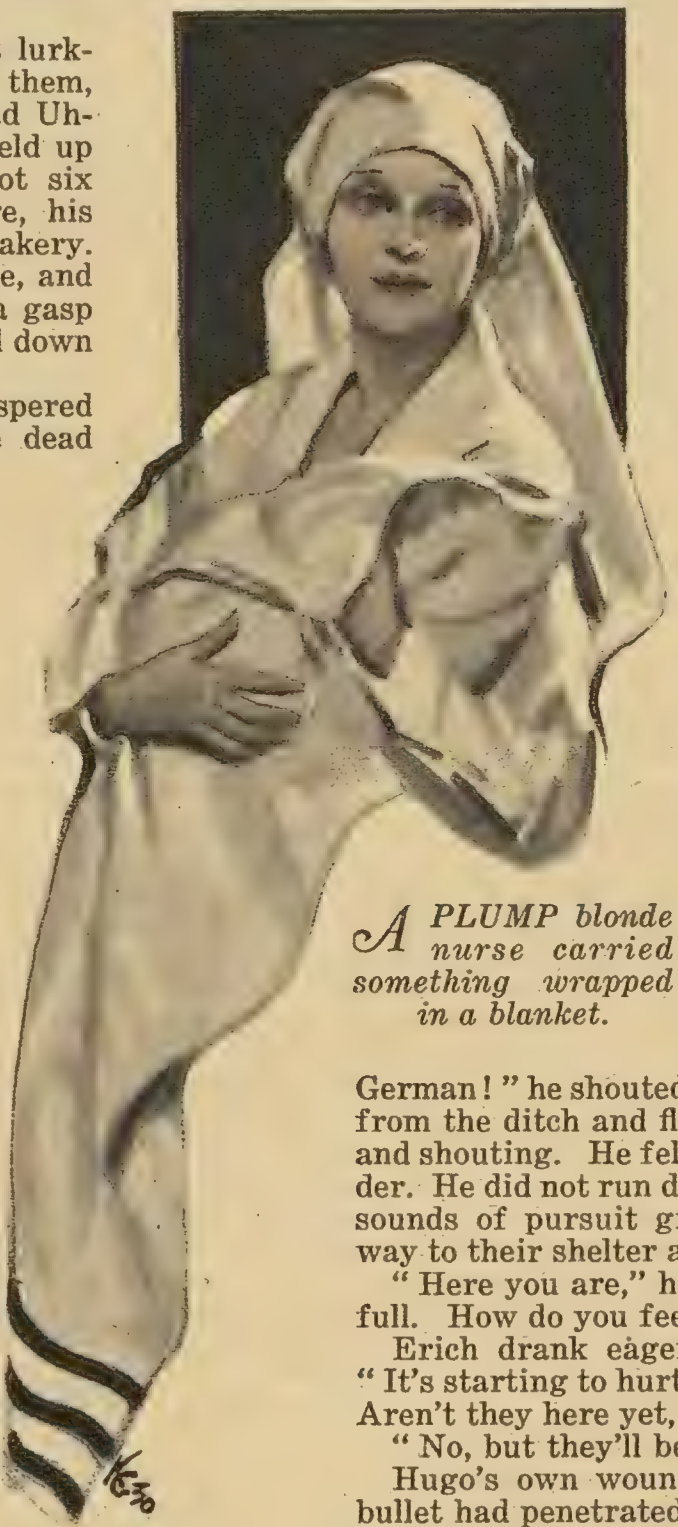
“You were right—it's only a scratch,” he said reassuringly. “You'll have to lie still to keep it from bleeding. When the troops come up a doctor will fix it in a minute.”

“Of course,” said Erich dully. “I think I'll take a nap, Hugo. I feel tired.”

Hugo sat beside him, his heart heavy. The firing had increased to a steady thunder, and the sky was red. It seemed to Hugo that their wood and the fields around it were a peaceful island in a stormy sea. If only Herr Erich—dear Erich!—had not been wounded! Hugo wished that Elsa were here to nurse the boy, to comfort him. Elsa would never forgive him if anything happened to little Erich. . . . That damned crawling infantry had better hurry up!

“I'm thirsty,” whispered Erich, without opening his eyes. Gently supporting his head, Hugo held the canteen to his lips.

“I'm afraid it's empty,” said Erich. “Never mind, though, I can wait.”



A PLUMP blonde nurse carried something wrapped in a blanket.

When he had gone to sleep again, Hugo felt his forehead. It was burning with fever.

“I've got to get him water, that's all there is to it!” he muttered. At the edge of the woods he peered cautiously about him. Beyond the village a British battery was in action, the muzzle flashes flickering on the fields and trees like summer lightning. Occasionally a German shell howled over and crashed among the houses. The road which came from the left was now filled with trucks and troops and guns, and during lulls in the cannonading Hugo could hear the steady rushing murmur of the warbound horde.

There would be water in the ditch beside the road. Not clean water, but he couldn't be particular now. It was dark, but of course they'd see him. Would they recognize him as a German? His helmet, perhaps. . . .

THROWING it away, he strode boldly through the meadow. As he climbed down into the ditch the trucks were passing only ten feet from him. Once a *camionneur* called out: “What are you doing, comrade? Hunting for diamonds?”

“Sure,” replied Hugo in his best Parisian argot. “That and minding my business.”

He had just filled the canteen when, with a screech of brakes, a staff car stopped abruptly in the road above him.

“Hi, *soldat,* come up here!” ordered a French officer in the tonneau.

“I don't understand,” said Hugo in English.

At the sound of his voice an officer in khaki sprang from the car. “He's a German! He's a German!” he shouted, drawing a pistol. Hugo scrambled from the ditch and fled across the field. He heard shots and shouting. He felt a something rip through his shoulder. He did not run directly toward the woods, but, as the sounds of pursuit grew fainter, he took a roundabout way to their shelter and knelt, panting, beside Erich.

“Here you are,” he said cheerily. “A whole canteen full. How do you feel now?”

Erich drank eagerly, but his voice was very faint. “It's starting to hurt,” he said. “Oh, God, how it hurts! Aren't they here yet, Hugo?”

“No, but they'll be along.”

Hugo's own wound was throbbing frightfully. The bullet had penetrated his left shoulder and carried away the collar bone. He stuffed handfuls of gauze inside his tunic, and made a sling which held his arm across his breast. Then he settled down and listened to the guns. Funny that they didn't sound nearer. The army should be here by now.

Something serious must have happened. . . . After midnight the firing slackened down considerably; then, along toward daylight it resumed, but it seemed to be farther away. The guns were moving up! Evidently, and Hugo's heart sank, the German advance had been checked. . . .

The day dawned foggy, with a light rain which rustled in the leaves overhead. Erich was still sleeping, so Hugo went to the edge of the woods to reconnoiter. There, less than three hundred meters away, was a French infantry regiment—men sprawled at ease and field kitchens smoking as the cooks prepared breakfast.

He hated to disturb Erich, but the situation was perilous. “Come,” he said. “Lean on me. That's it . . . slowly now.” His own wound started bleeding as he half supported, half dragged him to the far side of the woods. Erich lapsed into unconsciousness as he laid him down.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NACH PARIS!
Continued from page seventeen

Strange thoughts went floating through Hugo's mind, memories of things he'd seen and heard, only now they were all mixed up. There was that chocolate advertisement he had noticed the day before in the village back there. He wished he had some chocolate. There were still a couple of the general's cigars in his breast pocket, but the blood had spoiled them. Well, here they were, shot to pieces, cut off from the army, and all they had were some bloody cigars! Hugo laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, laughed without knowing why. His head seemed to be miles above his body. Hearing a voice raised loud in song, he was startled to realize that it was his own. "Come, come!" he said to himself. "That's delirium. Hold on, you!" Removing his tunic he redressed his wound, and gradually the flow of blood slackened.

Late in the afternoon the rain ceased. The sun shone through rifts in the clouds, and birds sang in the woods around them. The earth, the air, everything, smelled new and fresh. Erich stirred uneasily and opened his eyes.

"Hello, Hugo," he said, smiling. "Are they here yet?"

"No," said Hugo. "We'll have to stay for a bit. How do you feel?"

"Feel? Oh, I feel fine!" And before Hugo could restrain him, he had dragged himself upright and stood leaning against a tree.

"Come, boy, come! Please lie down," begged Hugo. But Erich seemed not to hear him. He was staring into the distance of the valley, and his face was the face of a man who sees the promised land.

"Oh, God, Hugo, look!" he whispered ecstatically.

Hugo turned and peered across the valley, in which the ground mist still lay in pools. In the open spaces he saw a river, woods, and towns. The landscape was vaguely familiar. That town over to the right— Of course, it must be Senlis, where they used to come on warm Sundays! Shifting his gaze, he saw something else. It was so far away that it looked no bigger than a carpet tack . . . and yet . . .

"It's—it's the Eiffel Tower!" he whispered.

"Of course it is! *Nach Paris!*" shouted Erich, lurching forward. Hugo caught him as he fell. Erich was raving now, but soon his voice became so faint that Hugo could scarcely hear him.

"Mount! Trot! Gallop!" he was saying. "Come on, men, we'll get there tonight! Didn't I promise you we'd be the first in Paris? I'll ride my horse through their Arc de Triomphe. I'll put my helmet on their Strasbourg statue. I'll—I'll—"

His eyes slowly closed, and, smiling, he died.

It took some time for Hugo to realize what had happened, and then grief burst within him like a storm.

"Herr Erich, dear Erich! Oh, my own little boy!" he sobbed, rocking back and forth in anguish. Then dimly into his consciousness came the sound of birds fluttering, the drip of water in the trees, the throb of distant guns. Between the great black trunks he saw the setting sun.

Well, it was Erich's bedtime, that was all. He bowed his head and said a prayer which Elsa had taught them both.

GENTLY he loosened Erich's chin strap. Removing the helmet he kissed the dead boy's forehead.

"Come," he said, picking up the helmet. "We must be going." Then he paused and with his teeth and his one good hand he unlaced the waterproof field-gray cover. "There!" he said proudly, watching the twilight reflect in the polished brass and sleek patent leather. "That's the way an Uhlan officer ought to look!"

As he made his way across the meadows in the direction of the road, he felt as though he were floating on air. But he walked very slowly, the helmet swinging by its strap from his hand.

It was dark when he reached the highway, which was still seething with trucks, guns, men, and ambulances. Once a score of taxicabs went puttering by, bound for the front. "See," chuckled Hugo. "That shows how near we are! They're even running out excursions."

Standing at the roadside, he waved the helmet and shouted in French to a truck driver. "Give us a lift into town, will you? I'm wounded."

The truck stopped. "Climb in the back, *mon vieux*. Wait, I'll come and help you. Be careful of these other chaps, some of them are pretty hard hit. Oh, you're English?"

"Yes," said Hugo.

"Here, throw this coat around you or you'll freeze," said the driver. "Ah, ha! A dead Boche's helmet, eh? Good work, Englishman!"

The truck lurched once or twice, and there were groans from the dark figures sprawled on its metal floor. Hugo lay down, and with the helmet sheltered in the crook of his arm, he went to sleep. His slumber was fitful, broken. He had the strangest dreams. At times he realized that the truck was bumping over cobbles, and once or twice he knew that it had stopped. The journey, it seemed, was interminable.

There was a long halt, and sounds of many voices. Opening his eyes, he saw a full moon against whose lower rim were silhouettes of city housetops. Sitting upright, he looked about him, and instantly he knew where he was.

"The Rond-point!" he whispered. "We're in the Champs Élysées. We're in Paris!"

THE plaza was jammed with trucks, all, like his own, filled with wounded and dead. Officers with flashlights were hurrying about, directing the drivers to various hospitals. Bundling himself in the Frenchman's overcoat, he slipped from the truck and hurried to the deserted sidewalk beneath the dark shelter of the chestnut trees.

"The Champs Élysées—the Elysian Fields!" he said. "How I wish we could have walked here in the daytime! Still, the moon is pretty fine tonight, isn't it?" He looked up and saw three moons, all swinging back and forth in the sky in time with the helmet.

"All right, three moons, then!" he laughed. "Why, there ought to be a dozen on a night like this! Don't you wish Mama Elsa were here to see us? My, wouldn't she be proud? And now . . . Do you see that fine broad square ahead of us? Well, that's the Place de la Concorde. And over to the left is the Crillon, where I used to work. I suppose they've got the dishes done and have gone to bed—that is, everybody but the bakers and the soup cooks; they work all night, poor fellows!

"It's twenty-two years since I stood on this spot. Think of it! And look there! Those statues, I mean! They're the eight ladies of France that old General von der Rhetz told you about. That's Marseilles, the next one's Lyons, and over there—the one with the widow's veil—that one's Strasbourg!

"Come, let's cut across. *Nach Paris*, eh? Well, we've done it! See, she's all swathed in crêpe. I wonder how she'll like her new bonnet. Give me your hand. We'll climb up. Up on the pedestal first. She's a big old lady, isn't she? On her lap, now. That's the boy! Mind you don't trip on the crêpe. We'll yank it off in a minute. And now . . ."

Two gendarmes strolled out of the shadows, their arms folded beneath their capes.

"P-s-s-t! Say, there, soldier, come down out of that!" called one of them.

Slowly Hugo turned his head, but his gaze was on the sky. There were dozens of moons now, swinging like silver lanterns. "Look, Erich!" he said. "Look, little son! And it's all in your honor!"

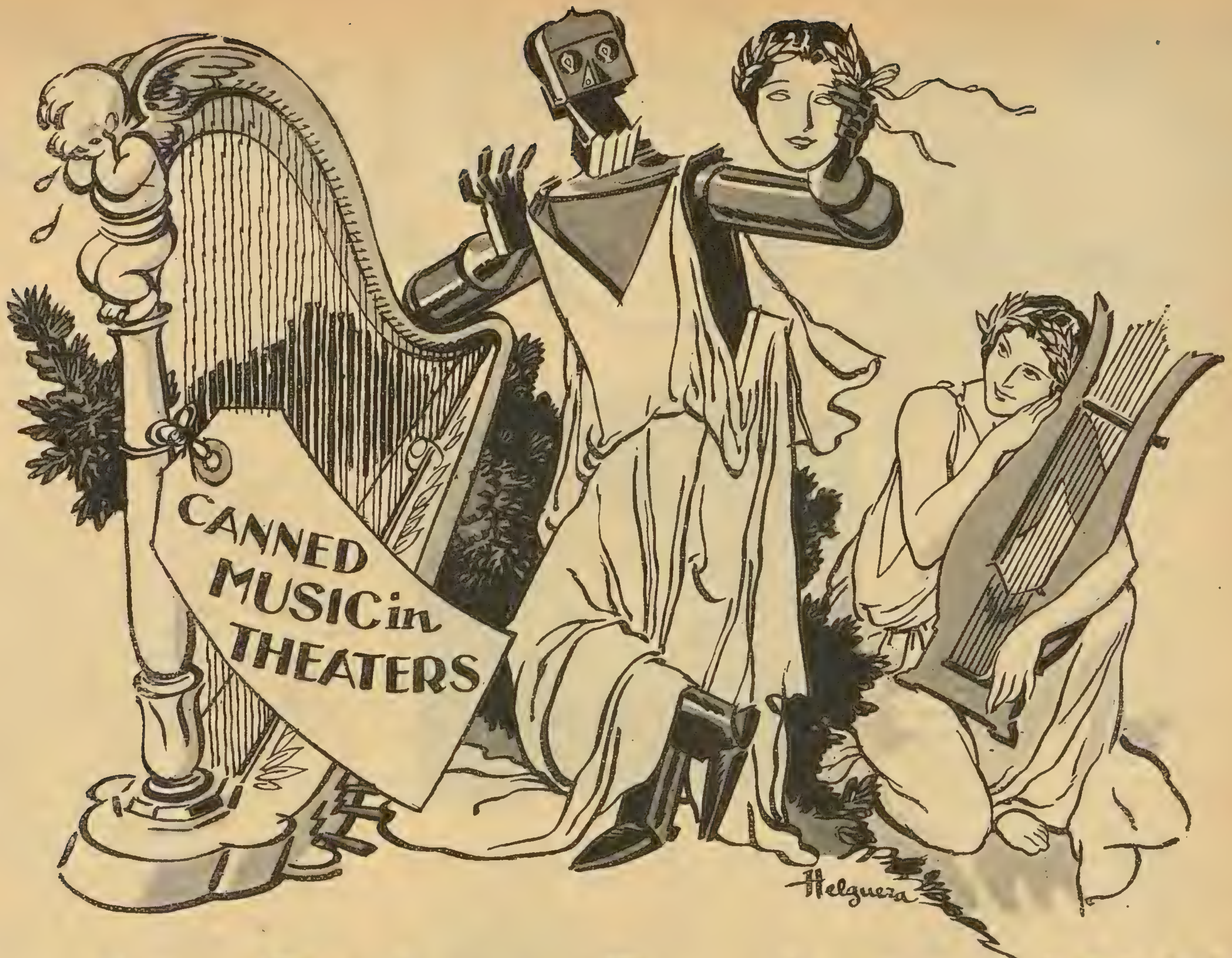
He felt himself falling. The sensation was pleasant. . . .

"God!" shuddered one of the gendarmes, bending over the heap on the sidewalk. "Right on his head! Well, the poor chap's finished, sure enough."

"Was he drunk, do you think?" asked the other. "I mean, the way he was talking to himself and all?"

"Very likely. Well, get the crêpe out of his hand, and give me a boost while I take down that German helmet."

THE END



Is the Robot Fooling YOU?

The Paris Correspondent of "VARIETY" reports:

"The music-wise Continentals object violently to mechanical music (in the theatre)."

L-7-26

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name..............................

Address..............................

City.............................. *State*..............................

WHAT, then, if Europeans thus prove their "music-wisdom," are we North Americans supposed to be, that we are asked to accept mechanical music—and **mechanical music** only—in the theatre? Unmusical, perhaps?

Well, at least 2,000,000 theatre patrons have rejected that characterization by joining the Music Defense League. They mean that they want Real Music, not Canned Music exclusively, in the theatre.

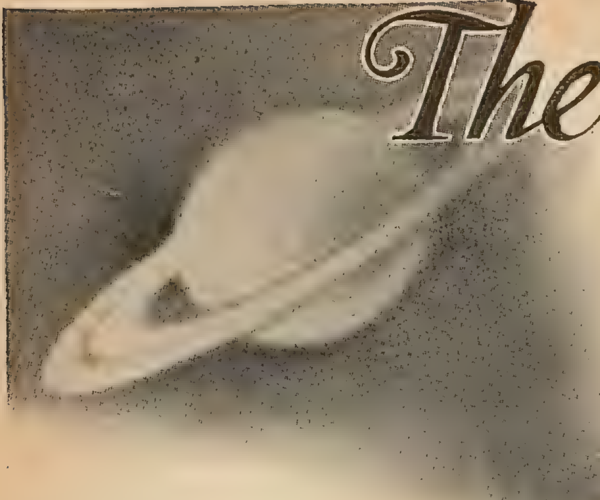
If you value the Art of Music, you too, should be numbered among the "music-wise." Just sign and mail the coupon at the left.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

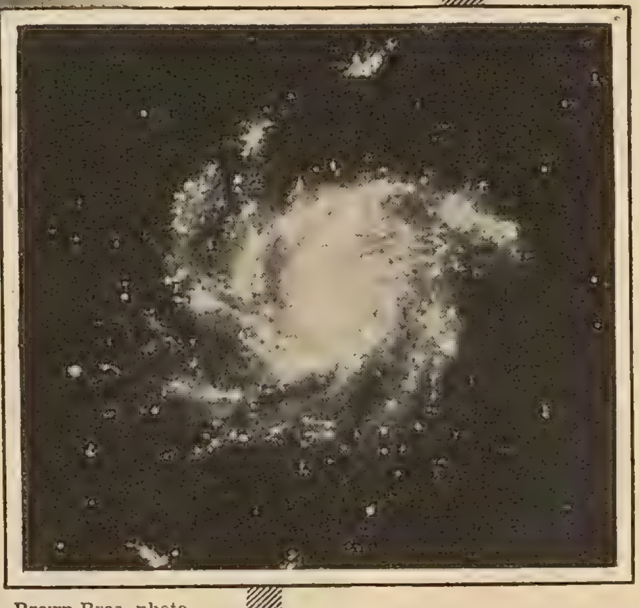
The CIRCLE

Why the Blindfold Flyer Must Disobey Nature or Perish



Brown Bros. photo

The law of the circle holds throughout the universe. Witness the planet Saturn with its rings, as seen from Mt. Wilson Observatory.



Brown Bros. photo

A spiral nebula in the starry heavens.

WHEN I first learned to fly, my instructor, Fred Becker, carefully emphasized the fact that if I meant to rise at all in aviation I must learn to fly from the seat of my pants. That meant I had to blend my muscular make-up into the very framework of the airplane until the ship and myself were one. After that, whatever senses of balance, of motion, of direction and position I possessed would take care of me and keep me safe from harm. In other words, the airplane was to be just a pair of wings to which I was to give equilibrium and direction.

Fred was a veteran of the old school of pilots trained in the war. He knew from vast experience that the fellow who flew with his hands and his head was in direct line for the little white cross that marked the spot. There was a saying around the airports of wartime to the effect that the good pilot sat on his brains.

That theory saved a great many lives, and in the light of modern discovery, lost as many more. The first theory of flying was that, given a good ship, any man could take it up and handle it. Numerous crack-ups having proved the fallacy of this—particularly during wartime—attention was turned to the pilots themselves. Special tests were made for pilots and the pants-seat theory was evolved. The prospective ace must be a man of remarkable muscular coördination, perfect sight, and clear, instantaneous decision. His courage was taken for granted.

One thing, however, remained wrong with this theory. Good pilots were still cracking up, coming down in fogs, spinning to oblivion, and generally behaving as novices under certain weather conditions.

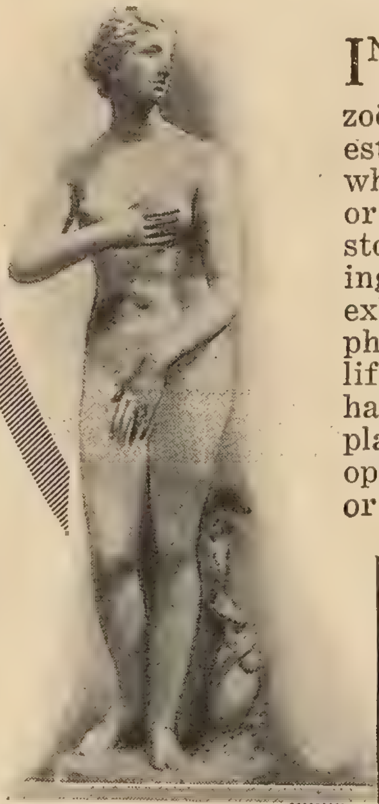
Then the Bureau of Aëronautics, U. S. Navy, went so far in an elaborate study as to place the blame for casualties not on the ships but up to 80 per cent on the pilots.

Engine failure, structural defects, etc., caused but a minor portion of the accidents. The human element was at fault. Ships were safe to fly if men could be found or made safe enough to fly them.

Further study revealed the fact that only under certain conditions was flying actually unsafe. Given a standard, tested ship, clear weather, and a good map, a trained pilot could go as far in any direction as he wanted so long as his gas held out. Boiled down still further, it meant that visibility was his all-important factor. Take that from him and he became as the novice. With only his instinct to rely on, his sense of direction and balance, he must get hopelessly lost and spin to destruction.

When these things happened the blame fell first on the ship, then on the pilot, and seldom, if ever, on the real culprit—Mother Nature herself, in person.

It was known that the airplane in fog, almost without exception, went into a spin and crashed. One glimpse of land might, if the pilot were highly skilled and the ground not too close, save a smash. The pilot could snap back into position and get away. But in totally blind flying, with the pilot relying on his pants-seat judgment to take him to his destination, the chances were all against him and he crashed. Of course, there being a reason for everything, there was one for this. But not until very lately was it found.



And nature's most beautiful work, a perfect woman, is a thing of curves, as the Venus de Medici shows.

By the straight line, money is saved in our office buildings.

IN 1917 Professor A. A. Schaeffer of the University of Kansas zoölogical laboratory became interested in the folk tales of persons who, losing their way in forests or on plains or in fogs or snowstorms, wandered in ever-tightening circles until they dropped from exhaustion. Science knew of these phenomena in the lower forms of life, but no study of them in man had been made. The folk-tale explanation was that a higher development in the muscles of one side or the other of the body gave this tendency to man and to animals, or that some structural defect threw the body off balance, especially when the body was exhausted.

Without accepting this, and simply to try to learn what mechanism in man or animal caused the spiral tendency, Professor Schaeffer in that year conducted some experiments on students on a race track at Knoxville, Tennessee. At the time it was covered with snow and the tracks of the students were plain to see.

# of LIFE

By

RICHARD CARROLL

who is himself a flyer, so his articles for Liberty are usually on aviation topics. Most of the world's famous pilots are among his acquaintances. He hails from Newfoundland, and was a soldier in France at sixteen.

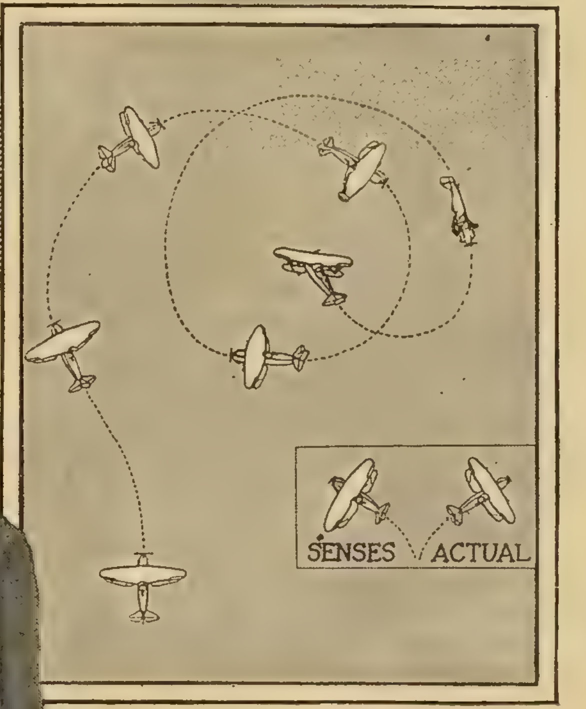
Capt. Ocker in the cockpit of his plane for a blindfold test of spiraling. He has lately made a blind flight of 900 miles, from Texas to Illinois.

They were shown an object at a distance, then blindfolded and told to walk straight to it. To the professor's amazement each subject, including himself, walked in clock-spring spirals and in all directions.

Continuing his experiments with the lower forms of life—mollusks, worms, small jellyfish, etc., Professor Schaeffer came to the conclusion that no forward-moving organism has yet been found that does not move in some kind of spiral path when there are no orienting senses, such as sight, touch or smell, to guide it.

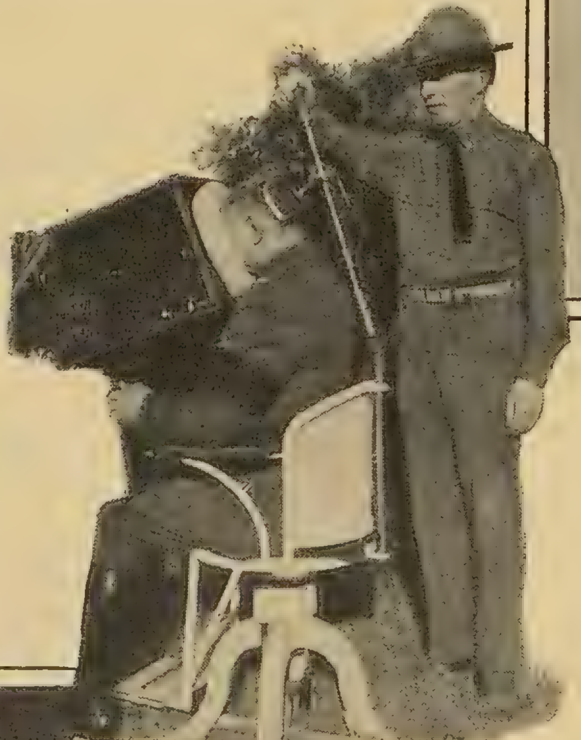
Later experiments on blindfolded students and faculty members showed the same spiral movement in running, swimming, rowing, and driving an automobile. No subject in any test went in a straight line.

The old belief that muscular development caused this spiral tendency was thrown out. For the students circled sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, regardless of their being left-handed or right-handed. Never did they go in a straight line ahead. Sometimes one circled both left and right in one test. So with the swimmers, the rowers, and the drivers.



U. S. Army Air Corps diagram

How a pilot will spiral if flying in a fog by instinct; and how, obeying his senses, he will go into a fatal spin.



Capt. William C. Ocker's device for maintaining a knowledge of direction, by instruments, while being whirled when blindfolded.

Brown Bros. photo

The dome of St. Peter's in Rome, if unprofitable, has beauty.

It was certain only that they would spiral. Muscles had nothing to do with it.

One interesting observation made by the professor was that the spiral tendencies of his students varied with temperament. The stolid, plugging type made the tightest, most regular spirals. The nervous, temperamental subjects were inclined to move in irregular paths, breaking off a curve in a futile attempt to go in another direction, as though rebelling at this mysterious something that was driving them in circles.

But at no time did the students believe that they were going in other than a straight line. This was true also of the swimmers. The drivers of autos and boats found their actual movements in direct contradiction of their senses.

How far this affects man is illustrated by one incident that came later to the professor's attention. A miner excavating a tunnel in California bored his way into another tunnel which he thought was some old shaft. He was startled to discover that it was his own tunnel. He had bored in a complete circle!

ALL this is more interesting to the scientist than to the layman, for the scientist is in search of causes—while the layman is content to wonder at and rejoice in the effect. He can say, from the mere evidence of his senses, that everything in nature—not only the movements of nature's creatures but objects animate and inanimate alike—in form and in motion run to circles and curves: all things whatsoever, including the girl friend!

Scientists, of course, have known this. Newton knew it in motion, in what he called the Perfect Movement. Alfred Russel Wallace said: "The exquisite forms of nature, never producing straight lines, but an endless variety of curves and spirals."

Charles Darwin saw "grandeur in the planet's cycling on," producing endless forms of beauty in nature, the plants and trees and the wonderful shells on the shore, all under some great cosmic law.

The earth, the stars, the sun, the moon, the entire universe are round. Everything in the universe, the sun itself, travels in a circle. And everything on earth, placed there by nature, forms a circle or part of a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE
Continued from page twenty-one

circle, a curve. The trees, the plants, the grass underfoot, the rocks and the hills and the waves rolling on shore, all follow the immutable law.

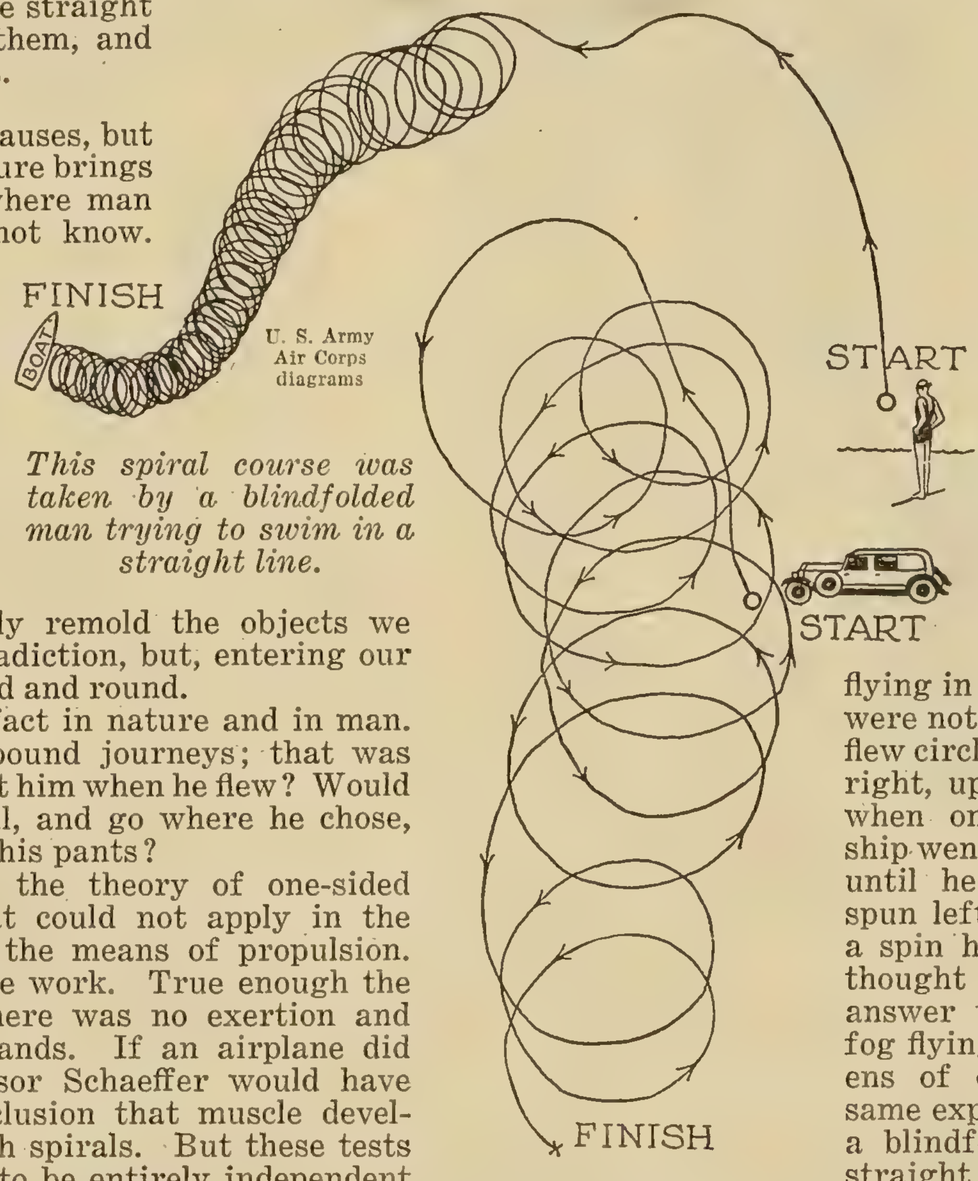
There is beauty in all this, indescribable beauty. For only the curved line is really beautiful. Our artistic appreciation is toward the curve, in art, in architecture, in mankind, in the mere laying out of a garden path.

And nature's most beautiful work, the perfect woman, is but a thing of curves, a million curves to make the symmetrical whole. All mankind is made of curves and spirals and circles. So, too, the animals. So every natural object on earth.

Only man would defy nature, for it was he who made the first straight line. Under the stress of economy or for utility—for nature is wasteful—man ventured into the straight line. Buildings were made square, roads were built as straight as man could make them; for by the straight line man saved time and money. The beautiful dome of St. Peter's in Rome would not pay much profit as an office building in New York. Nor would Notre Dame in Paris, beautiful pile of curves and tapering lines, yield much cash return on investment here or elsewhere. Yet we know them to be beautiful beyond our own square giants of commerce. Our homes have straight lines because it's cheaper so to build them. Yet nature gave man his first home as a curved scoop in a hillside, or a dome squatted on the ground.

Stand on a hill and look down upon a square plain dotted with square homes and cut by straight roads. The effect is mentally disturbing. Break up that plain into rolling hills. Let the lanes wind in and out, curve the straight lines of roofs and dot the landscape with the spiral symmetry of trees and shrubs. There is rest for the eyes, beauty, for that is natural.

And yet, if we delve back into the relics of antiquity for the man-made forms of early ages, we find that man's battle against nature is a losing one. Generation after generation sees him triumphant. Then time at last crumbles his hopes, rounds off the squares he has made, bends the straight lines of his roads or erases them, and returns to nature what is hers.



U. S. Army Air Corps diagrams

This spiral course was taken by a blindfolded man trying to swim in a straight line.

And a blindfolded driver cut these capers in his car.

WE are not now going into causes, but effects. What force in nature brings back the curves and circles where man has outraged them, we do not know. It might be the wind. At the seashore the rolling tide takes the rocks and rounds them. On land the winds curl perpetually round and round. It might even be that the earth's own rotation has something to do with it. Enough for us that this force exists, that not only does some mysterious force or forces ultimately remold the objects we have formed in angular contradiction, but, entering our very being, twirls us, too, round and round.

We have, then, this spiral fact in nature and in man. It affected him in his earthbound journeys; that was known—but how would it affect him when he flew? Would he lose this tendency to spiral, and go where he chose, feeling his way by the seat of his pants?

If there was anything to the theory of one-sided bodily development, even that could not apply in the air where the body was not the means of propulsion. In an airplane a motor did the work. True enough the pilot guided the ship, but there was no exertion and good pilots flew with both hands. If an airplane did go around in circles, Professor Schaeffer would have additional proof for his conclusion that muscle development had nothing to do with spirals. But these tests were to come much later and to be entirely independent of his findings.

In 1919, two years after Professor Schaeffer's first experiments, Captain William C. Ocker, Air Corps, U. S. Army, obtained from Sperry, the electrical engineer, a set of instruments—a turn indicator and a bank indicator—designed to serve only as stabilizers for the magnetic compass. While testing the instruments Ocker flew into a thick fog. To his surprise he found that the instruments enabled him to fly out again, something that had not been done before.

At that time fog flying was regarded, and rightly, as the most dangerous of all, and the pilot who got into fog had only luck to bring him out. Ocker gave it only passing thought.

LATER he reported to his flight surgeon for the usual periodic examination. Captain David Myers placed him in a revolving chair and instructed him to close his eyes and then state, without opening them, which way he was turning and what, if any, change of direction took place. When the tests were completed Captain Ocker's first idea was that he had been tricked. For not once had he known definitely in what direction he was facing. And Captain Ocker even at that time was one of the veteran pilots who flew from their seats. When the captain thought he was turning left, he was in reality turning right, or vice versa. When he told Captain Myers that he was not turning at all, next that he was turning left, then right, then back again, his examiner removed the blindfold. To his amazement the captain found he had not moved at all! When first placed in the chair he had revolved rapidly, then slowed down, and at this stage he had said he was not moving. When the chair stopped, he said he was moving right, then left.

At once he applied his lesson to flying. He reasoned that had the experiment taken place in the air in fog, when instinct told him to correct for a left-hand turn he would have thrown his machine into a right-hand spin. Those spins in fogs were the fatality producers.

At that time Captain Ocker had not heard of Professor Schaeffer's researches. Nor would it have made much difference. Professor Schaeffer had conducted all his tests on the ground or in water where the subject was always in touch with the earth. The chair tests more closely approached what must happen in flying. The first thing to find out was whether flying blind in clear weather would affect the pilot. Captain Ocker conducted tests on himself, blindfolding himself in the rear cockpit of his ship, while a safety pilot sat up in front.

The captain, blindfolded, took over the ship in the air. Immediately he began flying in circles. But the circles were not all to left or right. He flew circles in all directions, left, right, up and down. And only when on circling upward his ship went into a stall, spun right until he pulled her out, then spun left on his correcting for a spin he was not making but thought he was, did the real answer to the catastrophes of fog flying become known. Dozens of other pilots tried the same experiment. Not once did a blindfolded pilot continue a straight flight in any direction. At the end a spin always resulted. And the direction of the spins and spirals was always at variance with the pants-seat feeling of the pilot! The National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics in their tests got the same results.

In August of last year Thomas Carroll and William H. McAvoy sent to the N. A. C. A., a complete report on experiments in blind flying ordered by the committee and conducted at Langley Field, Virginia. The committee was determined to test in the air Professor Schaeffer's findings on the ground. A dual-control VE 7 airplane was used and the test pilot placed in the front seat, which was the center of gravity of the airplane. The pilot took off and sought a high altitude. After flying normally for a while to get the feel of the ship and the air, he donned a mask, while the observer took over the controls. The observer then put the ship in position for straight flight and handed back the controls to the blind flyer.

This test pilot, and all the others who later tried the experiment, flew a straight line for a very short distance, then went into a spiral which grew tighter and tighter until the wing dropped and the ship went into a diving spiral and the observer was forced to take over the controls to save the ship. The same thing happened to every other test pilot who tried it. Carroll and McAvoy reported that spiraling was inevitable when flying blind.

But Captain Ocker had sought and found a preventive. His method was to train the pilot, on the ground, to refuse to believe the evidence of his senses.

Captain Ocker prepared a light-tight box and in it mounted a turn and bank indicator, a compass, and a flashlight for viewing the instruments through a frame designed to fit snugly against his face. Then he went back to Captain Myers and asked to have the old tests repeated. This time, by using his own device, he was able at all times to state his direction, the way of his rotation and its speed. This device has since been patented and it is now officially used by the army.

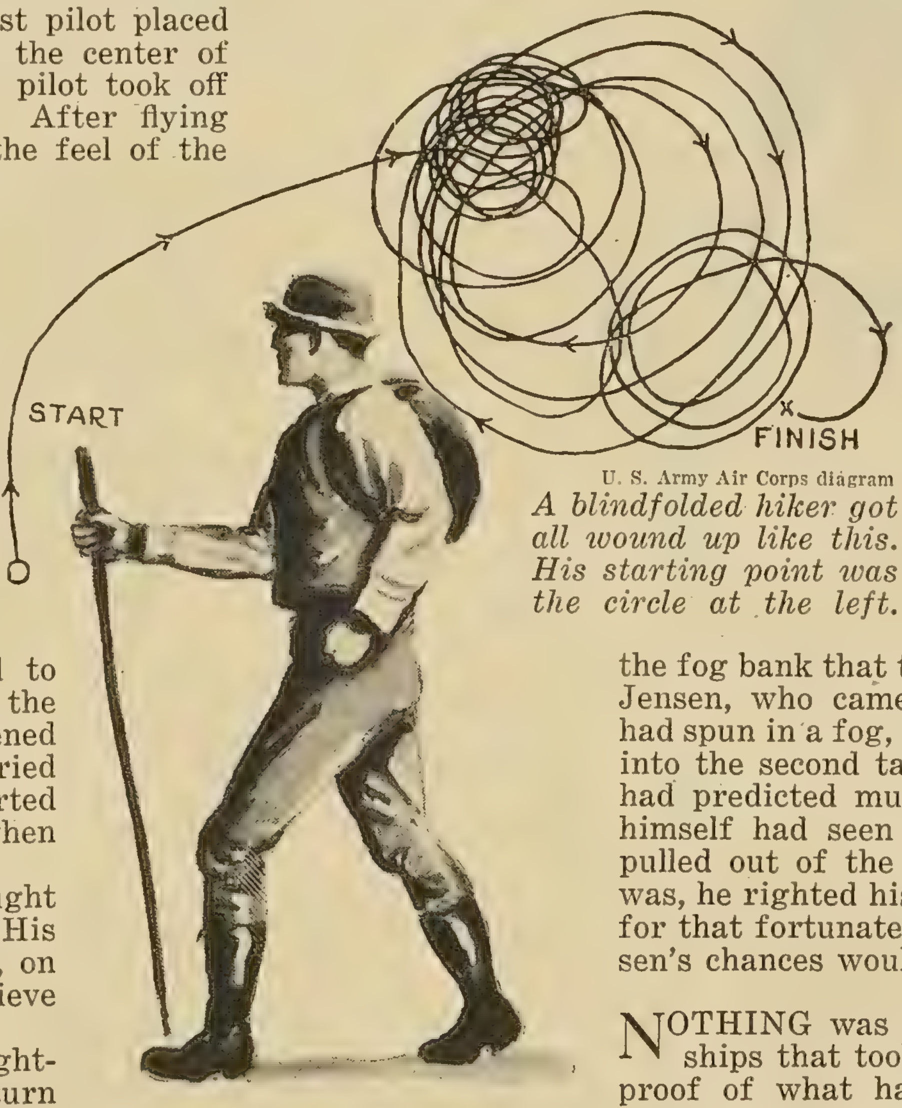
With this Captain Ocker, who is at present stationed at Brooks Field, Texas, has devoted his time to putting the pilot's brains back into his head. The old pants-seat theory, the muscular sense idea, has lost too many good lives. But it is uphill work. Veteran pilots find it hard to believe that instruments know more than they do. When flying through fog, with every instinct telling them that a wing is down, that they are upside down, and with the instrument board assuring them all the while that they are flying level, it is hard for them to go against instinct. In that fight between a few gadgets on the instrument board and an experienced pilot's common sense, the latter is often the winner, and the pilot crashes. The instruments are always right!

WHEN blind instinct is left to guide events, there is bound to be trouble, for we were born to go around in rings. The navigator of an ocean liner does not stand on the forward deck and look out over his course. Picking his way from one pin point on the map to another thousands of miles away is all done within the four walls of the chart house, and all by instrument. In aviation the pilot has to go even further. He has to keep his ship on an even keel. He can spin in all directions, right, left, up or down.

There is a further danger. When in a fog an airplane goes into a spin and the pilot pulls her out, his natural instinct drives him right back into it. Why this is so is easily explained. Get yourself whirled rapidly in a chair. How do you feel when the whirling motion stops? That you are now revolving in the opposite direction! You're not, but you imagine you are. The pilot after a spin has the same sensation and immediately starts to correct it. He kicks his rudder and, of course, is back into the old spin, for he had not been spinning when he thought he was, and corrected for it.

And here we have the almost certain solution of the mysteries of ocean flight disappearances. When preparations for the Dole flight to Honolulu were in progress, Captain Ocker, then conducting his own experiments, sought to interest the participants in his device. They were too busy preparing their ships to pay much attention. Three ships and their crews were lost in that race and in the search for lost ships after it. The reports of the winners, added to the knowledge derived from Captain Ocker's experiments, give the key to what happened.

Art Goebel, who won, reported flying high over the fog bank that trapped the others. Martin Jensen, who came second, reported that he had spun in a fog, come out, gone immediately into the second tail spin that Captain Ocker had predicted must happen, and luckily for himself had seen the water just as he had pulled out of the second spin. Dizzy as he was, he righted his ship. But had it not been for that fortunate glimpse of the water, Jensen's chances would have been nil.



U. S. Army Air Corps diagram

A blindfolded hiker got all wound up like this. His starting point was the circle at the left.

NOTHING was heard from the other two ships that took off, but the most graphic proof of what happened was furnished by Bill Erwin, who valiantly set out to seek the lost flyers. As night came on Erwin's radio reported him attempting to climb above the clouds. He was flying blind. Suddenly his radio message read: "We are in a tail spin. We are out—our lights are out—we are in ano . . ."

That was the last ever heard of Erwin.

What must have happened is that the pilots, lost in the heavy fog, tried to climb over it. That put them into the upward circle. The stall and the spin followed.

Many aviators, reporting on this tendency to spiral, admit that if strict attention is paid to the artificial horizon in their ships—that is, to the instrument board with its turn and bank indicator, its compass, its altimeter and other devices to take the place of man's eyes, his touch, his vestibular sense or sense of balance—the pilot will not come to grief.

The difficulty here is to make pilots pay attention. Veterans are often the worst offenders. When a ship goes into a spin in fog, and the pilot does not know how much altitude he has, it takes a lot of training and nerve for him to go against his highly experienced senses and place blind faith in instruments which tell him to do what he instinctively believes will kill him.

That's just what he must do, however. Lindbergh flew the ocean in a closed ship with little visibility. He was used to flying by instruments. Had he not followed them against his own judgment, the chances are that the New York-to-Paris performance would never have been. Lester Maitland, who flew to Hawaii with Hegenberger, told how in fog he fought down his own instinct and banked on his instruments. He told Captain Ocker that he would not have succeeded without faith in his bank and turn indicator.

How important all this is can be realized when it is recalled that fog is the last great danger in aviation.

There are other and lesser difficulties to be overcome,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CIRCLE OF LIFE
Continued from page twenty-three]

but all blind flying is the big stumbling block to safe air transportation. In fog or snow or heavy rains fatalities occur. When fog is conquered the accident toll will step down amazingly.

If the human element in aviation, the pilot, will only realize that this is a circular world and that man's fight against nature is for straight lines, and that his instruments are his weapons for that fight, he will fly safely enough in fog, always provided he will believe the instruments.

The instruments have been brought nearer perfection than ever. The bank and turn indicator, the altitude meter, magnetic compass, earth indicator compass, climb indicator, tachometer, etc., form an artificial horizon that spells safety for any pilot.

And nowadays they are reliable. Big corporations have spent much time and money perfecting them. Experience has found them to be reliable where instinct failed.

Jimmie Doolittle, shrouded in a cockpit, unable to see either the sky or the land, took off from Mitchel Field, Long Island, watching his instruments only. He flew around for a while, found his way back to the field again, and landed, all without seeing the ground. Yet Jimmie finds trouble enough fog-flying from the seat of his pants.

It was unfortunate that the Guggenheim Fund, under which Jimmie was working, soon after that experiment stopped its great work for aviation. Doolittle was the logical man to continue his blind flying experiments until he evolved an artificial horizon embodied in one infallible instrument. At present it is made up—the artificial horizon—of several instruments.

When I talked to the navy's former great flyer, Al Williams, about it, he stressed it as the greatest need today in aviation, this horizon that takes the place of nature's. He, too, from the findings of years of strenuous experimental flying, classified the "homing instinct" attributed to long-distance flyers as so much nonsense.

Only instruments could take the place of the natural horizon that always placed a pilot in the right angle of flight that enabled him to determine his course. Jimmie Collins, the famous test pilot, has been talking the necessity of an artificial horizon for years. So with others who have made flying an affair of science.

And in conclusion I might add that all of this seems a pity; there is something of a tragedy in this passing of a valorous age. There always was, to the layman, something glorious about the fellow who went up and pitted his skill and judgment against the elements—there is about the men who still do. But as we drift away from the pioneer age in anything, the romance must fade out.

The fight is not over by any means, however. It will continue a mighty battle, with all the forces of nature on one side and puny man on the other. In this newer science of flying, man's enemies are doubled. Besides the law of gravity, he has this old, newly found law of the circle to plague him. That he will conquer it there is no doubt, for to progress he must, and to live he must progress.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

The inside story of

Janet Gaynor's

career in Hollywood

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a plenary session?

2—Caledonia is the ancient name of what country.

3—What is a platitude?

4—What does pedantic mean?

5—What is pediatrics?

6—What does begging the question mean?

7—What is the new name of Peking?

8—What is a yellow quarantine flag sometimes called?

9—What is a cavalcade?

10—What is a hybrid?

11—What is coryza?

12—What Biblical character was known for his meekness?

13—What are men and women graduates of an institution of learning called?

14—Is sponge an animal or a vegetable organism?

15—What is the northernmost point of Alaska?

16—What bodies comprise the British Parliament?

17—What is a skinflint?

18—What instrument measures atmospheric pressure?

19—From what plant is linen generally made?

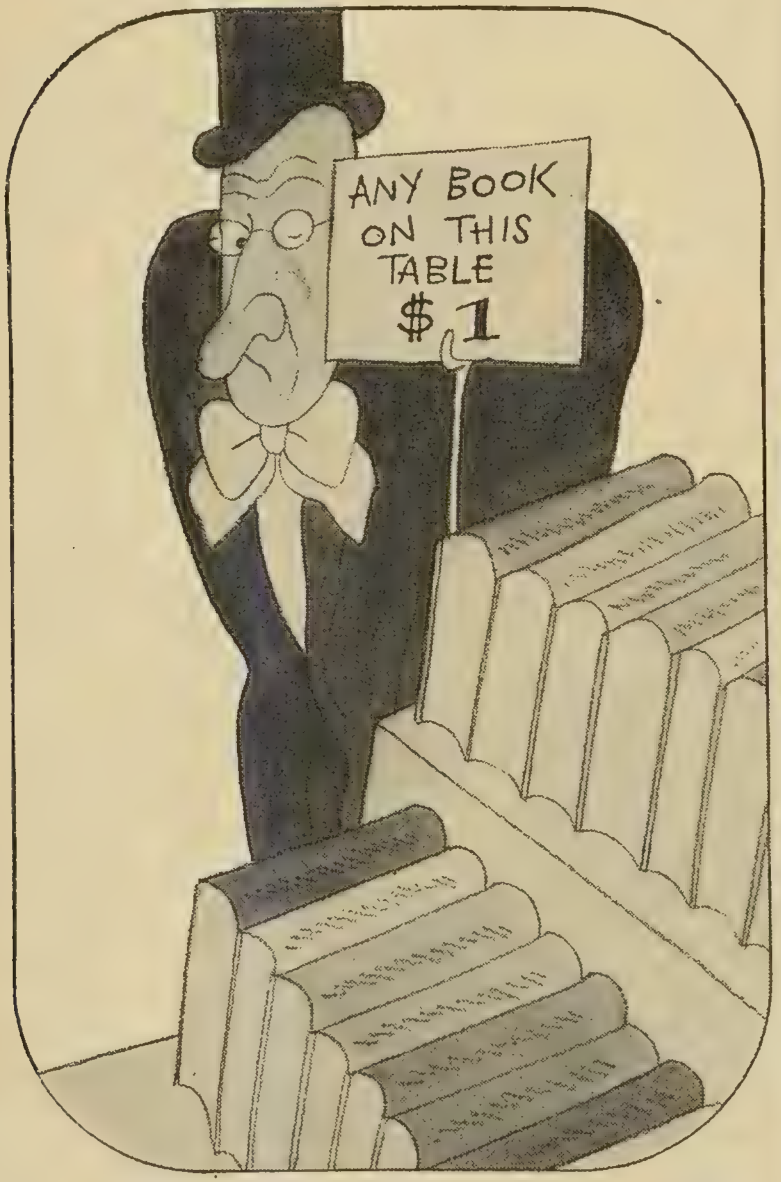
20—What part of a steam engine corresponds to the gas feed of a gasoline engine?

(Answers will be found on page forty-two)

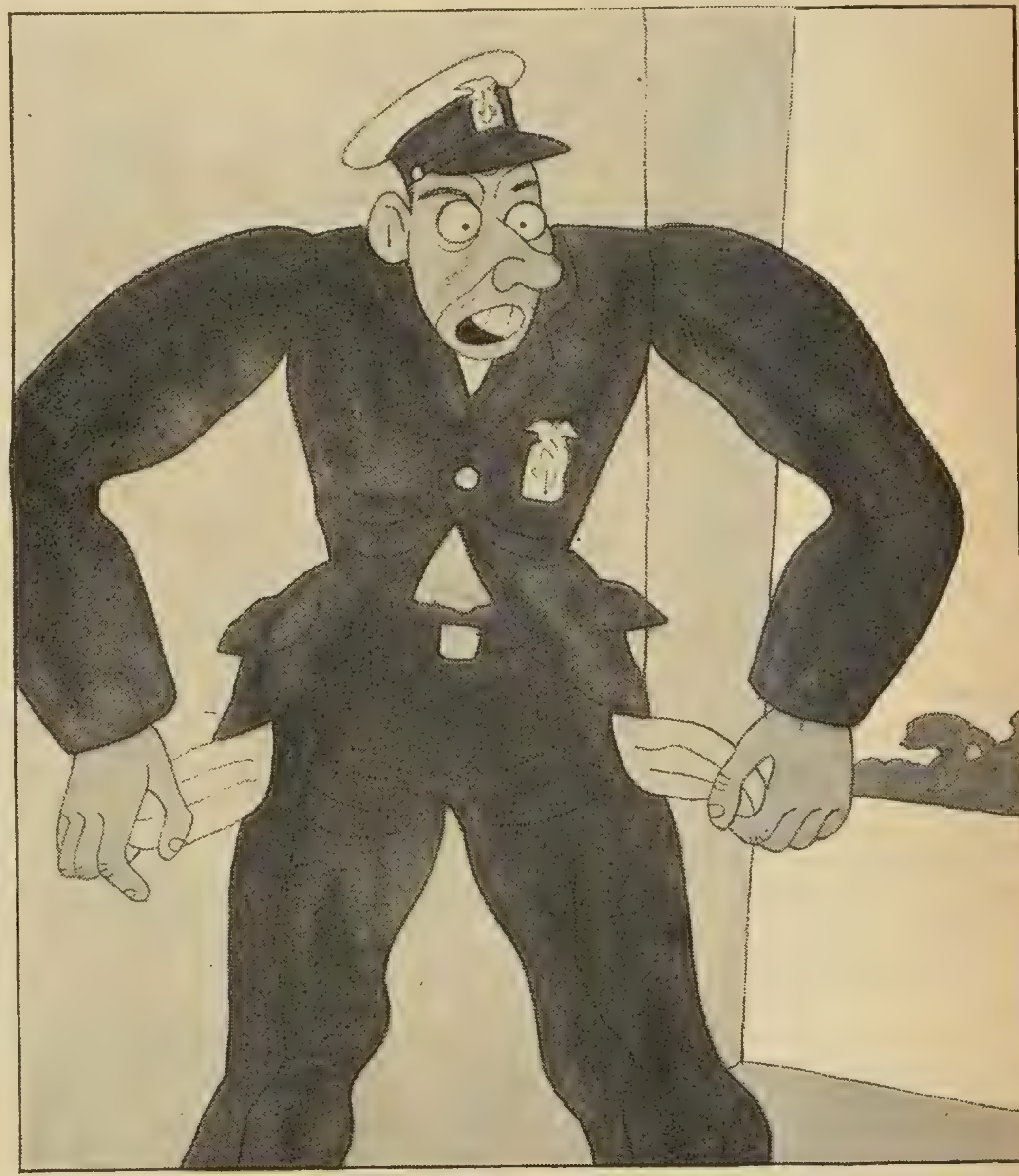
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

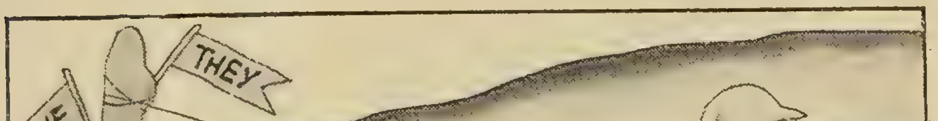
By RALPH BARTON


ANY BOOK ON THIS TABLE $1

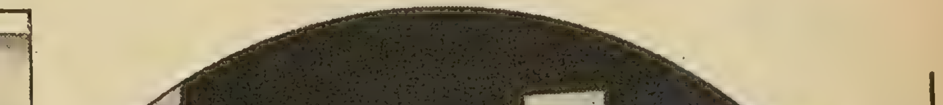
IF THE PUBLISHERS REDUCE THE PRICE of all books to one dollar, how will the censors in Boston be able to tell which are the naughty books?



ILLUSTRATED NEWS ITEM. "Customs men at Detroit say that the Canadian Liquor Export Law has virtually stopped rum-running along the Detroit River."



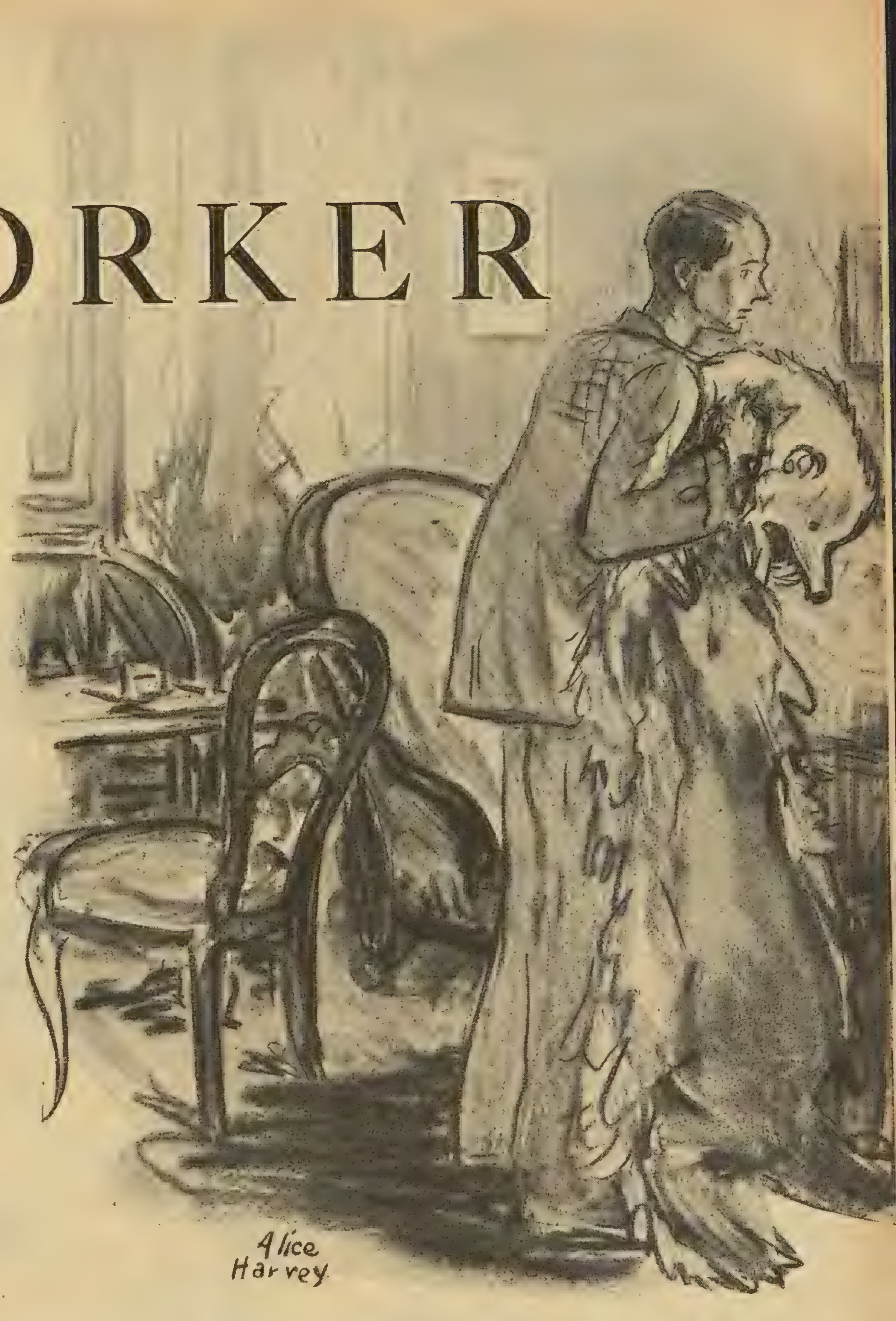
STILL ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR ETERNAL PEACE. Conduct the next war on the Gandhi principles of resistance.



VETERAN NEW YORK PARADE WATCHER acts on the astronomers' tip that the new planet Pluto will pass nearest the earth in 1988.

Fast Worker

The Story of a Faint Heart and a Fair Lady



Osbert retreated, the bear's empty hind legs trailing on the floor.

By

EDWARD HOPE

who in 1920, when graduated from Princeton, meant to write but found himself a job in an advertising agency first. Occasionally he sold a story, as he still does. He is Don Marquis' successor as columnist of the New York Herald-Tribune.

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY RAMSEY

UNTIL his Aunt Carrie passed from the third-best house in East Wilson, New York, to her eternal reward, nothing had happened to Osbert Parsley for years and years.

Osbert Parsley was in his thirty-ninth year when it came to light that his Aunt Carrie had given, bequeathed, and devised him all her property, both real and personal. He was the principal salesman of the Young America Toy Shop, which was located in the permanent twilight and periodic roar of Columbus Avenue, under the Elevated.

This position was not, perhaps, as exalted as it sounds, for the staff of the shop consisted simply of Gustave Busch, the proprietor, Miss Pillor, the cashier and bookkeeper, and Osbert. He had been principal salesman for eighteen years—from the time when he came to New York from East Wilson, upstate, after his mother's death—and his salary had increased by barely perceptible degrees from fifteen dollars per week to fifty-five dollars. This represented success, and it was deserved.

He was eminently well fitted for a career in a toy shop. An intimacy could be depended upon to develop between him and any child of walking age in from one to four minutes. Even babies in their mothers' arms found a bond of sympathy with him and were delighted with the rattles and woolly dogs and rubber cats he demonstrated. His sales were more than satisfactory.

To tell the truth, the Young America Toy Shop provided Osbert with his social life as well as his means of livelihood. He liked people easily, but he was afraid of them. Because he had an unhappy conviction that everyone else in the world was busy with plans that left no room for his intrusions, he made no friends.

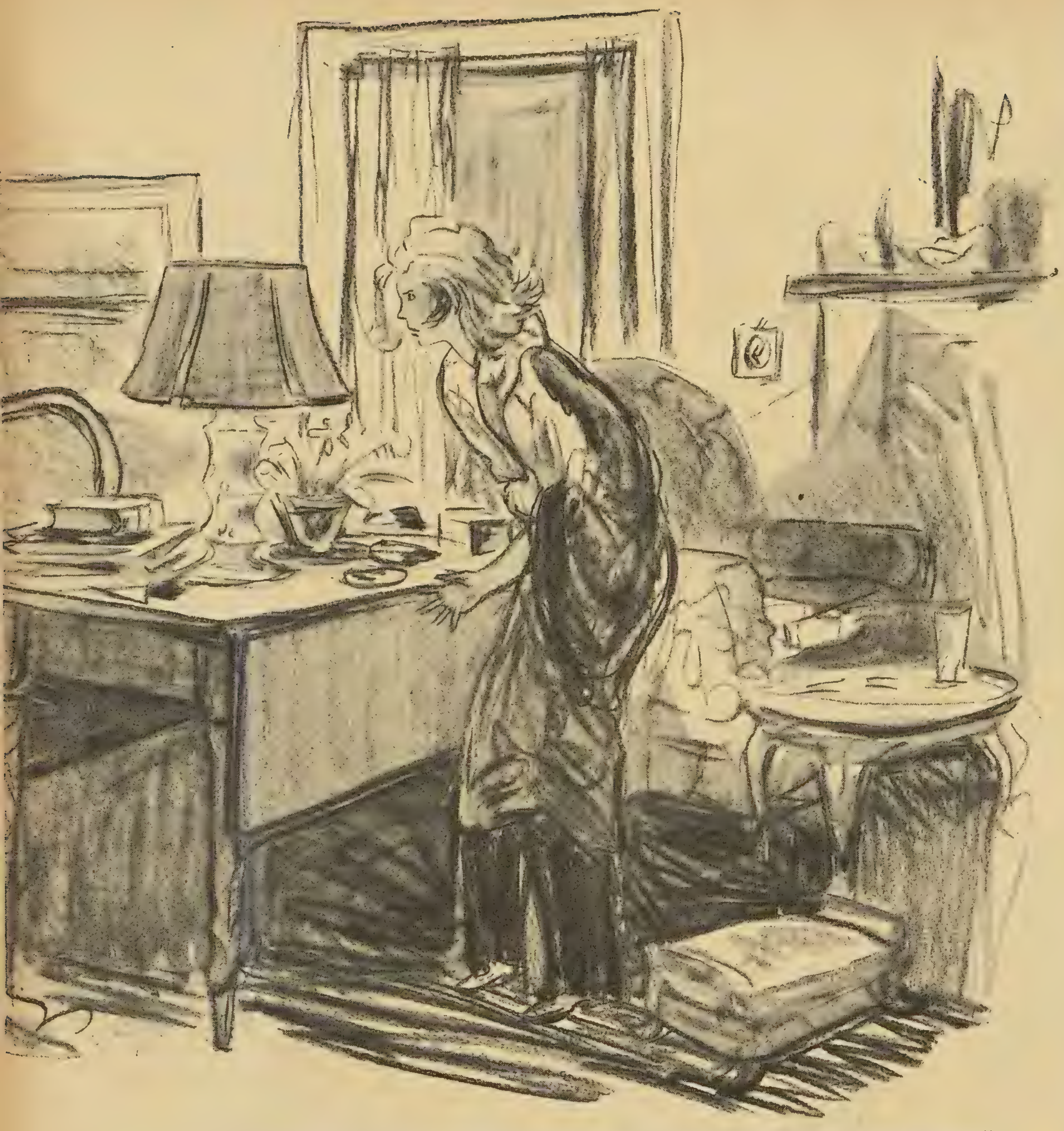
He spent his evenings with magazines and at the movies. He went early to bed and was early to rise, and was rewarded with good health, if not with wealth and wisdom.

So life went on for years. Osbert grew gentler, if possible, than ever. His sweetness, by the time he was thirty, was that of an Old Codger who has lived, and has withdrawn from life, at the last, to be at peace. . . . His patience, his cheerfulness, his general amiability were unfailing.

In an endless procession new children grew up to trust and love him. New mothers appeared and sought his advice. Little by little he acquired a following among toy shoppers, which was exceedingly good for business.

AND yet Gustave Busch, always a violent man and now grown more irascible with the years, was enraged by his softness, and harbored an almost uncontrollable desire to give him a swift kick in the pants. . . .

Osbert earned his legacy from his Aunt Carrie. In the first place, it was she who had him named Osbert—in memory of her late husband—and the fortitude with which he bore that given name, on top of Parsley for a last name, was worth a fortune. In the second place, he had written dutifully to his aunt every week or so for eighteen years, keeping her posted on his health and his fortune. Beyond that, he had spent his two weeks' vacation at her house every summer, when East Wilson was



"Now," said Miss Radford, who seemed to have grown a foot, "I want an explanation."

neither cool nor diverting. And he had never asked her for money. . . .

The estate consisted of the third-best house in East Wilson, New York (brick); its furnishings and surrounding real estate, including trees; some jewelry and other personal trinkets; and a fairish sum in the soundest of bonds. It would have been an acceptable windfall to almost anyone. To Osbert it was Wealth and it meant two kinds of release.

First, it would enable him to buy out Gustave Busch, who had been growling for years about selling the business and retiring. And the legacy would release Osbert from Mrs. Oliphant.

His relationship with Mrs. Oliphant was nothing less innocent than that between landlady and roomer, and yet in the course of ten years it had become a threat to what little independence he wanted. Mrs. Oliphant was a motherly woman, and it was perfectly clear that Osbert was incapable of taking care of himself in a hard-boiled world. He needed mothering. Mrs. Oliphant provided it in generous, almost stifling doses.

She watched him for signs of ill health or overwork; insisted on cough medicines, tonics, and, two or three times a month, on castor oil; and gave him little health talks that would have done no one any harm. She went over his laundry, mended things and sewed on buttons, and told him when his wardrobe needed replenishing. She saw to it that he wore his rubbers and carried his umbrella and did not otherwise foolishly expose himself to the elements. She recommended books and plays and motion pictures and continued to talk about them until he accepted her judgments and took her advice.

In nothing did she leave him free of her guidance, and she was not one to allow her suggestions to be overridden.

Osbert had given up hope of deliverance from Mrs. Oliphant. Another rooming house would have another landlady, potentially as motherly as she, and another rooming house might not be so quiet and well kept and comfortable. . . .

But now the path to freedom stretched out before him.

II

BY the middle of April the two transactions had been completed. Osbert Parsley was proprietor of the Young America Toy Shop, sole owner of its boxed dolls and its clockwork toys, its various vehicles and its armies of bright-painted soldiers, and owner, too, of its good will, which he had created out of nothingness. And Osbert Parsley was lessee of two rooms and kitchenette in an impressive new yellow-brick building with uniformed elevator men and a doorman under its grass-green awning.

When he was an employee and a roomer, his shoulders had inclined to sag a little; now they straightened themselves up. His step had been growing soft and uncertain; now he banged his heels against the pavement with all the vigor of an athletic director. The very lines of his face, which had been droopy lines in spite of his gentleness and readiness to smile, changed subtly in their curves and became somehow livelier.

In former times he had been a little furtive when he passed policemen; now he nodded and spoke to them in a friendly way that was calculated to make them forget their inferiority. He looked waiters, and even head waiters, straight in the eye when he addressed them. He snapped out his order for cigarettes in cigar stores.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAST WORKER
Continued from page twenty-seven

He greeted the mothers who came to the Young America Toy Shop with sure and well modulated words, instead of the bashful half bows he had been used to give them. Although his need for ready cash was not greatly increased, he took to carrying fifty or sixty dollars in a trouser pocket. . . .

Picture him, then, walking from his shop to his apartment in the balmy late afternoon of—to be exact—the twenty-first day of April.

He swung along jauntily, his new light-gray topcoat open, his equally new pearl-gray felt hat set at ever so slight an angle, his shoes and his eyes glistening. He was trying to step on the cracks in the sidewalk without interrupting his stride. . . .

A taxi stood at the curb in front of the apartment as he came up. A trimly dressed young woman was holding an open pocketbook and talking to the driver. These facts came only into the fringe of Osbert Parsley's consciousness.

And then he heard the taxi driver's voice.

"Lissen," it said harshly. "All women is cheap skates, see? I know dat. You never get a decent tip offen 'em. An' I don' care, see? All I want's me fare. Dat's all. Jes' gimme me fare an'—"

The new and improved Osbert Parsley found himself glaring into the man's narrow eyes. To his own astonishment, as much as to anyone's, he was speaking.

"What's this?" he said. "Is that any way to speak to a lady? I'll call a policeman."

"Yeah?" retorted the cabman. "You'll do d' hell of a lot, Billy."

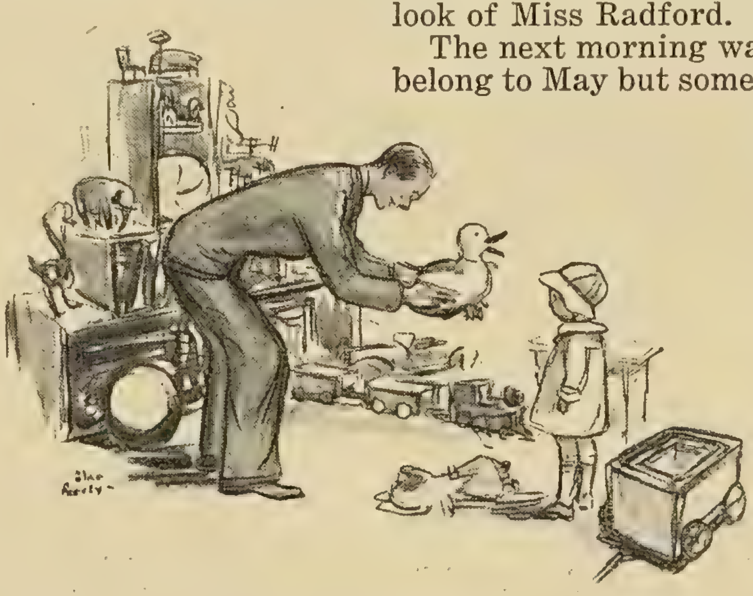
"I advise you," Osbert said quietly, "to keep a civil tongue in your head." There was a policeman at the corner, talking to the news dealer.

The girl spoke in a soft thrilling voice. Osbert's eyes jumped to her face for the first time. They stayed riveted there. It was a face that no sensible man would turn his eyes away from. Young and delicately modeled, with two large blue eyes.

"He drove me home," she said. "From Forty-eighth Street. He didn't have his flag down. His meter wasn't working. And he wants a dollar."

"Sure I want a dollar. A dollar's right for de run. I know how de rates go. Jeez, I been hackin' dis town twelve years. I know—"

"You don't know enough yet to put your flag down," said Osbert. "You'll take fifty cents. Here." He fished a half dollar from his pocket and put it in the driver's protesting paw. Then he took the girl's arm and turned her gently away.



He was eminently well fitted for a career in a toy shop.

THE hackman was still commenting loudly and in vivid words when they reached the door. The recent hero's face was hot with shame. He was trembling. He released the girl's arm, lest she feel his quivering fingers.

"Oh," she exhaled. "Oh, *thank* you!"

Something in the back of his neck started to shake. He was afraid that he was going to faint. His whole body was covered with perspiration. He dared not meet her eyes. He dared not speak. . . .

They got into the elevator in silence. He backed against a wall for support. He swallowed hard.

"'S nothing," he gulped.

"Oh, but it's a great deal. Those men are so terrible. I'm afraid of them. They're criminals, half of them, and you never know what they'll do."

The elevator stopped rising. He looked inquiringly at the operator.

"Four," said the elevator man.

Osbert's residence was on five.

"I'm terribly grateful," the girl said.

Osbert found courage to look down at her. The blue eyes were wide. In them was a look that Osbert had never found directed at himself before. It was that look that the women of the pre-glacial period directed at their hairy men when they had been rescued from the unbelievable monsters that infested the world in those days.

It was, in short, the trusting look of the weaker sex in gratitude for protection.

It sent little ripples of goose flesh scurrying across Osbert's back. The back of his neck began to tremble again. His voice, he knew, would break, as it had that one time when he threatened to leave the Young America Toy Shop. . . . He made no sound. He merely smiled crookedly, giving the expression none of the gayety he hoped to achieve. His hands squashed the pearl-gray felt hat. He bowed a little.

The elevator door shut the girl out. Osbert swallowed.

"What—uh—is the young—uh—lady's name?" he gulped.

"Miss Radford," said the operator. "Four C." He pulled back the door, and Osbert, his feet uncertain of the floor, got out. . . .

IT took him an hour to get his respiration back to normal. He walked up and down the floors of Five C, trying vainly to believe what he had done. He went into the bathroom and stared at his face in the mirror. It was very red, and the curly lock on the right side of his forehead had come loose. . . .

He dined that evening, as was his recent custom, at a small corner table in a delicatessen restaurant on Broadway, but most of his food went back to the kitchen. From the soup, as he stared at it, the wide blue eyes of Miss Radford looked up at him trustingly. The roast beef, medium, an eye-filling sight with the potatoes and string beans heaped about it, failed to obliterate the scene in the elevator. The apple pie à la mode yielded to his fork and became part of his being, but he could not have told you what he was eating.

Later, as he attempted to read, he found that his eyes traveled over the words and down the pages without conveying anything to his mind. He wandered among his possessions for a while. He went to bed and lay awake, wondering at himself and wondering more at the beauty and the thrilling voice and, most of all, the dependent look of Miss Radford. . . .

The next morning was one of those sunshiny ones that belong to May but sometimes come in April, the kind that make the edges of distant buildings abnormally sharp. Walking to the shop, he forgot to stride vigorously. He strolled, rather, looking at the people he passed and the things in the shop windows and the clear-cut vista down the avenue.

The florist at the second corner was taking advantage of the weather to air the flowering plants he had in stock. He had grouped pots and boxes and baskets on the sidewalk in front of his shop windows for all to admire. Osbert couldn't help stopping. He looked at a great pink azalea bush in the center of the group. He had an inexplicable desire to put his face into the middle of the blossoms and rub them in his hair. He cocked his head a little on one side, as a copyist does before a masterpiece in an art museum.

"Someding?" suggested a voice at his elbow.

Osbert jumped. He turned and faced Sam Katz, Florist. Sam Katz smiled. He leaned over, shoving pots hither and yon. "De growink plents vas never so lahvly."

"Ah—uh," replied Osbert.

"Dot atzalea, now," said Mr. Katz, who was a good observer. "Vare coot you findt anyding finer? Hah?"

"No," said Osbert, not very intelligently.

Mr. Katz tapped his prospective customer's chest with a curved forefinger. "I let you haf it for nine dahler. I tell you; you can't findt it no place else in de ciddy. You go on Fi't' Avenoo, dey want eideen—twendy. Nine dahler!" Mr. Katz shook his head as he considered the absurdity of such a price. "For dot plent, nine dahler!"

"Beautiful."

Sam Katz produced a brown tag from a pocket.

"I sendt it for you?"

The palms of Osbert's hands were wet.

"Let's see," he said. "Ummm. Let's see."

"I tell you," said Mr. Katz. "You take dot plent. You go und loog all ofer de ciddy. If you ged de same ding for ten dahler, I gif de moneh beck!"

"Oh, I don't doubt it," Osbert murmured.

"Vot, mister?"

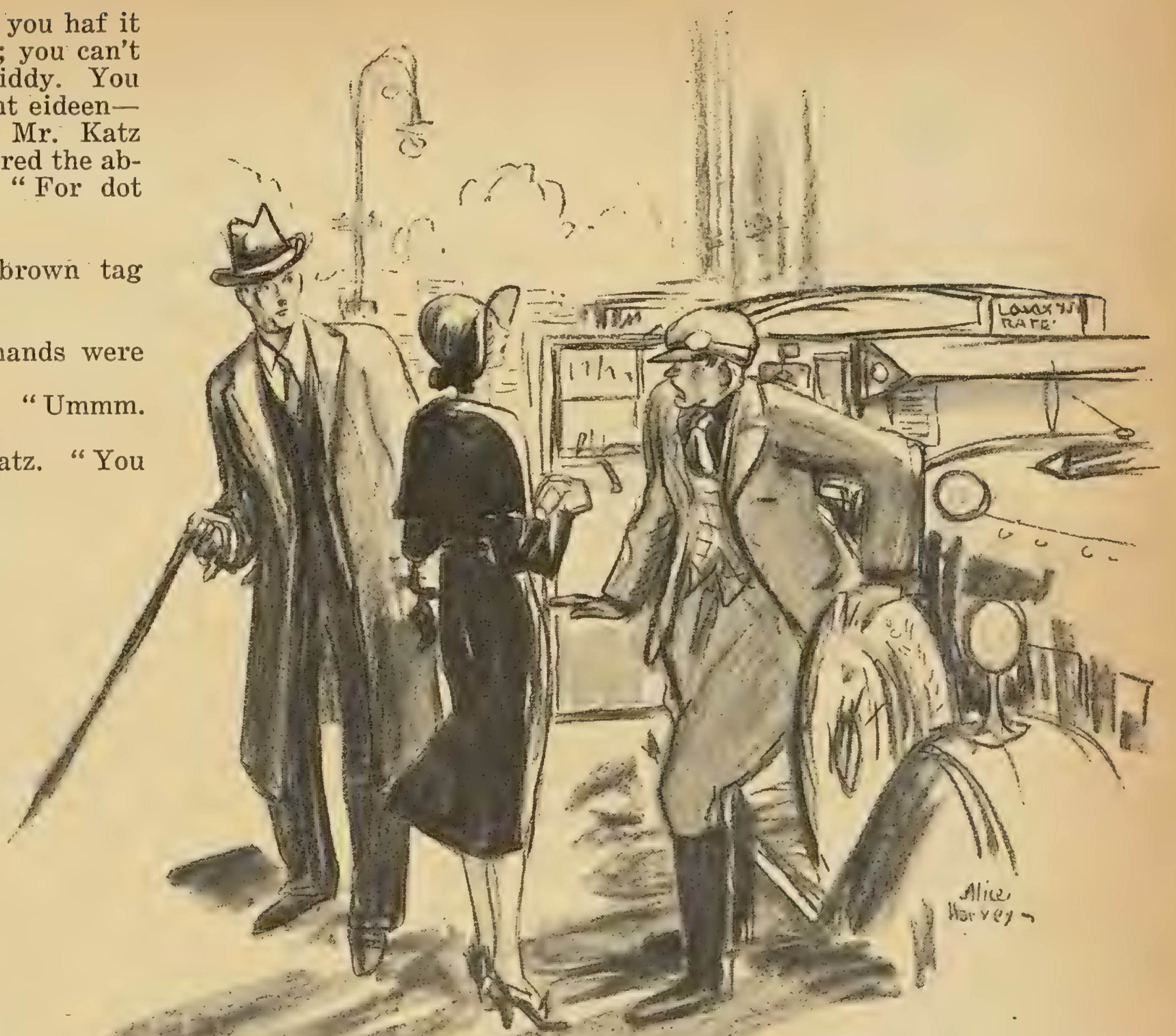
"I said I don't doubt it. I was just thinking."

"Ve could tress it up nize," said Mr. Katz. "Creen paber aroundt de bot—" His pencil hovered over the tag.

"All right," said Osbert suddenly.

"De name, pliss?"

Osbert choked a little. "M-miss Radford," he said, and gave the address. From his trousers he produced a ten-dollar bill. He fished into a waistcoat pocket and brought forth a little pack of visiting cards. They had been engraved only three days before.



He heard the taxi driver's voice. "Lissen," it said. "All women is cheap skates, see?"

III

ALL day long Osbert felt like a small boy who blunders into a closet on Christmas Eve and there finds an unmistakable, though paper-wrapped, bicycle. He joked with the customers and with Jack, his eighteen-year-old assistant.

But at half-past five he found the idea of going back to the apartment house a little frightening. A man, after all, doesn't send azalea bushes to young women merely because they allow him to save them from thuggish taxi drivers. Miss Radford might resent this inordinate attention. Or, worse, she might undertake to express her gratitude face to face.

So he washed up in the back of the shop, locked the place, and walked down to Times Square. There he bumped about in the crowds for half an hour or so before he picked out a large restaurant for dinner. Afterward he went to a great gilt-and-plush cathedral of the motion picture and watched the adventures of a wealthy and handsome young man and a poor but beautiful girl, which turned out quite pleasantly in the end.

Only then was he ready to go home, and he made the trip in a taxi. Taxis gave him a feeling of wealth he could attain in no other way. He liked the long, low, gaudy ones with the speed-maniac drivers who frightened him just enough. . . .

"Well," he said to the elevator man, "spring is here sure enough."

"Yeah," agreed the flunky. "The old lady was telling me this morning we got to have light clo'es for the kids."

"Oh, you have kids?"

"Three of 'em. The baby's a year an' a half. The girl's five. Yeah. Spring costs money, what I mean."

The elevator stopped.

"Well, good night," said Osbert.

"Good night, Mr. Parsley."

Osbert walked across the green-and-cream tiles to the door marked C, fumbled in his pocket, and brought out the key. He placed his hand on the doorknob.

The door opened. It had not been shut fast. He made a note to remember in future to slam it. As a first lesson, he slammed it behind him now, and stood in the darkness of the tiny foyer.

He reached out and slid his hand along the wall toward the place where he knew the table to be. There was a lamp on the table. But his fingers touched only a bare wall.

It was odd, he thought, how darkness spoils the sense of direction. He groped now with both hands. . . .

A streak of light flashed across the living room and made a great white rectangle on the wall. Osbert gasped and straightened up. His first thought was of burglars . . . armed to the teeth. He drew back, a little limply, against the wall. . . .

The living-room lights went on bright.

"Who's that?" demanded a trembling but firmish feminine voice.

Osbert swallowed hard. He had heard of bobbed-haired bandits. . . .

Into his line of vision walked the owner of the voice. She wore a bright red kimono and bright red slippers to match. Above the slippers for a few inches pink pyjamas showed. In her right hand, clutched like a club, was a stubby, feminine umbrella.

It was Miss Radford. Wisps of her blonde hair, slightly disarrayed, made a halo about her head.

"Why—uh—" said Osbert. He made a half step forward, then clutched back at the solid wall.

"Mr. Parsley!"

"Um," he assented. "Yep. Uh—" His hands spread out in supplication.

"May I ask"—she drew herself up to her full height, which wasn't more than five feet two—"what you're doing in my apartment?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAST WORKER
Continued from page twenty-nine

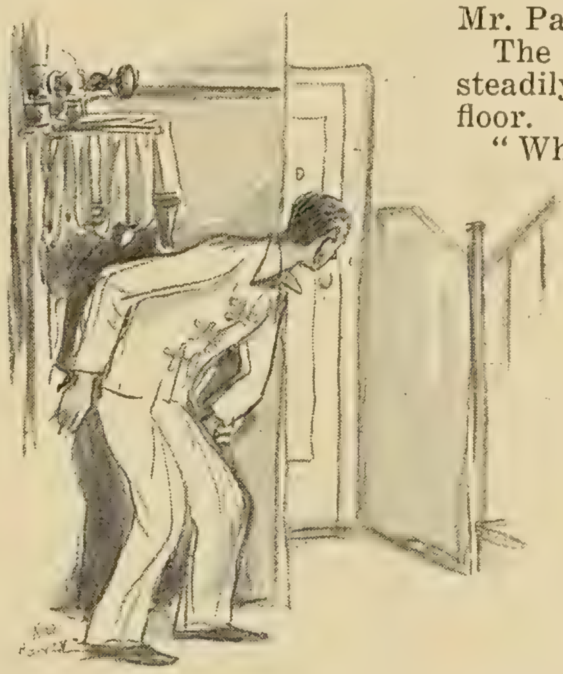
A light dawned upon him all at once. He was in her apartment, not she in his. The elevator man. That's what comes of talking about their children.

"I—I—I dunno," he admitted miserably.

"Well, I'm sure I don't," she sniffed at him. "Will you kindly go away?"

"Yes—uh—yeah. Umm. By all means. I'll go away."

"Please do."



A sound smote his ears. Somebody was approaching from Apartment Five B.

"But—I— Well, I hope you won't think I was—"

"I think you're— Why, how you could presume— I thought your flowers— But to come breaking into my apartment! Really, I don't understand how I ever gave you the impression! Have you been drinking, Mr. Parsley?"

There was good reason to suspect Osbert of being under the influence of liquor. His lips were open foolishly. His posture was crooked. His two steps forward, as he sought to explain, were unsteady.

"No. Oh, no! I— Well, living right upstairs—in the apartment over this one—"

"You thought it'd be all right for you to come calling on me in the middle of the night. Well, you were wrong. Please go away."

"No, no. It's—my mistake. I should have been more careful. I—"

"Yes. You should have been more careful. I know your kind of man, Mr. Parsley. I haven't lived alone in New York for nothing. But, I must say—"

"You don't understand. You must let me—"

"Will you leave now, or shall I send for the superintendent?"

"I—I'll leave, but—"

"And I'll send your flowers up to you!" She turned away, walked out of his line of sight.

Miserably he pulled open the door and backed out. He closed it softly and rang the elevator bell.

The elevator man, who had dismissed a smiling and youthful Mr. Parsley only a few minutes before, gazed upon a man who had aged ten years. Nothing short of spiritual agony could have produced such a change. That or Drink. And here was Mr. Parsley, of Five C, on the fourth floor. And talking thickly: . . .

"LOOK here. You've let me off on the wrong floor. You ought to know where I live by this time. You let me off on the fourth floor and— Well, Miss Radford took me for a burglar. You've got to be more careful. You let me off at four."

"I did, sir?"

"You certainly did. And I went to Apartment C and —and Miss Radford— Why don't you watch what you're doing?"

"I do, Mr. Parsley. I'm very careful." He moved the car up one flight. "I don't see how I could of . . ."

Osbert got out and faced about.

"I want you to go right downstairs to Miss Radford now and tell her you made the mistake. Tell her it wasn't my fault. You let me off at four instead of five."

"I don't see how I could of—"

"I don't either, but you did. Now go down there and tell her."

"All right, sir."

He was gone once more. Osbert tottered to another door marked C.

In his own living room, he tossed his hat and coat on the sofa and collapsed into a chair. He stared at a spot of blue on the rug until it grew fuzzy at the edges and began to sidle off toward the window. His right hand squeezed the fingers of his left. . . .

The front doorbell rang.

From the waist down it was uniformed elevator man. From the waist up it was a profusely blossoming azalea plant. A voice came from the midst of the pink flowers:

"Miss Radford ast me to bring this up to you, sir."

Osbert took it in uncertain arms.

"She—she did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you tell her what I told you to?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did she say?"

"She just says, 'You take this plant up to Mr. Parsley.' She was sore."

The plant was heavy. Osbert walked unsteadily to the living room and put it on the floor. He dusted his hands.

"What did you tell her?"

"I tole her what you tole me."

"What did you say?"

"I says, 'Mr. Parsley, he says I let him off onto the wrong floor.'"

"Oh. You just said I said it, eh?"

"Well, I said you said it. Yeah. Sure."

"You didn't say you knew it was true, hmmm?"

"Well, I don't see how I could of . . ."

"Get out of here!" roared Osbert with a force that would have pleased him, if he had been in the mood. He slammed the door. He stumbled back into the living room.

He paused to kick the azalea as he went by. . . .

IV

MISS PILLOR had a theory. Miss Pillor had picked up a good deal of information, useful and useless, in her sojourn in this vale of tears. She knew that sudden wealth often Goes to a Man's Head. And since she had an approximate knowledge of the fortune that had fallen to Osbert Parsley, and arithmetic was her business anyway, she put two and two together.

She had observed her employer recently. She had seen him put off his somber, shiny suits and adopt gent's fancy suitings, not to mention shoeings, topcoatings, and pearl-gray hattings. She had watched him lose his quietly respectful manner, and take on a wholly unbecoming self-confidence. She had seen this new personality wax day by day and culminate, perhaps, in Mr. Parsley's uncalled-for attempt to suggest that she had a boy friend.

And now Mr. Parsley came late to business for the first time in his career. He walked in with sagged shoulders and weary feet. He nodded silently to his two employees. And he went into the little office that had been Mr. Busch's sanctum and stayed there the whole day long, not even emerging for luncheon.

Miss Pillor had no personal experience with Drink and its Victims, but she flattered herself that she knew the signs. She was not one to get near enough to a man to smell his breath, but in this case she didn't need to. Mr. Parsley's money had Gone to His Head, and he had Taken to Drink.

Her conviction was strengthened when she knocked on the half-glass door of the little office, opened it, and announced brightly that it was five-thirty and she was going home.

Mr. Parsley, who was engaged in biting his nails, looked up with melancholy eyes, blinked once, and jerked his head up and down once. He did not speak. The livelong day he had not spoken. . . .

For his part, Osbert simply was in a black fog. The whole day, as the whole night before, he had given way to despair. Only now had he understood how deeply he felt for Miss Radford; how essential a part she was of his new life; how inextricably involved she was in his unformulated plans for the future.

He did not think these things so simply. He merely sat or stood or walked up and down, allowing one bitter phrase after another to burn into his brain. Now and again, at the recurrence of an unbearable scene in his mind's eye, he closed his body's eyes tight and clenched his hands. . . .

At half-past six he locked the store and walked out aimlessly.

At eight he entered a clattery white-tiled restaurant and ordered a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee, which he absorbed.

At half-past nine his dispirited footsteps brought him to the gilded entrance hall of his apartment house.

He paced his two rooms. He tried to interest himself in magazines. He stared out the window at the lights of the moving automobiles. The gay activity in the street offended him.

Finally he saw that it was after eleven, and he hoped to find forgetfulness in bed. He must be tired enough.

But when he had on his pink silk pyjamas, he remembered that he had taken practically no nourishment all day. That, of course, would keep him awake. Not that he cared about keeping body and soul together, but because he did want rest, he must do something about it. There was half a Camembert cheese in the kitchenette, and there were crackers and butter and a dill pickle.

He went and ate them. Without admitting anything so prosaic and physical as plain hunger, he got away with all there was in the place. And he was annoyed to find that it had cheered him up.

HE washed the plate and the knife. He gathered up the cheese box and the little cardboard boat the dill pickle had occupied and the cracker box and the paper from the butter. The garbage pail was missing.

He opened the door on the back hall and there, a little distance off in the dimness, he saw the needed receptacle. Holding the spring door open with one heel, he made a long stride with the other foot and reached the pail. He leaned over to pick it up.

And slipped.

His hinder foot went out from under him. The other one, in a mad attempt to save the situation, slipped too. He landed flat on the front of the pink pyjamas, his face missing the garbage can by a fraction of an inch.

The door slammed shut.

He was locked out.

It was midnight or a little later. But he did not lose his head. Not yet.

Ever so cautiously, he pushed the door that led from the back hall to the front. Out there it was bright, but still and empty. On silent slippers he tiptoed out, went to the door marked C, and pushed. It did not yield.

With an uncertain finger he rang the elevator bell. It would be the same elevator man who had caused all the trouble last night. . . . He stood against the wall, beside the elevator door, planning to poke only his head out and tell of his difficulty.

But a sound smote his ears.

Somebody was approaching from inside Apartment Five B at Osbert's back. There were footsteps and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Happy Days" the password of the Saline Cocktail Club

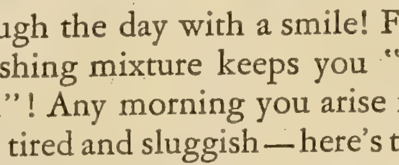
THE men who drink a sparkling saline cocktail in the morning go through the day with a smile! For this refreshing mixture keeps you "in the pink"! Any morning you arise feeling dull, tired and sluggish—here's the way to get acquainted with its good results:

Go to the bathroom and into a glass of cool, fresh water drop a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture down!

Sal Hepatica is prompt in action; and with its gentle help the body is efficiently cleansed of wastes and toxins. Regularly women drink it, for its splendid combination soon rids the skin of blemishes. Men find that it keeps them fit!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ and $1.20



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Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and digestive troubles vanish! More than with any other kind of laxative, acidity is overcome—the bloodstream is purified by Sal Hepatica.

Physicians—here and abroad—recognize and advocate this saline method of keeping in robust health. The famous saline springs of Europe attract distinguished and wealthy people by the thousands, who on their physicians' advice drink the waters to build up their vigor and stamina. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's noted spas!

Ask your own doctor more about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And the next morning you wake up with a sluggish, upset system, join the Saline Cocktail Club. You'll feel better all day long!

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Dept. A-70, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name______
Street______
City______ State______

FAST WORKER
Continued from page thirty-one

laughter. A woman said, "Well, you must come often, now that you've found the way."

In two silent, deerlike bounds, Osbert reached the door to the service hall, and silently let himself into the gloom again.

He listened. There were jumbled voices, then the sound of the elevator stopping and its door opening. Silence for an instant, then the voices were louder.

"That's service for you," a man said. "Are you a mind reader?"

And the elevator man said, "You rang, didn't you?"

"No. Just came out this second. You must be a mind reader."

A woman laughed sharply.

"Somebody rang," said the elevator man. "There it is on the indicator."

The door chunked shut.

After a soothing silence, Osbert sallied forth again and pressed the button. The answering buzz came from above.

Osbert leaned forward, listening. A woman's voice floated down.

Pausing not, he fled. . . .

Again he came out of hiding, again pushed the button. This time the buzz came cheerfully from the bottom. There was a click.

Then he heard one of those booming male voices that make song leaders and advertising executives and Paris divorces.

"Hey! Wait a minute. Up!"

Osbert listened once more. A woman giggled in the moving elevator. . . .

From his concealment he heard the car stop at his floor. The man and woman wished the elevator man good night.

Then: "Funniest thing, Mr. McCarthy. That's three times this bell's rung for five, and nobody here when I come up."

"Hah?"

"Somebody keeps ringing on this floor, and there ain't anybody here."

"Hmmm. You on duty alone?"

"Yes, sir. Doorman goes off at nine. That's three times now."

"Hmmm. Might be some sort of a crook that wants to get you out of the hall downstairs while he does something. Might have a confederate up here, ringing the bell."

"It's certainly crazy, Mr. McCarthy."

"Or," boomed the voice, "there might be a lunatic loose. They're so careless about the door. No telling who gets in."

The woman spoke: "Oh! How thrilleeeng!"

"You better go down again," said Mr. McCarthy. "I'll take a look in this back hall. You can't be too careful." Pause. "You better go in, Madge. Here's the key."

"Oh, no, you don't," she burbled. "If you're going chasing burglars, I'm coming along. You can't cheat me out of a thrill."

OSBERT heard the last words dimly from the service stairs, whither instinct had led him.

From the floor below he listened.

"Listen, Madge. This may be dangerous. Go on back. If I find anybody prowling around this hall, I'm going to grapple with him. I'm going to beat him to a pulp!"

"You're big enough, darling. You can protect me."

Osbert felt a little faint.

"No, now. No telling what I'll get into. You go back."

His foot sounded on the top step.

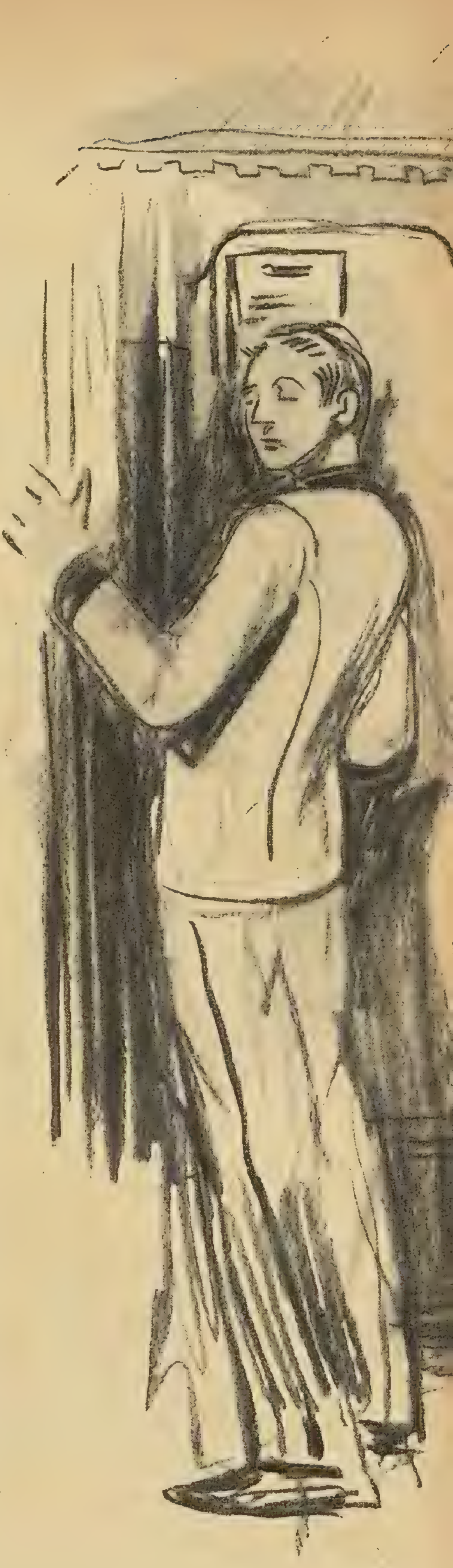
The thing Osbert was clinging to was a door.

It was the door immediately under his own.

It was Miss Radford's door.

On uncontrollable impulse he pushed the bell.

He heard another heavy foot on another stair. He pushed the button again, then several times, urgently.



They got into the elevator.

"For the last time, Madge, I want you to go and wait for me."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. You may as well stop arguing."

"All right. Come on."

Osbert raised his hand to ring again. . . .

Miss Radford opened the door and stood staring, her mouth slightly open. Without a sound, Osbert pushed his way in. He closed the door noiselessly.

The girl was paralyzed—with fury.

Osbert held a warning finger over his lips.

"Shhhhh!"

It is probable that anyone, being suddenly and urgently shhhhed, will be quiet for a certain length of time. Miss Radford was. The anger in her eyes blended with astonishment, but she said nothing.

THEN the voice of Mr. McCarthy was heard outside:

"Didn't you see a light?"

His wife's answer was inaudible. Miss Radford's kitchen bell rang again. Osbert plucked at her sleeve.

"You haven't seen me!" he whispered, and fled past her into the living room.

Cowering there against a wall, he heard McCarthy ask whether anyone had come in from the hall, and Miss Radford answer that no one had; that she had opened the door because she thought she heard a sound. McCarthy went away. . . .

Miss Radford stood a little inside the kitchenette doorway.

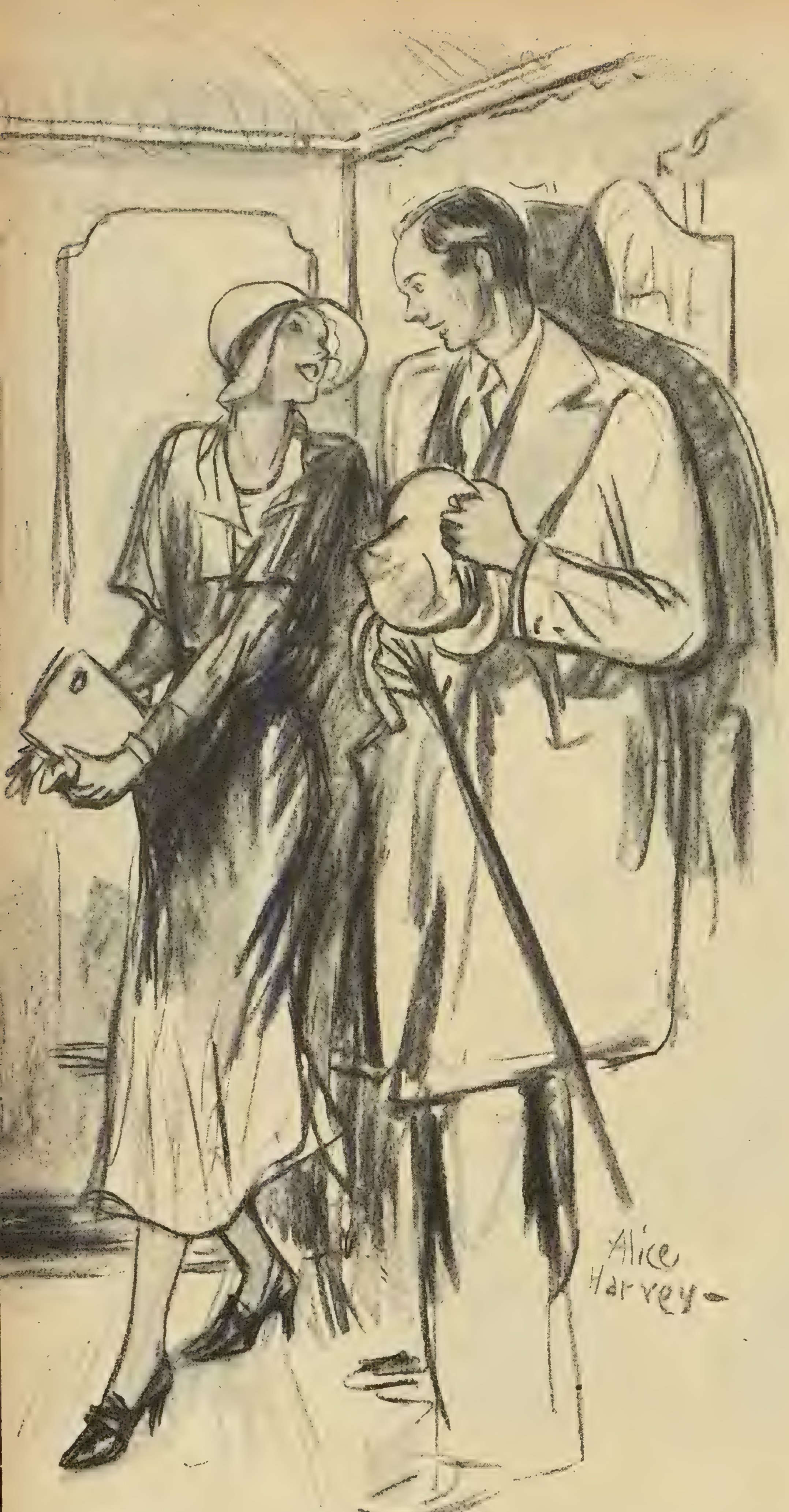
"Kindly cover yourself," she said. "I'm coming in."

There was a polar-bear rug in front of the fireplace. Osbert swooped down on it, picked it up. It obscured his front elevation, but the rear remained principally pink pyjamas. The bear's head hung limply, like an albatross, at Osbert's neck.

"Are you covered?"

Osbert croaked in the affirmative. The girl strode in. Osbert retreated. There was a large table in the middle of the room, and he kept this between them, the bear's empty hind legs trailing on the floor as he backed away.

"Now," said Miss Radford, who seemed to have grown a foot or two, "I want an explanation. Didn't I make myself clear last night? Are you going to keep right on pestering me? And who was this man and what was he looking for you for?"



He backed against a wall for support. "'S nothing," he gulped.

"McCarthy," mumbled Osbert.

"McCarthy? Who's McCarthy? And what did you do to him?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know what? Who is he?"

"He seems to be a—a tenant of this building."

"Have you been breaking into his place, too?"

"No, no, no! I—you see—I—uh—got locked out."

"Out of Mr. McCarthy's?"

"No, no. Please!" The polar bear started to slip dangerously. Osbert yanked it up, and backed away again. "I—I locked myself out of my apartment."

"Just for the fun of it?"

"I opened the back door and slipped and fell down and the door slammed."

The girl made a scornful noise with her lips. Osbert realized that being beaten to a pulp by McCarthy would have been, comparatively, a pleasant death. . . . And she was perhaps more beautiful than ever now, with her eyes flashing and her chin firm. . . .

"Please," he said. "You've got to believe me. You must."

There was something in his voice that carried conviction. Anyway, it is almost impossible to maintain a dignified anger against a man in pink pyjamas clutching a vacant white polar bear about himself.

"You'd better sit down," she said.

He selected a stiff little armchair, as far away from her as he could get. He seated himself in it, drew the skin over him, and tucked it in where possible. It gave him a free hand for gestures.

"It's true," he said. "I know it sounds silly, but it's true. And it's true about last night, too. The man let me off at the wrong floor and I leaned against your door and it opened."

"He didn't seem to think he let you off at the wrong floor."

"I can't help what he thinks. I know—"

"And what about Mr. McCarthy?"

USING a hitherto unsuspected eloquence, Osbert told her.

"And," he finished, "from his voice, he sounded about three times my size. I thought he'd kill me before I had time to explain. So I rang your bell. . . . Oh, you've got to believe me! You just must. It's—terribly important."

"Terribly important?" She smiled at his furry earnestness.

"Oh—because I—you got so important to me. I—want you—to be my friend," he rushed on, frightened at what he had said. "I—like you tremendously. I think I could make you—like me a little."

"If you'd only stop popping in here," she said.

"Oh, but I will. I—this is the last time. I swear."

"Oh," she smiled, "if it's a matter of bodily harm, come in any time. I do like you, you know. The other day when I first saw you, I thought you were different, a man with a little restraint, manners. And then, with these things that happened, I decided you were just another—fast worker."

"Oh, no. No!" He shook his head violently. "No. I'm not that." He got up. "I've got to be doing something about a key or I won't get in at all. But you will try to—like me?"

His eyes were large with a pleading urgency as he backed to the kitchenette and paused in the doorway.

"Please?" he insisted.

He held out his hand to her.

The temperamental polar bear skidded alarmingly. Osbert clutched it. . . . And in that instant, so that he couldn't tell how it was accomplished, Miss Radford's lips brushed his. Goose flesh broke out under the pink pyjamas.

She stood back a few steps.

"I don't have to try to like you," she said. "Good night."

"Good n—night. . . ."

He backed to the door into the service hall that had been a place of terror. Outside, he removed his fur covering and extended it through the slightly open door. Miss Radford took it.

Her hand touched his.

He squeezed her fingers.

"Good night," she said.

He couldn't trust his voice. He went up the stairs boldly, two at a bound.

A moment later, on his own floor, he stood before the elevator door and pressed the button.

He couldn't imagine why he had been so timid earlier in the evening.

THE END

Gayety and

Two Pages of Movie Reviews

By

KATE CAMERON

A group from Holiday. Left to righ
the Rev. Neal Dodds (who, by the w
Harding, Hedda Hopper, and E

That mirthful talkie, The Social Lion, dangles these players before you as bait: Mary Brian, Charles Sellon, and Jack Oakie.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ HOLIDAY

CAST

Linda	Ann Harding
Julia	Mary Astor
Nick Potter	Edward Everett Horton
Johnny Case	Robert Ames
Susan Potter	Hedda Hopper
Ned	Monroe Owsley
Edward Seton	William Holden
Laura	Elizabeth Forrester
Mary Jessup	Mabel Forrest
Pete Hedges	Creighton Hale
Seton Cram	Hallam Cooley
Mrs. Pritchard Ames	Mary Elizabeth Forbes

Produced by Pathé. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

TWO years ago Philip Barry's Holiday was one of the most popular plays on Broadway. It has been expanded a little for the screen, but otherwise it is still Philip Barry's play and good entertainment.

Ann Harding is a more appealing Linda than Hope Williams of the original production, but she is not as striking and original a personality. However, I think she is a happy choice for this version, and I am sure you will find her charming.

Mary Astor is an improvement on the Julia of the play. With the exception of Monroe Owsley, who is in the same part here he played on the stage and who gives a finished and creditable performance of Ned, the others are not so good.

Edward Everett Horton, in the rôle of Potter, does not add to the gayety of the piece as Donald Ogden Stewart did on the stage. I have a feeling that Barry wrote the part of Potter wit
Stewart in mind and that th
character is none other tha
that delightful clown himself.

Perhaps if I hadn't se
Stewart I might have been ab
to tolerate Horton.

Mr. Griffith directed the pi
ture with sympathy and unde
standing, retaining almost all
the original lines and situatio
It is an amusing picture a
sparkles with bright dialogu

★ ★ ★ THE SOCIAL LION

CAST

Marco Perkins	Jack Oakie
Cynthia Brown	Mary Brian
"Chick" Hathaway	Skeets Gallagher
Gloria Staunton	Olive Borden
Jim Perkins	Charles Sellon
Ralph Williams	Cyril Ring
Henderson	E. H. Calvert
Howard	James Gibson
Smith	Henry Roquemore
Schultz	William Bechtel
McGinnis	Richard Cummings
"Knockout" Johnson	Jack Byron

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Edward Sutherland.

This is the third Sutherland-Oak
Gallagher combination with Sutherla
at one end of the megaphone and t
two comedians at the other. Oakie
irresistible as the bragging kid w
sometimes pulls off a stunt that is wo
bragging about—his polo playing,
instance, which he learned when he v

Gangsters

Three players in the gangster film Good Intentions: Regis Toomey, Marguerite Churchill, and Edmund Lowe.

bert Ames, Mary Astor,
a real clergyman), Ann
d Everett Horton.

Dorothy Mackaill in Man Trouble.

n the army. But he
oes slip occasionally and
vhen he does he makes light of his de-
eat. However, he is beaten once in a
game which he takes too seriously—
beaten by a girl. He falls in love with
girl to whom he is nothing more than
huge joke. After the first bitter hu-
niliation he comes back in a sportsman-
ike manner and wins a better prize than
he first.

It is a good cast throughout. The
irls, Olive Borden and Mary Brian, are
oth pretty and capable. An exciting
game of polo and two unusual prize
ights are worked into the sequence.
There are a number of good hearty
aughs in this picture.

★ ★ Man Trouble

CAST

Joan	Dorothy Mackaill
Mac	Milton Sills
Graham	Kenneth MacKenna
Trixie	Sharon Lynn
Scott	Roscoe Karns
Eddie	Oscar Apfel
Goofy	James Bradbury, Jr.
Chris	Lew Harvey
Uncle Joe	Harvey Clark
Aunt Maggie	Edythe Chapman

Produced by Fox. Directed by Berthold Viertel.

Up to the time Alibi made its ap-
earance, gang leaders were handled
ympathetically by screen writers and directors. If you saw Alibi you'll remember that the gangster turned out to be a yellow dog and got what was coming to him.

In Man Trouble, Mac, the big handler of illicit liquids, is not so much a yellow dog as a savage one. He rules his gang through fear. But in the end a bullet hits him in a vital spot. You'll not waste any sympathy on Mac, but you will applaud Milton Sills' acting of the part.

Dorothy Mackaill is beautiful as the girl who tries to get away from Mac's influence after he has dragged her from the river. Kenneth MacKenna is too self-conscious in his rôle of the romantic lover. He's done better work on the stage.

Berthold Viertel, who directed Man Trouble, is an import from Germany. He worked with Max Reinhardt over there, but he has failed to leave any mark of distinction on this production.

★ ★ Good Intentions

CAST

David Cresson	Edmund Lowe
Helen Rankin	Marguerite Churchill
Richard Holt	Regis Toomey
Liberty Red	Eddie Gribbon
Bud Finney	Owen Davis, Jr.
"Flash" Norton	Earle Foxe
Cyrus Holt	Robert McWade
Hilliard	Henry Kolker
Babe Gray	Pat Somerset
Charles Hatrick	J. Carrol Naish
Miss Huntington	Georgia Caine
Franklin Graham	Hale Hamilton

Produced by Fox. Directed by William K. Howard.

Gangsters and convicts dominate the movies these days. In Good Intentions, written as well as directed by William K. Howard, the leading character, portrayed by Edmund Lowe, is chief of a smart gang of holdups. He has his moments of meaning to amend his life and in one of these moments his gang misinterprets his intentions. But you can't blame them. He looked like a welsher from where I sat. The acting is good throughout and there are several thrilling episodes cleverly directed.

★ Numbered Men

CAST

Bertie Gray	Conrad Nagel
Mary Dane	Bernice Claire
Bud Leonard	Raymond Hackett
King Callahan	Ralph Ince
Lemuel Barnes	Tully Marshall
Lou Rinaldo	Maurice Black
Warden Lansing	William Holden
Happy Howard	George Cooper
Mrs. Miller	Blanche Frederici
Pollack	Ivan Linow

Produced by First National. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

This was originally written as a play and presented under the title Jail Break. The entire sequence takes place in and about a prison.

The one dramatic moment that will hold your interest is the jail break, but I can't say much for the rest of the story. I just didn't believe in it.

Do you know that—

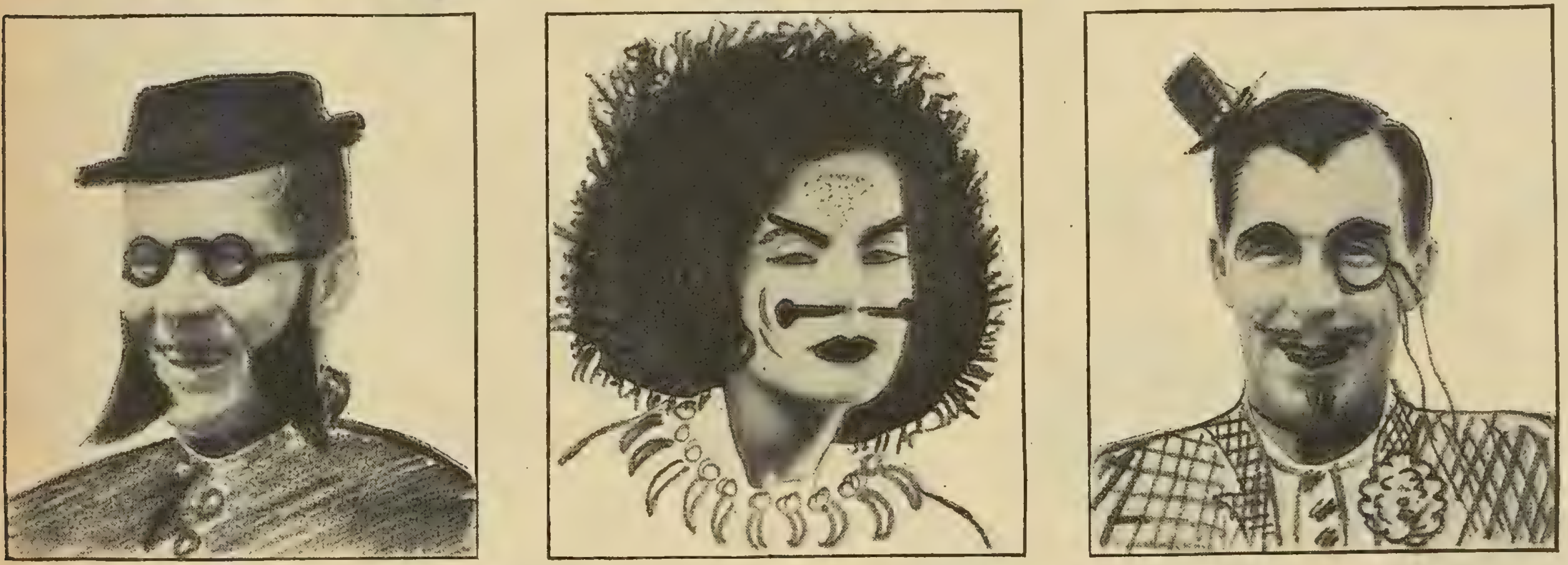
Jane Keith, who will have the rôle opposite Milton Sills in the forthcoming production of The Sea Wolf, was a secretary in a bond and brokerage house less than a year ago? . . . Greta Garbo's first screen appearance was as a model in Stockholm when she posed for an advertising film made by a department store in which she worked; and that Buster Keaton made his screen début by falling off a bicycle in the days of the one- and two-reelers? . . . Jim Tully, who recently knocked out Jack Gilbert, is to have a part in the star's next picture, Way for a Sailor? They're friends again.

Four- and three-star films of the past month

★★★★—The Floradora Girl.

★★★—In the Shadow of the Law, In Gay Madrid, So This Is London, Swing High, The Bad One, True to the Navy, Ladies Love Brutes, The Texan.

Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?



The pictures above give a rough idea of what you can do to a photograph with a pen or pencil. Below are the same pictures, unmarked. See what YOU can do to them, and mail them as directed in the rules below. This set of pictures must reach us before midnight, July 26.

GENE TUNNEY
retired ring champion

GRETA GARBO
the Swedish movie star

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D
America's tennis ace

Liberty offers One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500

The Rules

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published.

We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

Another Set of Funny Faces Next Week

Prize winners for the first set, published July 12, will be announced in Liberty for August 16

Why Did You Cut It Off?

A New For the Love o' Lil

"WELL, Marianthe doesn't wear many clothes," laughed a man behind Sandy in the theater; "I wouldn't either if I had a figure like that."

"Sh-sh-sh!" his wife said, poking him in the ribs with her elbow and ruining a row of twenty-five-cent cigars in his vest pocket. "It sounds too risqué."

This week's cover picture.

"Risqué?" he asked in a loud voice. "Say—"

Sandy couldn't hear any more, because the man had bent way over to pick up his wife's purse and his voice was lost somewhere among dropped programs, candy wrappers, and squashed peppermint drops.

People were humming song hits from Persian Daisies as they left the theater; modest ladies blushed at the remembrance of the scanty costumes; and a bald-headed man stood in a box and clap-clap-clapped.

"Excuse me," Sandy said, bumping his way in front of a stout lady who had her triple chin held back by a purple ribbon. "I want to pass."

"Don't try to hurry me," she smiled. "I'm always the last person to leave the theater. I come every week, sit in the same seat, and always take my time. Last week I found a nice feather boa."

"Excuse me," Sandy said to the woman on his other side. "I want to pass."

"Go ahead," she offered in a shrill voice, "but don't step on my feet. I got to walk home."

He squeezed past her, said "Excuse me" here and "Excuse me" there, and finally reached the aisle.

"Say, who d'you think you are?" a man demanded as Sandy pushed ahead of him, separating him from his best girl. "A cop at a fire?"

Sandy didn't bother to answer. He took a short cut through the rows, sneaked behind a red-and-gold box, and pulled with all his strength on the heavy stage door. The smell of grease paint, the flare of an amber light—and there he was behind the scenes of Persian Daisies! He knocked his head against a jeweled garden parasol, tripped over a papier-mâché alligator, and found himself staring into the blinky, watery eyes of a chorus girl dressed in patches of pearls.

"Hello, dearie," she greeted him.

"Where is Miss Demetropolos' dressing room?" he asked.

"Marianthe?" the girl asked. "Up the stairs, first turn to the left. But you're not the only—"

"Who's the stage Johnny?" the wardrobe mistress whispered as he hurried up the stairs.

"One of Marianthe's papas," the girl in the pearls whispered back. "What do they all see in her?"

Sandy knocked on the first door. No answer. He knocked again and stepped back timidly.

"Yes?" It was the musical, drawling voice that belonged to Marianthe! "Who is it?"

"It's Mr. Jenkins," he said.

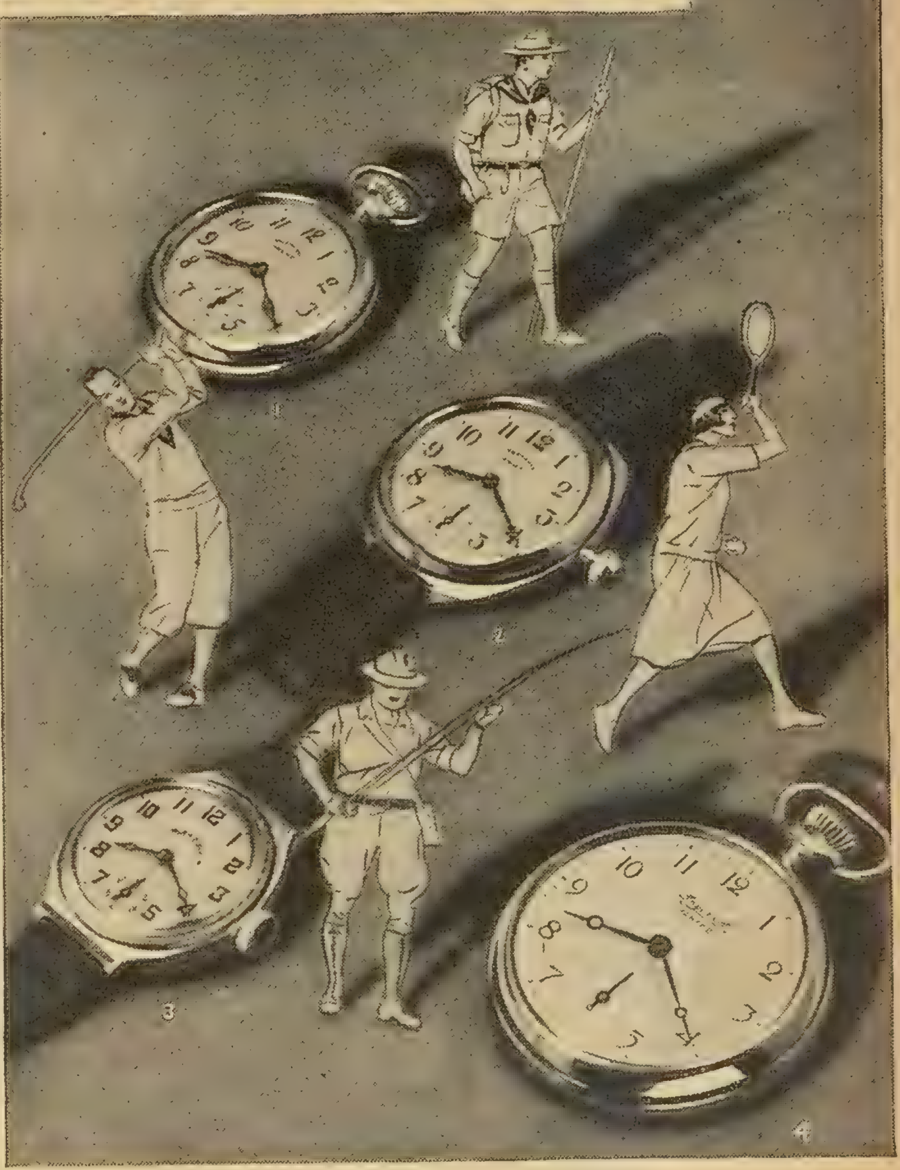
"Mr. Jenkins?" she drawled again. "Come right in, Mr. Jenkins. It's a perfect eternity—"

He opened the door gently. There was Marianthe at her dressing table with a thrilling invitation in her smile.

"Oh!" she said suddenly as she offered her hand. "Your mustache—why did you cut it off?"

(Next week's cover adventure: The New Baby)

INGERSOLL



1. MIDGET. $3.25. A small watch for small pockets or handbags—tiny but tough. *Radiolite $3.75.* 2. WRIST. $3.50. A particularly rugged watch for the wrist. Stainless chromium finish back. *Radiolite $4.* 3. MITE. $5. Small, chromium finish case. Engraved design. *Radiolite $5.50.* 4. YANKEE. $1.50. Not a "cheap" watch, but the lowest priced watch that is really dependable. *Radiolite $2.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

Sturdy INGERSOLLS for strenuous hours

SUMMER TIME! Play Time! Ingersoll Time! Even Old Sol could wear an Ingersoll these days to get himself up with the birds and the boys and the bees—with the tadpoles and the tennis players, the fishermen and the forget-me-nots!

Whether it must stand the satisfying smack of a club against a golf-ball or the jar of a car on a country road, you'll find your Ingersoll ticking out dependable time—as much a part of your summer outfit as a bathing suit, or a moonlight night, or a pretty girl. Never before has Ingersoll offered such tremendous watch value. The Yankee is thinner now. And the new, small Ingersoll Mite hasn't an equal among wrist watches for style and dependability at a low price. Read the descriptions above, make your choice—and off to outdoorland for carefree hours.

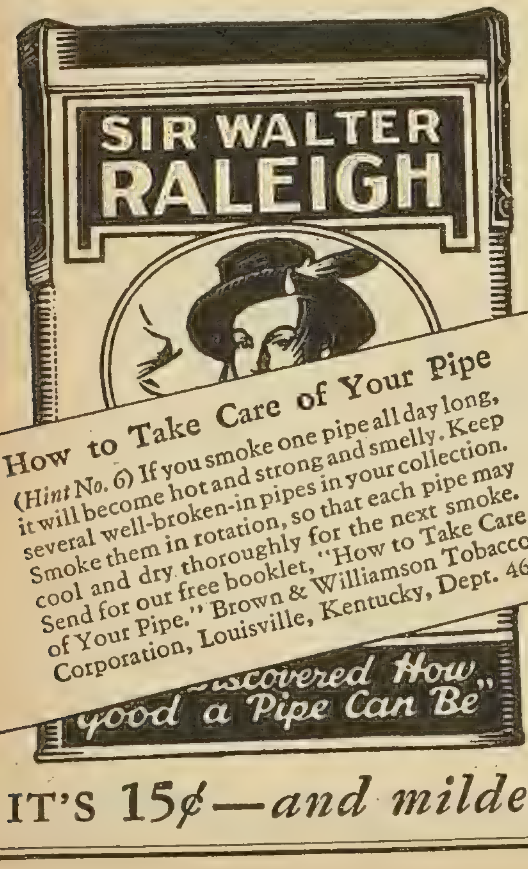
We Service Ingersolls. Should an Ingersoll ever need attention it may be sent to the Ingersoll Service Department, Waterbury, Conn., for prompt repairing or replacement at small cost.

The INGERSOLL-WATERBURY CO.
Division of Waterbury Clock Company
New York • *Chicago* • *San Francisco* • *Montreal*

Would you call this a hint?

BEFORE secret suffering breaks out in open revolt—before the little home is irretrievably shattered by a husband's strong pipe—can't something be done? Certainly. A new pipe will help, or even an old pipe cleaned and filled with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It really *is* milder, with no sacrifice of richness and fragrance. It really *is* as popular with the smoked-at as it is with the smoker.

TUNE IN on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 p.m. (New York Time), over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.

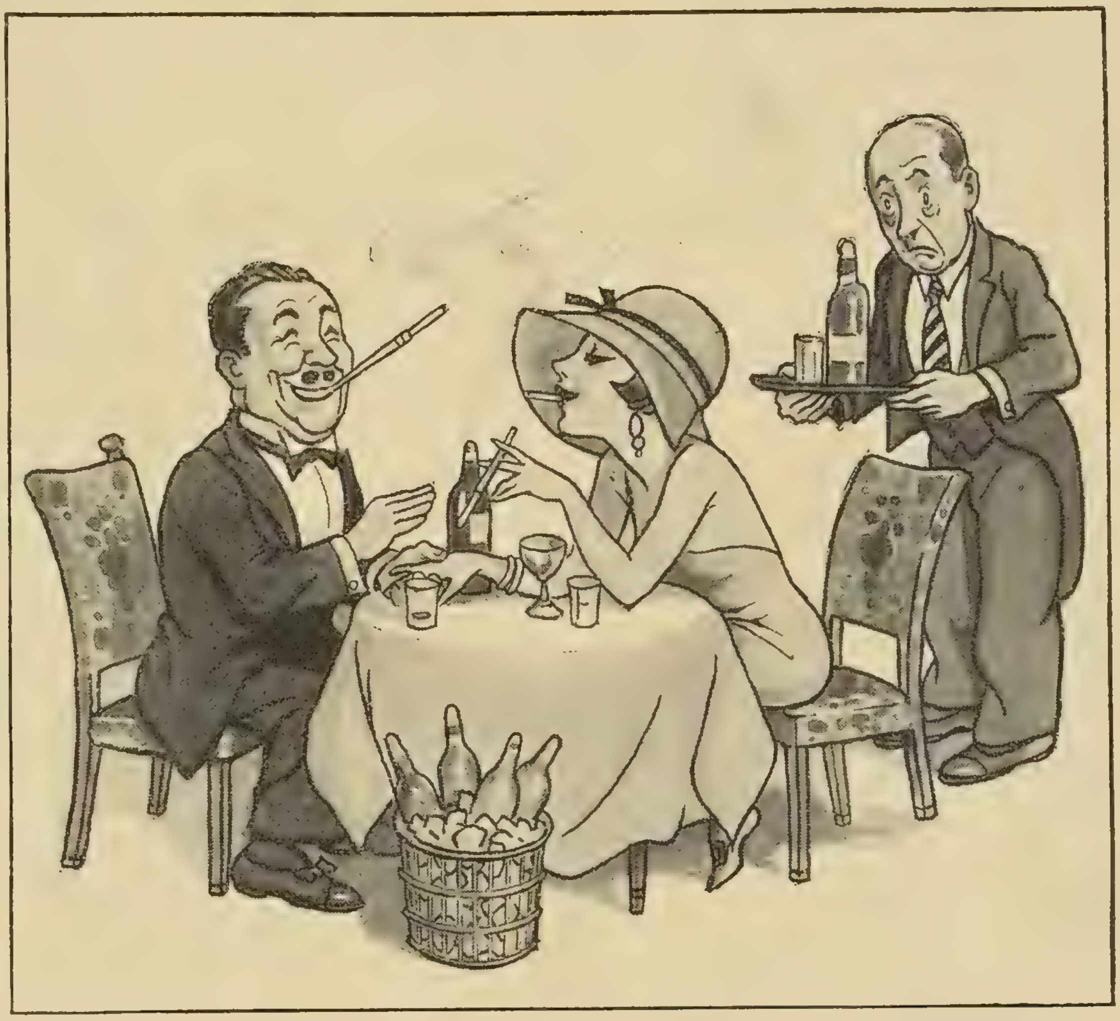


How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 6*) If you smoke one pipe all day long, it will become hot and strong and smelly. Keep several well-broken-in pipes in your collection. Smoke them in rotation, so that each pipe may cool and dry thoroughly for the next smoke. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 46.

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

What's Wrong Here?



In drawing this picture the artist made nine mistakes. Try to find them without the aid of the list on page sixty-six.

WINNERS!

Final Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, the tenth and last problem in his recent series for solutions of which Liberty has given its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500

To Grace C. Stickney,
3954 Rokeby Street, Chicago, Illinois.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

To Joseph W. Murphy,
11 Park Street, Tenafly, New Jersey.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

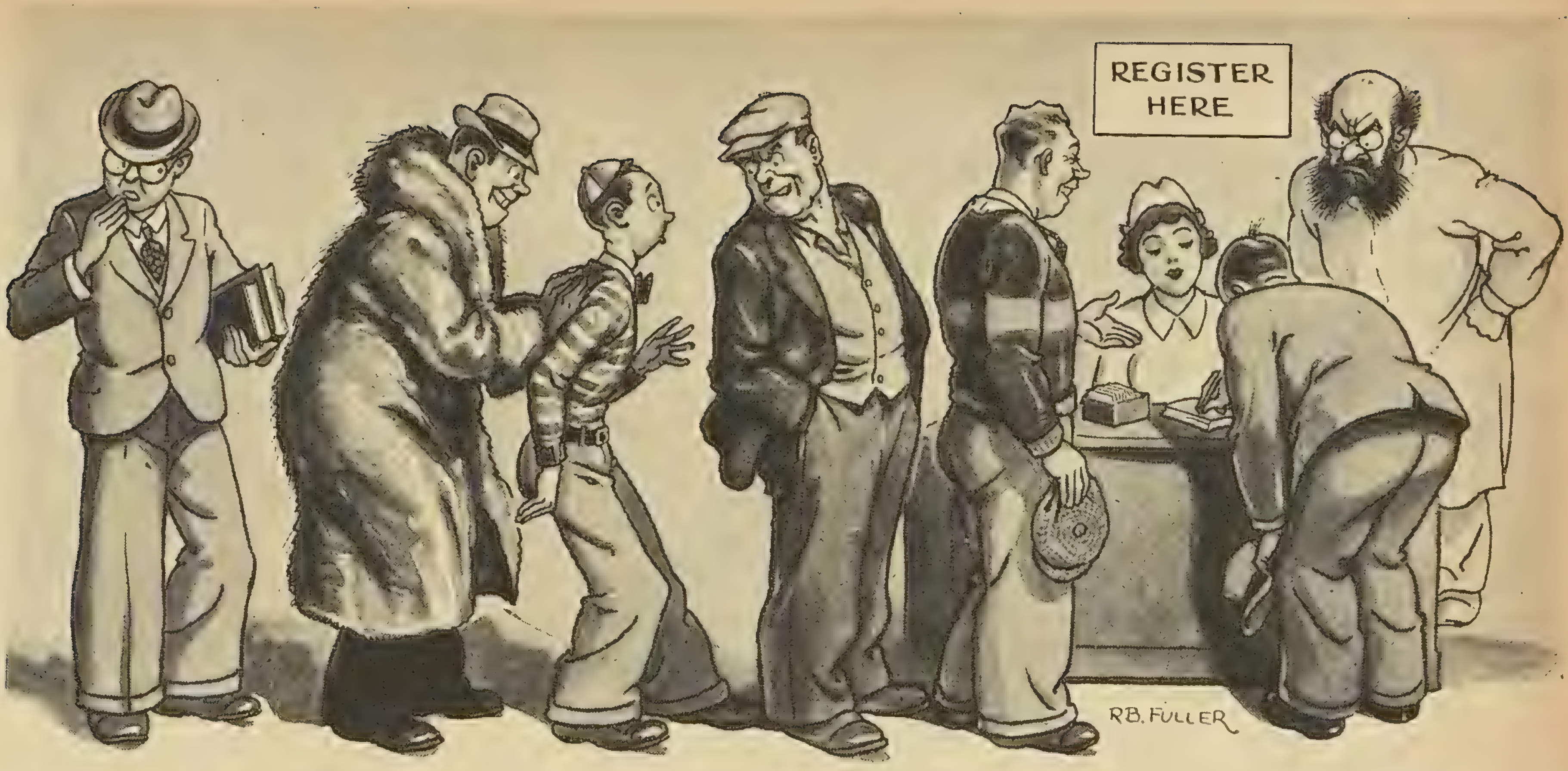
To Owen T. Stratton, M.D.,
Salmon, Idaho.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

To William C. Summers,
6047 St. Anthony Court, Chicago, Illinois.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To William Rasmussen, 5707 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California; Mrs. T. Ridgway Longcope, 3708 Indian Road, Ottawa Hills, Toledo, Ohio; M. B. Kay, Box 1315, Fort Worth, Texas; Emanuel B. Tishman, 1211 Avenue I, Brooklyn, New York.



Picture by R. B. Fuller

A floating population of blood donors drifts in and out of hospitals.

Blood Donors

The Hows and Whys of a Strange Avocation

By

ALEXANDRA GREY

MODERN medicine has called into being a class of merchants who sell wares more precious than gold or rubies or platinum wrist watches or Hispano-Suizas.

These strange bargainers traffic in their own life blood.

They sell it for fifty dollars a pint in the hospitals of big cities and in commercial agencies which exist for the purpose of bringing the bloodless patient into contact with the vital individual who can afford to part with some of his life-giving fluid.

So profitable has this business become in the eastern part of the United States that many boys partly work their way through college by selling their blood. Columbia, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, and New York University yield young, healthy blood for this purpose. At Columbia, especially, young men find a ready market in great St. Luke's Hospital near by.

With the recklessness and inexperience of youth they sometimes find themselves in a deep financial hole, and then the opportunity for a little bloodletting proves as convenient as a rich and gullible uncle.

"Took in too many shows last month," laments the stalwart collegian, "and rushed too many blondes. Guess I'll have to dish out some of the old red stuff."

So he drops around to St. Luke's Hospital, or to some other hospital where blood transfusions are performed, and offers to drain part of the contents of his veins in exchange for ham-and-egg money.

These blood givers are called "donors," but the designation is a misnomer. For the blood is almost never given. It is sold, and doctors say that the donors have banded themselves together into an unofficial union, thereby keeping the price up, and boosting the cost of anæmia, hemorrhages from various causes, and other ailments where deficiency of blood endangers the patient's life. Persons who have lost much blood from surgical operations, and those who have suffered sanguinary injuries, as well as those with infectious diseases, are often brought back from the very threshold of death by injections of the precious liquid.

At St. Luke's, where the regulations are strict, doctors will not use a donor who has not rested six weeks from bloodletting. The dates of his sales are carefully recorded on his card in the blood donors' file. But beyond this notation and the hospital's own examinations of his health, they have no control over his private life.

They have, for instance, no way of knowing whether he has canvassed other institutions, selling his blood wherever he could. And they can't regulate his diet or his hours of rest or his quota of fresh air.

A COLUMBIA student, in good standing as a donor at St. Luke's, recently left the transfusion operation looking quite ashen. He had parted with a quart.

"I wasn't so hot today, was I, doc?" he remarked to the attending physician.

"You look badly--what's the matter?"

"Well, finances have been rotten. Hand over those hundred bucks, doc. Don't keep me waiting. I haven't eaten for three days."

Although college boys form an ideal class for this traffic, because of their youth and vigor, there is a surprisingly large population of blood donors in other walks of life. Tom Kane, who claims to be the champion donor of the world, is a deck hand on a municipal ferryboat plying on the East River between Twenty-third Street in New York City and Greenpoint in Brooklyn.

In appearance he is ordinary enough—a healthy-looking, bespectacled man, five feet seven and one-half inches

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BLOOD DONORS
Continued from page thirty-nine]

tall, weighing 174 pounds. He is married, has three children, and lives at 345 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York.

He is forty-four years old.

Kane declares that he has participated in 111 transfusions during a career of fifteen years. Sixty-seven of those times he truly donated his healthy crimson fluid, giving it without recompense to needy patients. He is exceedingly proud of his achievements, declaring he is eighteen transfusions ahead of his nearest competitor for the world's record—a Frenchman.

Another competitor for the record has lately come to public notice in the person of Valden Farnham, a Toledo, Ohio, man for whom it is claimed that he has given 124 transfusions—meanwhile gaining 125 pounds!

The toilers and street gamins of East Fifty-sixth Street have ceased to be curious when they see a big, expensive car stop in front of Tom Kane's tenement home. They know it's some doctor or the family of some rich invalid come to fetch Tom for a transfusion. He has no telephone; his clients come in person.

The blood of the stocky deck hand flows in the veins of one of New York's great heiresses, and in those of her child. She is Mrs. Harry C. Cushing, 3d, the former Cathleen Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Reginald C. Vanderbilt. When Mrs. Cushing was about to become a mother, doctors discovered that she needed more blood in order to survive the ordeal.

A blood transfusion is often an extreme measure—an emergency operation to save a life that is fast ebbing. When Sarah Bernhardt was ill at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City it was believed that a transfusion might be necessary, and Tom was asked to hold himself in readiness. He was also asked to stand by for Jack Dempsey, the former pugilistic champion, and for New York's former mayor, John F. Hylan. In these cases, however, the patients recovered without transfusions.

P. & A. photo

Tom Kane, veteran blood donor, showing the scar left on his arm by his latest transfusion.

When Rudolph Valentino lay desperately ill in Polyclinic Hospital in New York, Tom Kane was ready. But the doctors finally gave up the transfusion idea.

For Enrico Caruso, too, Kane was prepared to serve, but the physicians who attended the great tenor decided against it.

The genial deck hand believes his extraordinary supply of healthy red blood is largely due to his inordinate fondness for onions. He has been known to eat, raw, twenty-four big Bermuda onions in twenty-four hours.

" Once I gave three transfusions in ten days," he says. " But I was eating onions by the carload that week."

For a speedy comeback from much bloodletting he finds boiled carrots excellent. He eats much celery with salt, and all fresh vegetables in profusion. Meat has only a small place in his diet. For a day or two after a transfusion he eats chiefly rice and milk.

HE smokes, but he went on the wagon after his first transfusion and has never touched liquor since.

His fine muscular arms show countless tiny scars on the insides of the elbows—souvenirs of his transfusions. If he can't give his blood to save a life every month, he has a natural nosebleed lasting five to ten minutes. His blood is of the rare type that will blend with more than one of the four blood groups. Tom is Type Two, and ordinarily is blended only with a Type Two patient. But once he blended successfully with Type Four. He sells—and gives—his blood only through hospitals in and near New York.

Tom will have nothing to do with professional blood agencies, and despises those who operate them. " Those agencies should be put out of business," he says. " I've known them to send men out on a case without even a Wassermann test—bums from parks, anybody. Some hospitals use them. I know of one case where a patient died after transfusion from a diseased donor. The agencies get commissions from their donors.

" I know of one guy in Brooklyn—an agent—who says he makes thirty to forty thousand a year in this blood racket."

Tom's parentage and early environment seem a superb refutation of all the orthodox theories of health.

His father, an Irishman, was a boss rigger, working on derricks and other machinery. Tom was the oldest of this man's fifteen children. They all lived on the father's twelve dollars a week, " but it was like thirty-five or forty dollars would be now," explains Tom. He grew up in West Twenty-seventh Street, never seeing green grass or trees. He played in the streets like thousands of other tenement children whose lot, judged by the usual standards of health and proper living, is worse than that of any other children in America.

Of such unpromising stuff was the world's champion blood donor made.

HE has never succumbed to illness after parting with blood, as some donors do, but has always reported for work next day. Doctors' adjurations to sleep a lot are lost on him, for he finds himself wakeful after six or seven hours in bed. He continues in his astonishing side line because otherwise he could not support his family.

Yet more than half his cases are charity ones. Once at Mt. Sinai Hospital fifteen transfusions were scheduled for one afternoon. Tom's blood " typed with " twelve of them. Any one meant at least twenty-five dollars. But he chose to give it free to a two-year-old child whose parents could not afford to pay.

A floating population of blood donors drifts in and out of hospitals. At St. Luke's they have a hundred on their list. When a male donor new to them offers himself he is immediately given a physical examination by a house physician. Females, who rarely come, are referred to an outside doctor. The examiner inquires into the medical history of the applicant, with particular reference to tuberculosis, rheumatic fever, heart and venereal diseases. The applicant's lymphatic system, blood system, reflexes, state of nutrition and nervous temperament are scrutinized.

Passing the physical examination, he is submitted to a test for red blood corpuscles and a hæmoglobin test. Hæmoglobin is the stuff that makes the red in red corpuscles. Then there is another test, to decide whether his blood belongs in Group One, Two, Three, or Four. (These groups are given different designations in different hospitals.) Then comes the Wassermann test. If this is negative the applicant's card is filed according to his blood group.

Suppose it is Group Three.

A patient comes in who needs a transfusion. His blood is tested and is Group Three. But first there must be a cross test between this particular Group Three donor and this particular Group Three patient. For it must be definitely ascertained whether these two bloods are compatible. Some people have blood serum which clumps or even destroys the red corpuscles of the blood of others; or have corpuscles which are clumped or destroyed by the serum of others. The blood groups are determined by fusion which is free from both conditions. Even when bloods of the same groups are fused, there may be a slight reaction of this sort causing chills and fever in the patient. For this reason a cross test between the individual bloods, as well as a group test, is considered necessary.

If the cross test is satisfactory, donor and patient are taken to the operating room. The median basilic or the median cephalic vein—both on the inner side of the arm at the elbow—is opened, and with small syringes the precious liquid is drawn from the donor and squirted into the bloodless patient. Two or three syringes are kept going, being washed in a sterile salt solution after every draft. This is done to prevent the slightest possibility of clots, which if sent into the veins of the patient might cause death.

THE syringes are tiny, each holding about two-thirds of an ounce. A donor may part with 500 c.c.—roughly, a pint; or even with a quart of blood at one transfusion. The quantity depends on the need of the patient. For a baby, for instance, only a small amount is required. Kane has given as much as three pints at one session. If the doctor is not exceedingly skilled, a considerable quantity may be lost. A transfusion takes from twenty minutes to two hours.

The effect on the recipient looks miraculous. Within twenty minutes the color starts creeping back into ashen cheeks, the eyes brighten, the appetite returns. A patient who has been half dead with anæmia may begin demanding steaks a few hours after the operation. Even if the patient is unconscious, the glorious hue of health returns to his face under the delighted gaze of the hospital crew. At St. Luke's the donor is advised to rest a lot after a transfusion, because the blood regenerates itself during sleep.

In addition to the general tests described above, a donor must always have had a negative Wassermann within ten days of the transfusion. Then immediately before he is to part with blood he is given a physical examination for venereal lesions.

When a donor has been used, his card is taken from the active list and put on the retired list until he has had his six weeks' rest. But during that time, as matters stand at present, if he is unscrupulous about the quality of the blood he sells and indifferent about his own physical welfare, he may offer his wares elsewhere. So widespread have been the abuses practiced by blood vendors in New York that legislation requiring all donors to be licensed has been urged repeatedly. An amendment to the city's sanitary code is now up for action. If it becomes law, anyone once accepted as a donor will be registered and given a pass book containing his picture and the record of his tests and transfusions. Whenever he offers himself again he will have to exhibit this pass book.

In the meantime, some try to put over dishonesty as tangible as that of the grocer who puts sand in the sugar, or the dairyman who waters the milk. Sometimes they come to St. Luke's with hæmoglobin which rates as low as forty. Doctors at St. Luke's try to select persons with hæmoglobin rated

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN, too!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

SHE'S ONLY A SUNSHINE BATHER

...YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE paddles around only in the sand. She makes a "splash" in the social swim, but could hardly be called the mermaid of her beach club.

Yet, for all her lack of swimming prowess, this popular member of the younger set has an unmistakable case of the ringworm infection now commonly known as "Athlete's Foot."

Dainty, petite and always correct, she nevertheless is bothered and vaguely puzzled by the red, rash-like eruption between the toes of her shapely little feet.

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

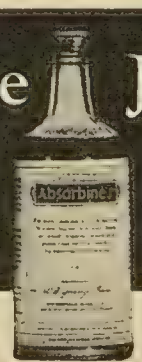
Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

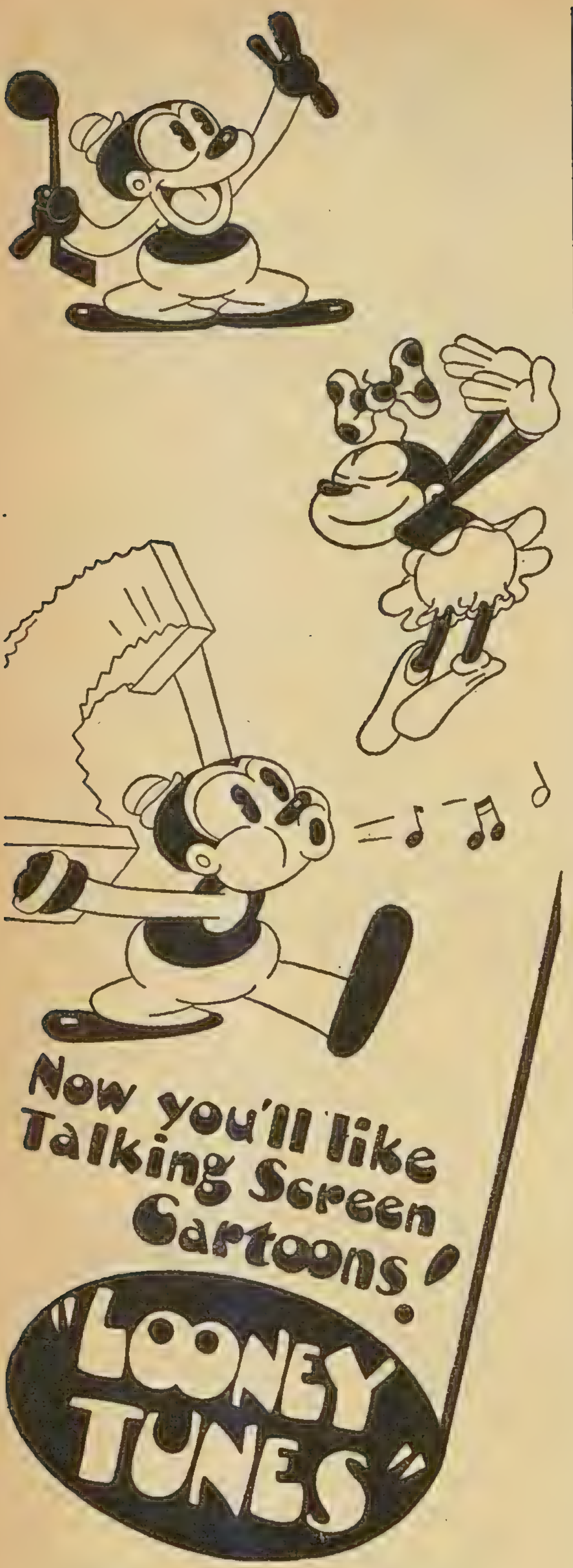
*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.




Now you'll like Talking Screen Cartoons!
"LOONEY TUNES"

Looking for laughs? . . . Then look for a theatre that's showing "LOONEY TUNES"! They're new—they're novel . . . the maddest, the merriest animated cartoon antics you've ever seen and heard in films.

"LOONEY TUNES" and other *Vitaphone Varieties* crowd the hour between showings of the feature picture, with brilliant bits of talking picture pleasure picked from every field of entertainment. Next time you go to the movies, make sure the "short subjects" are in a class with the "feature" . . . Make sure they're *Vitaphone Varieties!*

1/2 the fun
OF ANY EVENING
AT THE THEATRE
VITAPHONE
VARIETIES

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

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BLOOD DONORS

Continued from page forty-one

at 100 or more. If they show ninety-two or ninety-three, they're used only in emergencies. If they fall to ninety, they're sent to the clinic for a tonic.

Besides the syringe method of transfusion there is also the Unger method where the veins of patient and donor, lying on their separate tables, are actually connected by a tube, with a glass device registering the amount of blood passing to the patient.

There is, too, the old citrate method, where all the blood is taken at one time and put into a glass, and then transferred to the patient. Tom Kane has done this sitting in a chair, in extreme emergencies where there was no time to set up the more modern apparatus.

St. Luke's Hospital prefers fresh, young, and normal men as donors. There they would consider a man who had been used a hundred times poor material. A man who was overblooded, too, would be rejected by them as abnormal.

THEY turn away professionals daily, especially when jobs are scarce and times hard. Some of their donors are men of some standing, eking out a living selling their blood. Others come who don't really require the money, but covet some luxury they could not otherwise afford. Plenty are floaters--drifters—of questionable character. One donor recently turned out to be a pickpocket. When his unsavory reputation was discovered—through an item in a newspaper—he was stricken from the list since portable hospital paraphernalia is expensive.

Relatives and friends often give their blood to save expense, and the gift is considered a noble one, as indeed it is. They have to pass the same tests as the professional donor. If they do pass, blood relatives are preferred by doctors, who feel that the blood is probably more suitable than that of an outsider, provided it belongs to the same group as the patient's blood.

WOMEN, even relatives, are not popular for this service because the sight of blood and the operation generally upsets them. However, a mother occasionally will give blood for her child.

At St. Luke's they have no colored donors. Their list shows some Jewish sellers, but few, if any, Irish. They have also Germans, Scandinavians, and Americans of English descent. Anglo-Saxons predominate.

Although Tom Kane praises his onion diet, doctors at St. Luke's see no special merit in the odorous vegetable. To donors they chiefly recommend string beans, lettuce, cabbage, spinach and other green leaf vegetables, and above all plenty of sleep.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

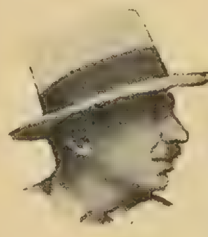
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—One which includes all entitled to be present.
2—Scotland.
3—A commonplace.
4—Ostentatious of learning.
5—That branch of medical science which treats of the hygiene and diseases of children.
6—Taking for granted that which is to be proved.
7—Peiping.
8—Yellow jack.
9—A company of horsemen in procession or marching.
10—A crossbred animal or plant organism.
11—Cold in the head.
12—Moses.
13—Alumni and alumnæ.
14—Animal organism.
15—Point Barrow.
16—House of Lords and House of Commons.
17—A hard, close money-getter; a miser.
18—Barometer.
19—Flax.
20—The throttle.

Taxi

A Short Short Story

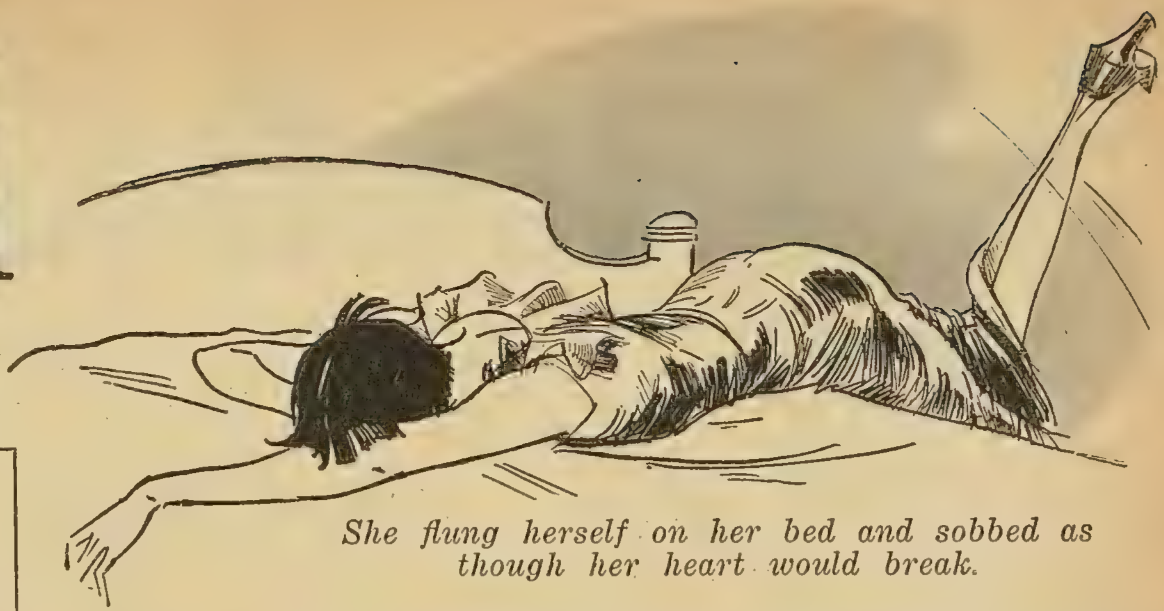
By



FERDINAND REYHER

whose past activities include, among other things, dramatic criticism and war correspondence. He now writes fiction, which appears in magazines everywhere. He was born in Philadelphia; his home is in Brooklyn.

Picture by JOHN H. STRIEBEL



She flung herself on her bed and sobbed as though her heart would break.

STELLA had recognized the perils of being alone with Albert the first moment she had laid eyes on him. He was the most appealing young man who had ever broken the monotony of her loneliness in the city. She had gone for a walk with him, and she had gone to a show with him, and been well protected by a girl's best friend, the Public. She had avoided one suggestion from him that they take a taxi, and they had taken the subway instead.

Because, you see, a taxi wasn't just a taxi to Stella. It was about the only comfortable lounging place where a young girl of her class could be alone with a young man of that class in a city of hall bedrooms. It was the parlor sofa back home, the hammock screened by the honeysuckle, the nook on the porch, the canoe on the moonlit river, the buggy ride under the stars, the rumble seat on a back lane, and a rose bower. It was everything her mother and a long line of chronically distrustful small-town forebears had warned her against—the danger of being alone with a young man.

And then she went to this dance with him.

When they came out it was raining with a persistence which promised no let-up for hours, and meant, at least, the ruin of her slippers as well as no good to her hat before they could reach the subway, four blocks away.

"Wait here," he said in the doorway. "I'll get a taxi."

Before she could reply he was gone. Other girls were waiting in the doorway for their escorts to bring them transportation, and something in their faces made her want to run away before he returned, but pride held her there. And then he was back with a cab.

She didn't actually cower in her corner of the taxi, but she sat far enough over so that she fitted pretty snugly into it. At first he sat apart from her in his own corner. She knew she ought to start talking as quickly and brightly and impersonally as possible, but her mind was a rout of inexpressible self-consciousness, and no words came. Suddenly he spoke.

"I SURE was lucky," he said, "to have copped off this bus before any of those other birds grabbed it."

He shifted as he said it and she felt his hand graze her sleeve. She caught her breath. But he brought out a package of cigarettes and struck a match. It went out before he got a light. She knew what his nervousness meant. When he got a light he took several deep puffs before he spoke again.

"You know," he said with a kind of eager jump in his voice, "you take a night like this, with a mob of other guys flocking all over the place, it's pretty good to grab off a cab as quick as this."

But she didn't hear what he was saying, for intuitively she placed that tone. It struck that cunning note of the conversationally intimate, which enabled young men to approach girls with an opportunity to touch them, with a kind of plotting casualness. He crossed his legs, so that his knee just failed to touch hers. She tried to move hers, but she just couldn't. She sat there, frozen, waiting until his knee would meet hers, or he would take her hand, or reach over and fold down her collar, or finger her hair, or—or suddenly seize her in his arms. Even if the girls in the store hadn't told her, she could have imagined what was going to happen.

"It's hot in here," he muttered. "Lemme open your window. It's driving in from this side. I got hot chasing this cab before one of those other birds grabbed it."

It was only an excuse to lean across her. However, he managed to open her window without touching her yet. She felt a little mist of rain drift in on her. He was going to force her to move over toward him. The cab lurched and brushed her against him. She held herself back. A moment later she saw by the light of a lamp that he had laid his hand on the seat between them. She seemed to see it moving—moving closer and closer toward hers. She could feel it on hers, could feel it move lingeringly up her arm, rest on her shoulder, then move across the back of her neck . . . burning . . . drawing her closer, closer to him . . . slipping down her other arm, pressing, pressing, and his other hand coming over, touching her knee, forcing her to him, forcing . . . Words, searing words and phrases, flashed across her mind:

"He couldn't make his hands behave!" "Wandering hands!" "Keep your hands to yourself!" "Stop pawing me!"

HOT gushes of something raced through her body. She could hardly breathe. Suddenly the contact of his fingers scorched her own.

Somehow she managed to say something—something almost gay and deceptive, a bit of conversational camouflage such as men themselves use to screen a hidden purpose. And behind this mask of words she moved her hand slightly, so that their fingers were apart. But she could feel his hand following hers, more boldly now. He shifted, and his knee definitely touched hers. At the same time his hand found hers again. She bit her lips to keep from crying out. And then suddenly something in her turned cold, yet gave her strength to look down, for there was a difference now in the texture of their touch. By the light of a lamp she saw what it was. His hand was not there at all. Only her hand, pressing snugly against his leg. And he was cramped into his corner, and she was leaning more than halfway toward him.

The cab stopped in front of her house, and he helped her out.

"We certainly made good time," he said. "I bet some of those other birds are still looking for a cab."

He said good-by, and that he would phone her soon, and then ducked back into his cab as though some bird would grab it off of him. The taxi drove away.

After a while, in the rear of the top floor, a door opened and shut again. Stella stood a moment leaning back against it.

There! She had proved them wrong, those cynical small-town busybodies who had said that any man would take any opportunity he could to take advantage of being alone with a girl.

She flung herself on her bed and sobbed as though her heart would break.

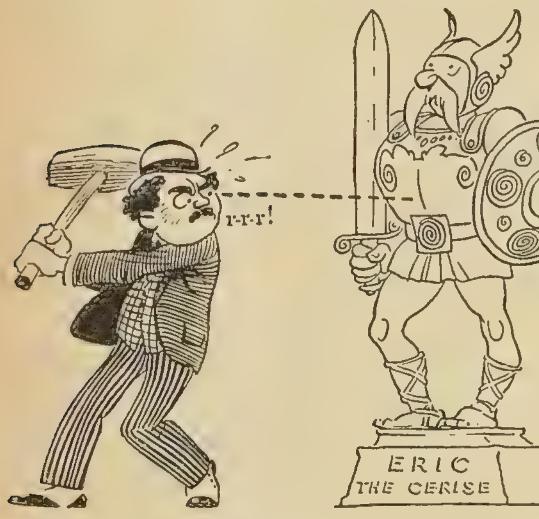
THE END

Vox

Concerning Certain Mewlings and Sputterings, and Mr. Carroll's So-Called Mind

NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Richard Carroll's "Ben Eielson, the Flying Viking," and it brought to my mind one or two questions that I've been itching to ask you for a long time.

Why does your magazine, a perfectly good magazine in all other respects, take the queer attitude that it does take concerning "vikings"? Why does it persist in glorifying the so-called "Nordics" and all things Nordic and try to make the Latin race appear to be inferior?



Men and nations are judged by what they have done.

Compare the history of the Latin race with that of the Nordics. Latins were masters of the world for centuries. What have the Nordics ever done except to delay the progress of civilization?

Columbus had a "thirst for the cold, perilous unknown," as Carroll put it, but he didn't just fly over an iceberg and drop a flag on it.

He accomplished something that has been of benefit to you and thousands of other Nordics who would still be living on codfish and home brew if it hadn't been for the Great Adventurer.

This article, appearing in your magazine as a product of Mr. Carroll's so-called mind, is nothing more or less than the vain mewlings and sputterings of a yellow-haired race that tries to make up in bluster what it lacks in courage, brains, and achievement.

So while you Nordics continue to shake hands with yourselves and tell each other how wonderful you are, we Latins continue to do things.—*A Proud Wop.*

MOTT, N. DAK.—Congratulations to Richard Carroll on his article, "Ben Eielson, the Flying Viking."

I had often wondered why a history of Ben Eielson's career had not appeared in one of the leading magazines.

Mr. Carroll can rest assured that this article will be clipped and saved by many, especially those of the Flickertail state who hold their hero, Carl Ben Eielson, as one of the world's great characters.—*Ted R. Sarensen.*

Dog Testimony

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.—In Vox Pop of June 28 a lady of Pittsburgh condemned Leslie Thrasher's cover picture of a German shepherd dog snarling at two children as both dumb and cruel I must rally to Mr. Thrasher's support with the assertion that the picture is very true to the natural instincts of some German shepherds.

I speak from sad experience. Our police dog is a pedigreed registered male of Grand Champion stock—and will bite a child of any sex, with no warning at all, and do it so quickly that the eye can hardly follow his movements.

He is not alone in his dislike of children. My friends' German shepherds have bitten children with no provocation.

We vaccinate against rabies and restrict his liberty and trust that some day he will recover from his "child complex."—*A Real Dog Lover.*

PEORIA, ILL.—Of all the silly rot by Miss Patterson of Pittsburgh, Pa.!

I am a raiser of dogs myself, but not police dogs. The kind I raise have a much better disposition.

She may raise the shepherd dogs and love hers all she pleases, but tell her to take a walk down the street and try to pat the first one she meets.

She'll have a severed jugular, sure as shootin'.

I live in a neighborhood where there are several and I know.

Don't be afraid of dog lovers not buying your magazine despite this sad cover, as it is only too true.—*L. M. M.*

And Something More for Mr. Thrasher

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I have written you several letters criticizing different features of your magazine and you were fair enough to publish them, but you've been more or less slipshod about adopting suggestions I have made.

Will try you once more with a suggestion, and unless I notice immediate improvement I'm through—absolutely. A little more carelessness and you'll wake up and find you're trying to run the magazine alone.

Your "For the Love o' Lil": After I read it I don't know whether I'm afoot or horseback. There surely must be some kind of a law against publishing such nonsense. You're never going to get anywhere violating laws. Cut it out altogether. If you find it hard to break away from utter nonsense all at once, ease off gradually by publishing dog stories by Kipling until you get a grip on yourself.—*Dulya Aichbee.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I express my appreciation of Thrasher?

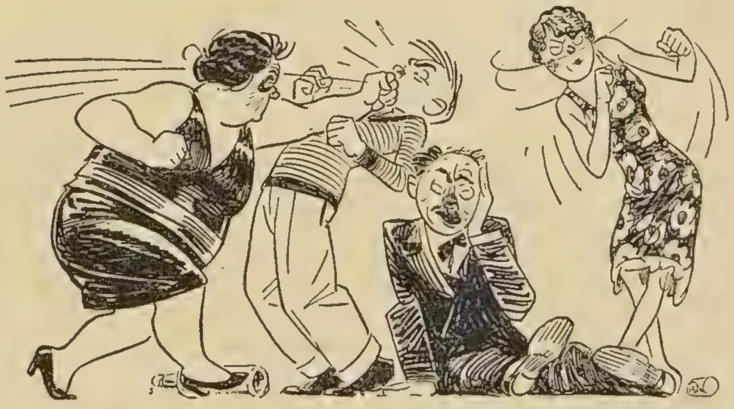
O man of melancholy mien
Whose heart doth bear
The sting of unjust wrath
So placidly,
Let not their venom
Touch your artist's soul.
Instead, create the love
That soars tenfold
Above their sordid mean.
Thou art joy's prophet
Thrasher.
—*Martin Ricker.*

Distressing Picture of Our Modern Civilization or Something

NEWARK, N. J.—In the year 1915 (that was before prohibition) papa was drunk every Saturday night from New Year's Eve until Christmas Day, inclusive. Papa had a wife, a daughter, and a son. Wife, daughter, or son did not drink and they couldn't understand why papa did.

Papa was the only one who did understand, but he was unable to explain.

Wife hated papa for getting drunk.



Son George hated papa for getting drunk and daughter Bertha hated papa for getting drunk.

Well, that was in 1915. It is now 1930. Papa still gets drunk, and—ye gods! Mama gets drunk, too. So does Bertha. And, also, so does George.

Papa hates mama because mama gets drunk. Mama hates papa because papa gets drunk. Bertha hates mama and papa because mama and papa get drunk. Bertha hates George because George gets drunk. George hates papa and mama because they let Bertha get drunk. Mama and papa are very much disappointed in Bertha and George because they get drunk. They don't understand why they do it.

George thinks that Bertha is no good because she gets drunk. Bertha thinks that George will never amount to anything because he gets too drunk.

I give up. What's the answer? That prohibition is a Noble Experiment?—*T. J. F.*

Pop

"Impregnable" Manila

Big Spring, Tex.—I have just completed reading your editorial, in the June 21 issue, entitled "The Philippines —Why?"

It calls to my mind another of your editorials some time ago on the same subject, in the same vein, and with the same printed untruths.

I take particular exception to your statement, "All strategists know that in the event of war against Japan we could not hold the Philippines."

I base my contentions upon first-hand knowledge, having served in the army, in the Engineering Corps, at points affecting the defense facilities of the Philippine Islands.

I contend that Corregidor is now, and has been since the installation of twenty-inch coast defense guns in 1921, a much stronger fortification than Gibraltar; that by reason of space for only one boat in the North Channel and three in the South Channel, it would be a physical impossibility for any navy, or combined navies, to enter Manila Bay.

It would be equally impossible for any army to survive a march across the mainland of Luzon by reason of the intense jungle and hostile natives and the slowness of their progress, which would invite annihilation by airplanes.

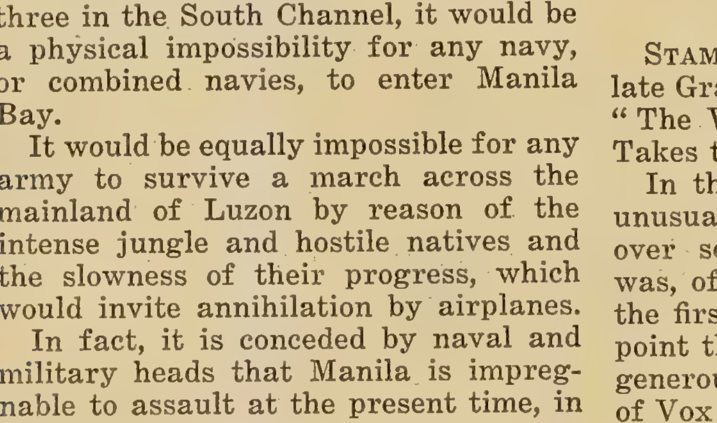
In fact, it is conceded by naval and military heads that Manila is impregnable to assault at the present time, in direct variance with the statement set forth in your editorial.—*R. L. Bull.*

It's Too Hot for an Editorial. How About a Picture?

St. Paul, Minn.—I am no criminal. Have no overwhelming inclination to kill anybody. Nevertheless, I regard the law as a necessary evil.

Too much legislation has rendered me an anarchist.

Give us a good editorial bringing out the fact that there are too many wooden-headed and tyrannical laws in existence.



Eventually a certified license to live will be required. Those sufficiently unfortunate as to be alive will be obliged to pass a thorough and rigid examination in order to remain above ground.—*Wm. H. Dunn.*

But We Substituted "What's Wrong Here?" for One of the Puzzles

Chicago Heights, Ill.—I wait all week for the magazine and when it comes there is only one cross word puzzle in it. Don't let that happen again.—*R. U. N.*

New Orleans, La.—Why not add more cross word puzzles instead of taking one out?—*Bee.*

Casa Grande, Ariz.—You can put that harder cross word puzzle right back where it belongs. If short of space leave out the editorial page.—*Frank M. Leonard.*

Portland, Ore.—Where in h—— is that other cross word puzzle?

What do you think I spent my nickel for?—*E. F. Geiser.*

It's a Gift

Stamford, Tex.—Let me congratulate Grace Robinson on her two articles: "The Woman Driver," and "The Man Takes the Wheel."

In these two articles she has shown unusual ability to stir up a lot of talk over something from her pen. This was, of course, the ultimate purpose of the first article and it succeeded to the point that she was able to sell, at your generous rates, several hundred words of Vox Pop letters.

When a writer (?) can sell an article containing figures that she admits really prove nothing, and then follow up with another composed of comments on the first pointless assemblement of words and figures, I take off my hat to her.

That isn't writing; it isn't even business; it's a racket.—*Male Reader.*

Nearly a Mary M. Finnish, Eh?

West Allis, Wis.—I am in a hospital, and Mary M. Finn's story, "The Dingbat and the Débutante," did me more good than a mess of medicine.

When I started to read the story, I chuckled, then giggled, then laughed and choked.

Then I laid it on my table and got up and closed my door so that the other patients wouldn't think that I had gone nuts. I laid it on the table frequently, so that I could catch my breath.

If I had been any other nationality than English, I would have choked to death before "The End."—*John Whittingham.*

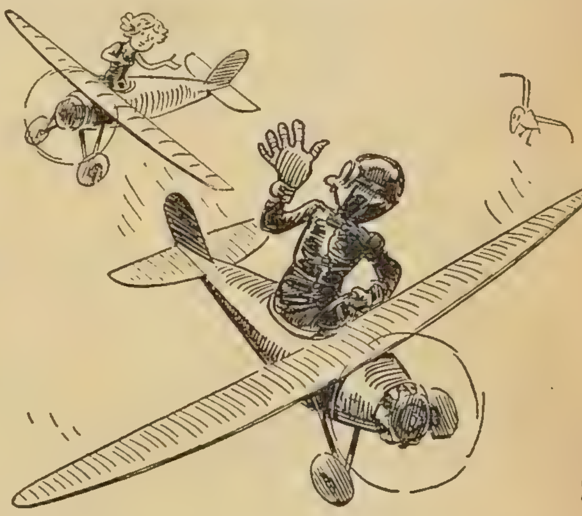
We Give Up

Phoenix, Ariz.—Why not have a theme song for your Limerick Liners, such as "Sweet Add-a-Line"?—*Arthur Sparkes.*

Just a Sucker

San Francisco, Calif.—If that Vox Popping Margaret Carrington, "A modern American girl and darn proud of it," thinks that all men are critters and egoists, right here I want to squelch her good and proper. Any jane, to get me to marry her, would have to fall on my neck, it's true, and herein lies the reason:

I played a girl fair and square, jumped college, worked, earned the dough to help buy her pretty things, loaned her my car, gave up a career as a flyer that was under way when I met her, wrecked a perfectly good bank account of eight years of age, laid down 300 fish for the ring, and proceeded to set sail for happiness à la mode . . . all that sort of rot.



Did this for six months. Oh, what a sucker I was. . . .

I got wise to the game, though. Yep, wise when I, by merest accident, got the dope on her.

Just a sucker I was, yes. Just a lady of leisure to the old boys who could keep her in luxury . . . that's what she turned out to be.

Well, I got the ring back, and now I'm flying again, on my future course, happy, and a clean conscience. A pilot can get lots of girls. Most pilots stick to flying, though—it's not as dangerous. If you crack up you have no remorse. But with a girl you have worse than that.

When the air has no attraction for me perhaps I'll get foolish and seek a feminine companion.

But I'll be on my guard, though. I'd sooner trust a viper than trust most women. They're all quitters, just blinded by the love of luxury, and not worth a pinch of propeller wash.—*Bachelor Air Pilot.*

How Nice

Lead, S. Dak.—Eric M. Knight ends his short short story, "The Two-Fifty Hat," with these words: "Probably nobody ever would understand about that hat." I fully agree with Mr. Knight. In fact, he took the words right out of my mouth.—*Liber T. Fan.*

Liberty's Record Breaking Contest $500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

for the good old game

Limericks

Have you tried your hand? It's easy and lots of fun. Just provide the missing line below, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in as many last lines as you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:

A cutie from Kalamazoo
Went to Paris to see what was new.
The thing she liked best
(You'd never have guessed)

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, July 26. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of June 28. The Limerick read as follows:

Said Martha Van Zandt, "Goodness me!
I'd like to go down by the sea.
But I really don't dare,
For I've nothing to wear—

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"And I can't bathe in sheer ecstasy."

Written by Bertha Farrar
The G. H. Cross Co., 70 South Water Market, Chicago

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"And a punk Aphrodite I'd be."

Written by Mrs. Constance I. H. Berry
Lyndhurst, Ontario, Canada

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"And clothes 'make' the man, you'll agree."

Written by F. W. Schmiedeberg
421 South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Nebraska

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"And I've seen better limbs on a tree."

Written by Harry S. Brautigam
7 Reeves Avenue, Westmont, New Jersey

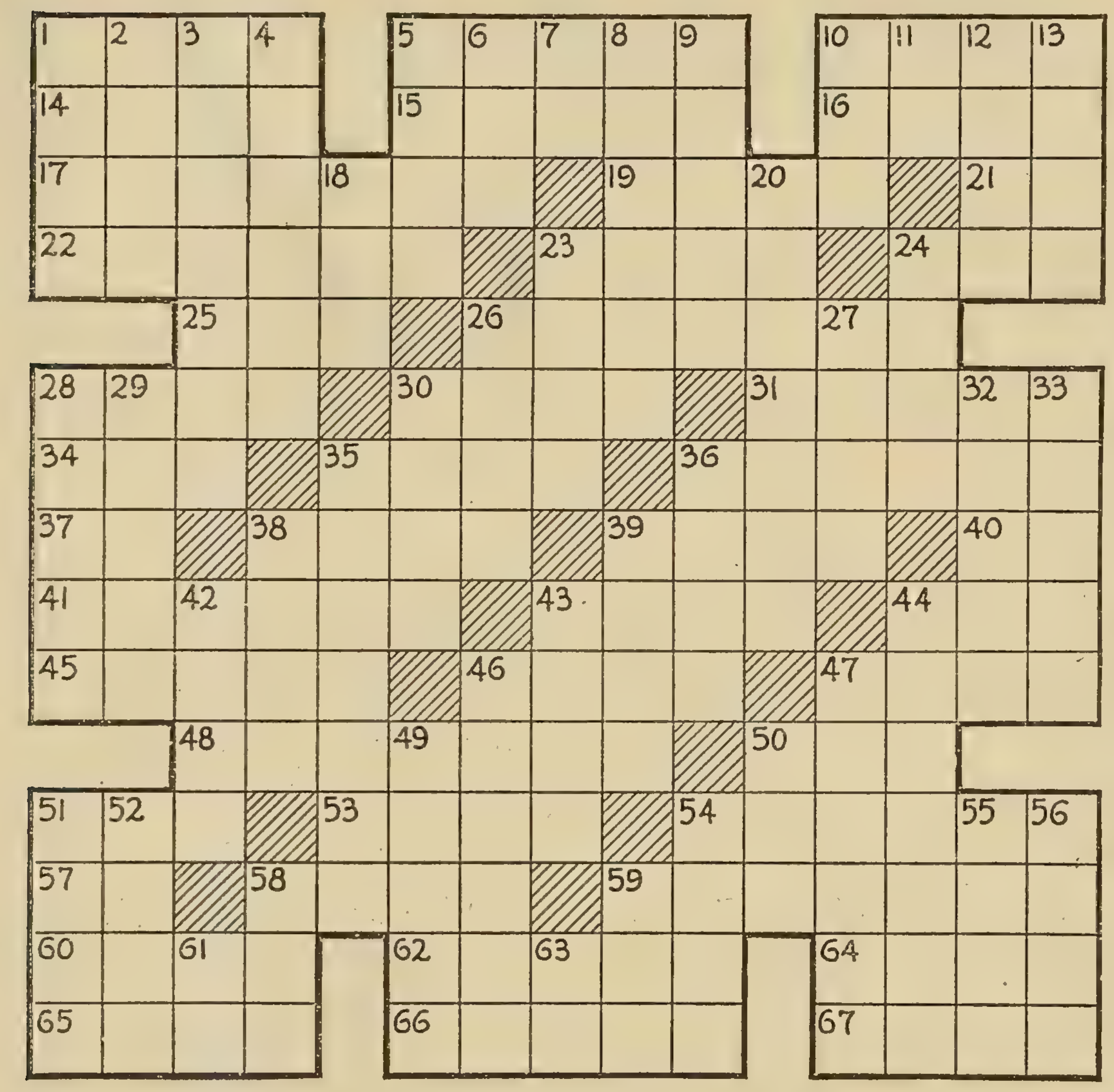
FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"And my contours aren't what they should be!"

Written by Reed Heustis
The Call Bulletin, San Francisco

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 The cigar fish
5 A coarse woolen stuff, usually dyed in plain colors
10 Weeps with a convulsive catching of the breath
14 A city in western California
15 A command
16 River in Russia
17 Species of hawk (plural)
19 Town in Alaska
21 Not
22 Reconciled to the deprivation of
23 Of large scope
24 Devoured
25 A Gaelic god of the sea
26 Irrigated
28 To carry on cultivation of the soil
30 Vessel, as a platter, a plate, or a bowl
31 Gross violation of human law
34 Those who are in political power
35 An insect
36 Defeated
37 Pronoun
38 Grains or seeds of a cereal grass
39 Unusual
40 The symbol for an element
41 Son of Chaos (Greek mythology)
43 Forbids
44 A pronoun
45 Part of a flight of steps
46 Parched with heat
47 Oily substances
48 Agitated
50 Remote
51 Perched
53 A string
54 Execrated
57 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
58 Native of ancient Media
59 Instrument of the xylophone kind
60 Lake or pool
62 Device for slackening threads in a loom
64 Gaseous element in the atmosphere
65 State of bliss
66 Declaim
67 Woman's name

VERTICAL

1 Crystals of ice congealed in the air
2 Special state of affairs
3 Dismays
4 Weed in cornfields
5 County in Kentucky
6 Measures of area
7 A fish
8 Upper pole of the horizon
9 Wear away
10 Entreat
11 A conjunction
12 To diet
13 Wild plum
18 Ever
20 A dealer in textile fabrics (plural)
23 Bathe
24 Passage in a mine
26 Humorists
27 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
28 Ages; eras
29 Indisposed to move
30 Small marks
32 Purposed; intended
33 Moves by little and little
35 Man's name
36 To unite in a troop or company
38 Notice or record of a person's death
39 Hostile or predatory incursion
42 One of the points on a compass
43 Propagated, as any kind of stock
44 Rowers
46 That which is behind in payment
47 Starch
49 Round-up
50 Hairy coating of an animal
51 Like in quality or qualities
52 In bed
54 Responsibility
55 Black
56 American journalist and author
58 The counters used in chess
59 Joined
61 Note of the diatonic scale
63 The symbol for an element

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page sixty-six

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Cushion Every Step *Fit Any Shoe*

Still Another JU

A Love Story of Today in America

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

What Has Gone Before:

"J. D. WANTS you in his office."

This was the message Juliet Rogers received. J. D. Fredrickson, the "big boss," the owner of the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency, wanted to see her, one of his stenographers. Was he going to give her a raise? Maybe she was going to get fired!

The girls in the office had teased her about J. D., but that, she felt, was all nonsense. Besides, Keith was the only man in the world for her: Keith Morris, one of the staff in the agency's copy department. She and Keith were going to be married just as soon as they could straighten out family tangles. Keith had a mother whom he had to support and who wanted him all to herself. And Juliet's mother hated Keith's mother, and wouldn't hear of the marriage.

Mrs. Morris had been Minnie Streeter, Mrs. Rogers' girlhood rival back west. And Mrs. Rogers—"mama"—was not only bitter but lonely, now. Lonely with dad dead and Thelma, her other daughter, married and living in Baltimore. It was sad in the house in Glen Hill, a Long Island suburb, with Juliet away all day and the problem of making both ends meet growing harder every month. Yes, marriage must wait.

Juliet knocked timidly on J. D.'s door, and opened it into a new chapter of life. She gasped when she heard herself being invited to dinner by the rich widower—gasped and accepted not only the dinner but an invitation to the theater. And on a later occasion, as if in a dream, she found herself being driven to the house of J. D.'s sister, on Long Island.

The strangeness deepened. She was in J. D.'s home with a group of charming people. Then she was alone with J. D. He was proposing, and she was asking for time to think it over. Now go on with the story.

PART FIVE

JULIET TAKES A PLUNGE

THE very minute Juliet was home again she knew, definitely, that she could never marry J. D. She felt that she must have been under a kind of spell. As soon as she saw the familiar home things—the old sofa, the cushions she and Thelma had made, mama's sewing basket on the table—she knew the spell was broken.

In Locust Gardens, a marriage with J. D. had been something to dream over. It had seemed so pleasant to be lapped around with the luxury that J. D. could provide. That lovely suite for mama.

The gracious living room. A maid in cap and apron bringing in tea things. Coffee in a silver service. Groups of gay, careless people on Saturday nights—people who seemingly hadn't a thing to worry about, who talked cleverly about nothing at all and never bothered to finish their sentences; people who went to the theater and read new books and kept up with things; understanding, humorous people.

Juliet knew now that all this had been part of a dream. It was a dream that was impossible unless Keith could share it with her. If, by some miracle of fulfillment, she could marry Keith and have all those lovely things!

But she couldn't marry Keith. She knew that.

She couldn't betray her love for Keith by gaining these things—and losing him.

Juliet knew that without Keith life could mean nothing to her. All of the graciousness of Locust Gardens had seemed possible only because in her dreams she had woven Keith into her life there. Why, in reality Keith wouldn't be there at all!

Juliet knew that a lot of girls married without love. It wasn't that. She knew that if she had never met Keith she would have considered J. D. Fredrickson very seriously as a possible husband. Why not? After all, if you're not in love with anyone else— To be sure, he was rather old. What of that? An older man like J. D. would be unbelievably kind and thoughtful. He wasn't repulsive to her, the way she heard girls talk about the repulsiveness of men they didn't love. He was pleasant and agreeable—and he meant nothing at all to her.

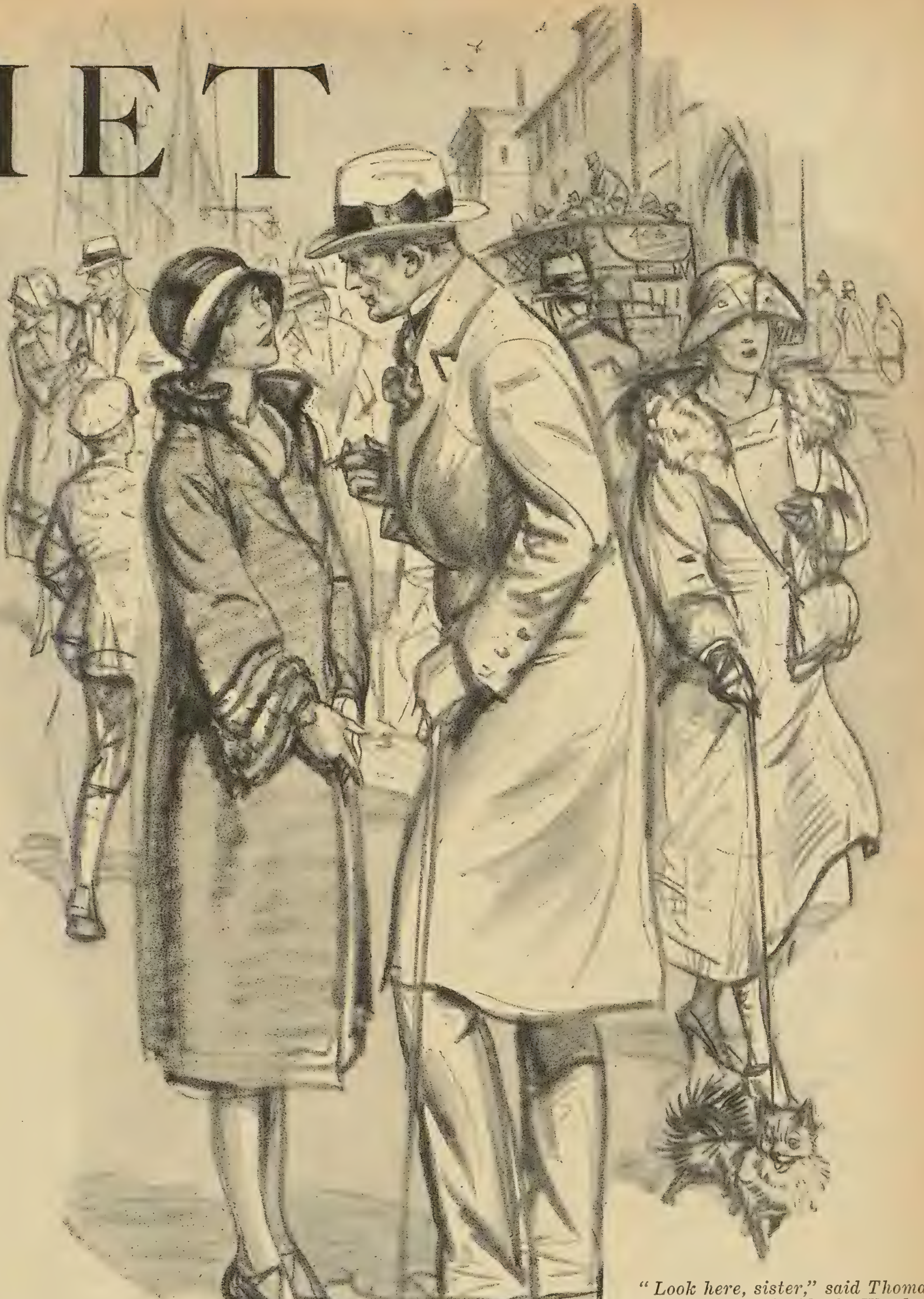
Yes, if she hadn't met Keith she might have married J. D. She knew that now. It would be so lovely to be able to give mama everything she wanted! There would never have been anything for mama to worry about. She wished she could do something for mama. She couldn't marry Fredrickson. She couldn't do that much, even for mama. She knew that, too.

JULIET knew what Thelma would have advised. She had heard Thelma talk about things like that often enough. She could almost hear Thelma's young, taunting voice saying: "Marry the old boy and see Keith on the side. You ought to be able to manage that, if you're smart at all!"

Thelma might be able to do that. Juliet knew she couldn't. She knew, too, that Keith wasn't the type who could possibly get mixed up in anything like that. Keith was clean, fine. No; if she married Fredrickson, she would lose Keith, absolutely. And without Keith there was no use living at all. Keith was so definitely a part of her life. Why, he was the most important part of all! She actually had started to live, to feel things, only since she had met Keith. Even the thought of him now gave her a warm, pleasant glow.

Juliet had thought that mama would be home, waiting to hear about the week-end. She wasn't there. Juliet was a little worried. She knew how mama had pinned her hopes on this week-end and Juliet rather dreaded seeing her. She didn't dare tell the truth, of course. Mama wouldn't believe that any girl could be fool enough to

LIET



"Look here, sister," said Thomas. "What's the big idea? We don't eat girls, even in show business, and you're only young once, you know."

refuse to marry her rich employer, especially on account of a man of whom mama disapproved. Or, if she did believe, she'd make Juliet unhappy for months afterward.

The house was dismal and empty without mama. It was lonely enough, even when she was at home. Two left—and there had been four. Just the two of them—a lonely, disappointed old lady and a lonely, unsatisfied girl—when there had been a complete, busy little family, with the usual family quarrels but with the usual family pleasures,

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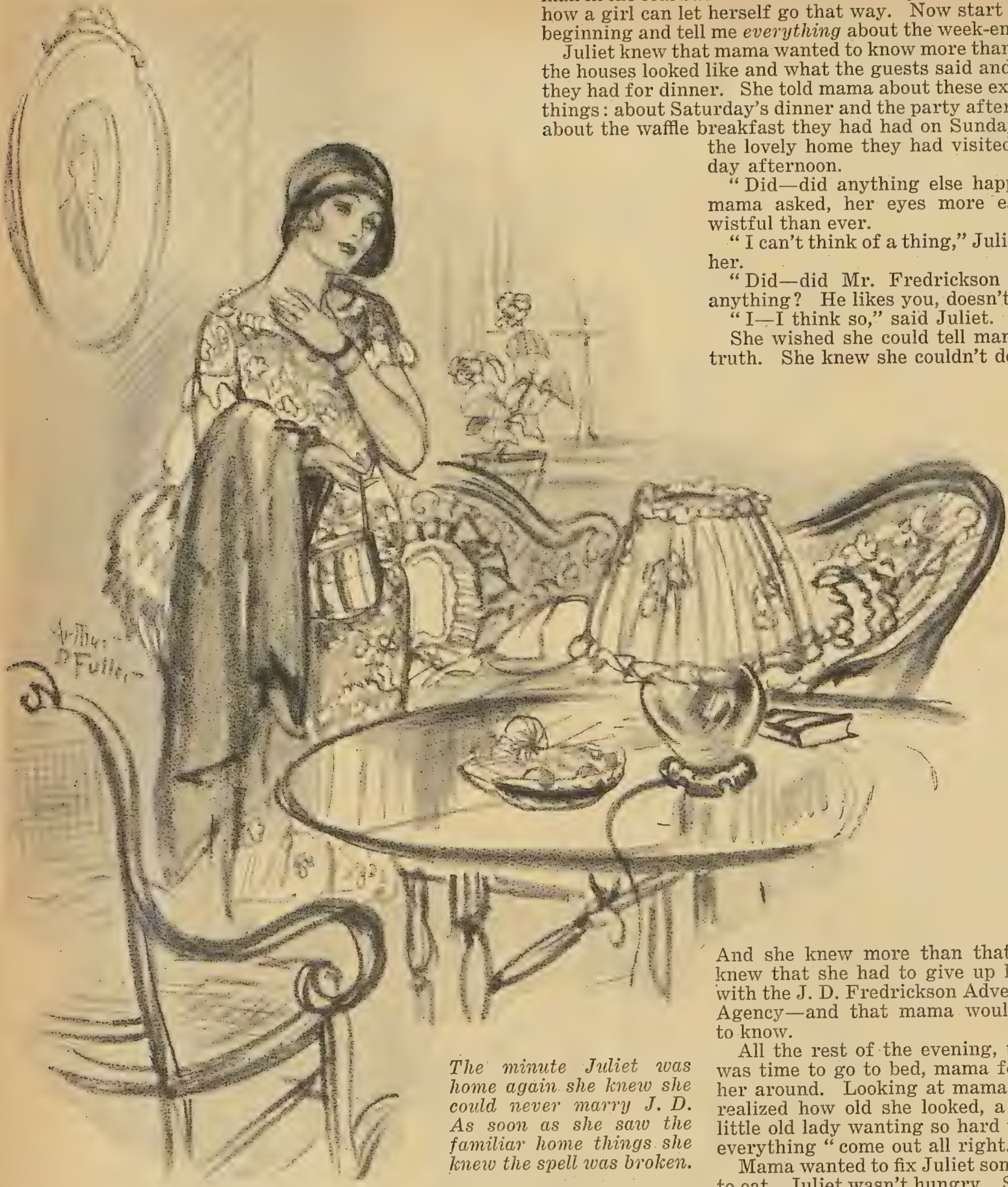

The minute Juliet was home again she knew she could never marry J. D. As soon as she saw the familiar home things she knew the spell was broken.

STILL ANOTHER JULIET

Continued from page forty-nine

too. It did seem too bad that mama had to continue like this when Juliet had it in her power to help her. And helping mama meant the one thing Juliet could not do.

Mama came home just after Juliet had hung up her clothes in her closet: the blue dress she had worn when she arrived in Locust Gardens, the flowered georgette that had served only too well. Mama was bright-eyed, eager for news.

"What happened?" she asked avidly. "Tell me all about it. Don't leave out one single thing! I was right here, waiting for you, when Mrs. Watrous ran in and insisted that I go over and look at Helen's baby. She wants you to go and see it, too. Helen and her husband drove over this morning. It's the first time they have had the baby over. It's a nice baby, though I do think a girl like Helen Watrous should have done better than marrying a man in the coal business. Helen's awfully fat. I don't see how a girl can let herself go that way. Now start at the beginning and tell me *everything* about the week-end!"

Juliet knew that mama wanted to know more than what the houses looked like and what the guests said and what they had for dinner. She told mama about these external things: about Saturday's dinner and the party afterward, about the waffle breakfast they had had on Sunday, and the lovely home they had visited Sunday afternoon.

"Did—did anything else happen?" mama asked, her eyes more eagerly wistful than ever.

"I can't think of a thing," Juliet told her.

"Did—did Mr. Fredrickson say—anything? He likes you, doesn't he?"

"I—I think so," said Juliet.

She wished she could tell mama the truth. She knew she couldn't do that. And she knew more than that. She knew that she had to give up her job with the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency—and that mama would have to know.

All the rest of the evening, until it was time to go to bed, mama followed her around. Looking at mama, Juliet realized how old she looked, a pitiful little old lady wanting so hard to have everything "come out all right."

Mama wanted to fix Juliet something to eat. Juliet wasn't hungry. She had had a big dinner, and then, later in the afternoon, cocktails and the inevitable canapés with them.

Was Juliet tired? mama wanted to know. Juliet seized eagerly on this. Yes, she was tired. There was nothing else to tell mama about the week-end, about the food or what the others had worn and said. Mama wouldn't quite have understood the conversation, even if Juliet had been able to quote it to her. She would have been confused at the humor, a little annoyed because she wouldn't have known exactly what they were talking about. Juliet couldn't tell her that. She told as gayly as she could about the things mama wanted to know.

The interiors of the homes weren't the kind that impressed mama. Mama liked elaborately brocaded upholstery, and if you put several colors and materials together on one piece of furniture mama thought it very elegant. Juliet knew that, for she had gone shopping with mama. Velours and tapestry and elaborate lamp shades, and conventional but elegant suites in highly polished woods, replete with machine carving, pleased mama.

Yet Juliet knew that mama would have been greatly taken with the Fredrickson home, even though she would have resented it just a little at first because it was not what she understood. Mama would have been perfectly happy living there, and after getting over being awed by Mrs. Rutherford's crowd she would have taken the greatest delight in showing her friends how well Juliet had married. Now mama could have none of this, couldn't even know of the chance she had missed. And in the morning Juliet would have to give up her job—and that was something mama would have to know about.

Juliet knew that she couldn't possibly stay on at the Fredrickson Agency. She would have to tell Fredrickson definitely that she couldn't marry him. Then, even if he urged her to stay, she'd have to make a change.

She didn't like giving up her job. She had been with the Fredrickson Agency ever since she had started to work—excepting for the first terrible six months when she had changed jobs a dozen times. The offices were big and bright and progressive-looking. There was always an air of prosperity and hurry and success. She liked the girls—Ethel Bunn, so proud of her marriage; and Irene Little, full of stories about her young man; and Freda Robertson, who always had tart things to say; and even Murphy. Poor old Murphy! Oh, well, there was nothing to do about it. She'd have to go.

She hated to think of being in an office away from Keith. It had been wonderful, being so near Keith all day. Seeing him unexpectedly. It had made the days seem full of romance—had made them fly by. Having Keith near had made the work just twice as interesting.

JULIET liked being in an advertising agency. The girls were of a much higher class than the average. Everyone was so definitely alive and ambitious, and she knew so much about little things—magazines and artists, things like that. Oh, why had J. D. Fredrickson ever noticed her at all? It wasn't as if she had tried to attract him. Everything could have gone along just beautifully. And now—

At breakfast her mother twittered pleasantly about J. D. Wasn't it *wonderful* that he was taking such an interest in Juliet! *Anything* might happen! It wasn't often that a girl had a chance to marry her boss. When she told, over at the Watrouses' yesterday, where Juliet was spending the week-end, their eyes had about popped out.

"You should have seen Helen when I told her. Why, her husband barely makes enough to support them! And here you were, visiting the sister of your boss. You could tell what they thought of that!"

Juliet sat there—and knew that mama's little bubble would have to break. It made her feel as if she had committed some terrible deed. Well, she couldn't give up Keith, spoil her own life, her possibility of happiness—Keith's happiness, too—even for mama. Why, if it weren't for the way mama felt about Keith, she and Keith would have a much better chance of being married. She didn't mind living in Glen Hill and supporting mama, and doing all she could for her, but marrying a man she didn't love was too much, even for mama's sake.

Juliet was at her desk at nine. She was glad it didn't happen to be one of J. D.'s early days. She saw him arrive around ten. She made half an attempt to see him at eleven, and found him in conference. At twelve he was dictating. When his secretary left him Juliet was taking dictation—and in the midst of this J. D. went out for lunch.

It was three o'clock before Juliet could get into his office. Now the whole thing, Locust Gardens and J. D.'s proposal, seemed fantastic, part of a dream. She couldn't believe, here, that J. D. had actually asked her to marry him. He had slipped back into his old position of em-

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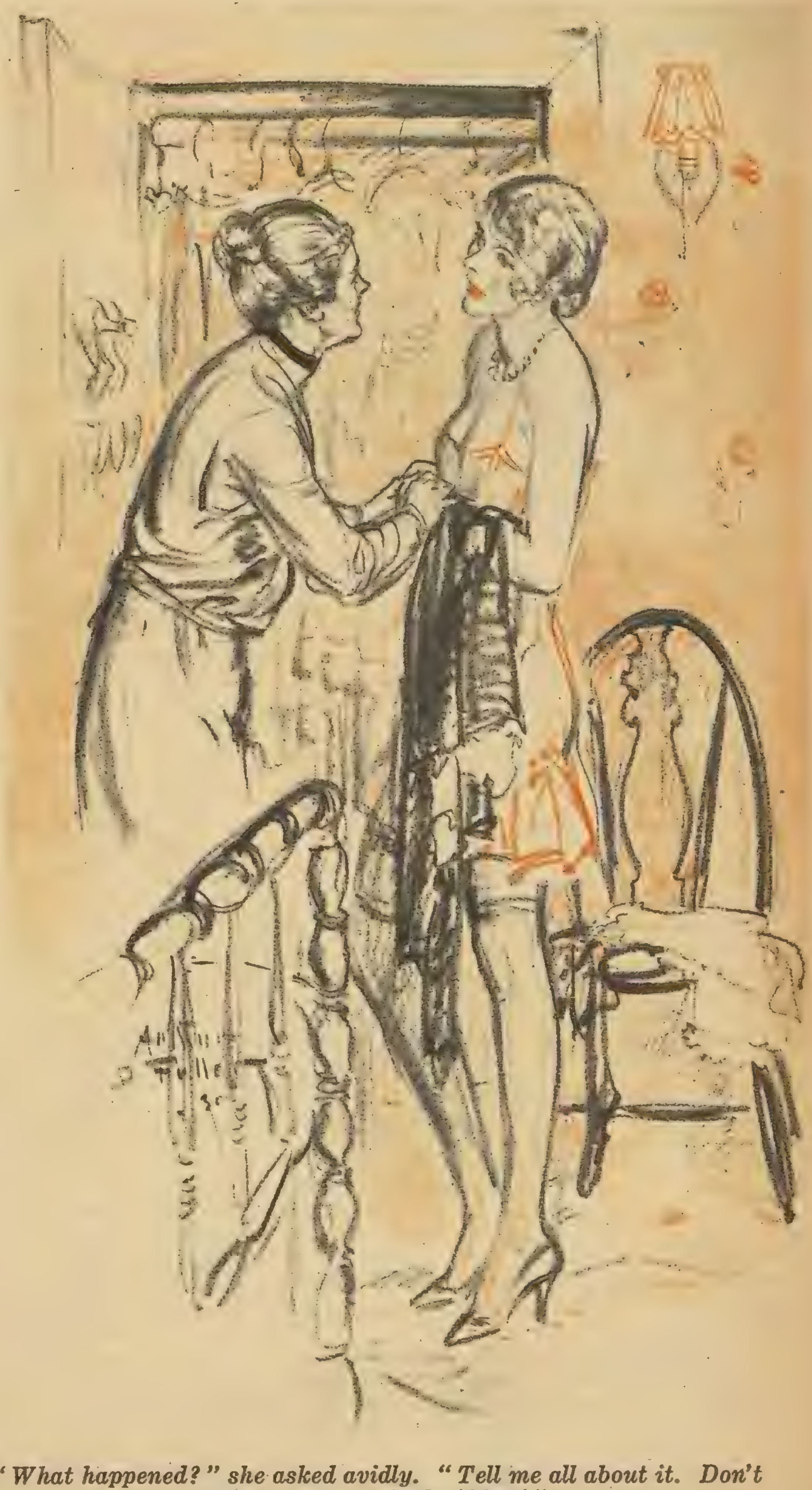

"What happened?" she asked avidly. "Tell me all about it. Don't leave out one single thing!"

STILL ANOTHER JULIET

Continued from page fifty-one

ployer. Maybe he would think her a perfect fool even to think that he had wanted marriage.

Juliet hesitated before knocking at J. D.'s door, then went in slowly. What could she say to him here?

J. D. took away the necessity of trying to think of something to say. He proved that the week-end had not been unreal.

"I've been thinking about you all morning," he said. "I was going to ask you to come in. Could—could you have dinner with me this evening? Perhaps, if you've made up your mind, there'd be a present for you. I thought I'd go out this afternoon and see about a suitable ring—"

EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY

"Oh, Mr. Fredrickson," said Juliet, "that's what I came to talk to you about. I'm—I'm awfully sorry. I can't marry you. It was wonderful of you to ask me. You'll never know how much I appreciate it. I—can't marry you."

"Is it because I'm too old?" said J. D. He did look older here in the office.

"No, it isn't," said Juliet. "It isn't that at all. It's—it's because I love someone else."

"Oh," said J. D., and then: "Oh, I see. I didn't know."

"Yes," said Juliet, "we've been going with each other a long time. I'm sorry. I—I should have told you. I didn't understand when you first asked me to have dinner with you."

"That's all right," said J. D. He assumed once more a sort of office manner. Brisk. Pleasant. Almost businesslike.

"Don't worry about me another minute. I hope you'll be very happy. Are you going to be married soon?"

"I don't know," said Juliet. "We haven't made any plans. I think I'll give up my position here the end of the week. It will be much better, I think."

"Not at all," said Fredrickson. "Not at all. No reason why you can't stay right on here until you're married."

Until she married! She couldn't tell Fredrickson about the mothers and the family feud and the money difficulties.

"I think it really would be better if I left," she said. "I'll—I'll train in one of the other girls."

Fredrickson finally agreed. Perhaps it was the sensible thing to do. It would be unpleasant, remembering—seeing Juliet every day.

THAT night Juliet and Keith had dinner together. It was wonderful, being with Keith again. It seemed such a long time since she had seen him, and yet it had been only over a week-end.

They went to a Japanese restaurant they had recently learned about. They both thought it a most exciting place in which to eat.

The courteous little waiter brought in a huge brazier and a lovely platter of thin slices of beef and crisp green vegetables, onions and bean sprouts and cubes of bean paste, and cooked the *sukiyaki* right at the table. There was raw fish in a piquant sauce to eat while that was cooking. Juliet had shuddered away from the raw fish the first time Keith took her there, but the waiter had said, "You eat raw oysters, and they are the scavengers of the sea!" Then came a steaming soup in which bits of mushroom and shrimp floated. Morsels of broiled fish then, and bowls of steaming rice. And by that time the *sukiyaki* was ready. It was fun, cooking dinner at the table with Keith—almost as if they were in a little home cooking a meal together. They loved the spicy flavors of the food.

Juliet told Keith about J. D.

"I was afraid of that," he said. "Of course, if you were sensible, you'd have snapped him up and forgotten all about me."

"I know that," said Juliet. "We've gone over all of that before. If I were sensible we wouldn't be eating Japanese food in the oddest little restaurant in town and pretending that everything is all right, when nothing is quite right at all."

"You darling!" said Keith. "Everything is all right as long as we're together." And he took her hand, though she had reached out to stir the *sukiyaki*, and this didn't help the use of chopsticks.

Keith agreed with Juliet that leaving Fredrickson's was the only thing to do. He wanted to leave too, but, after all, why should he? He was getting along very well. If he didn't get ahead as fast as he hoped, he could leave later.

They were both a little sad. The hours in the office had been so pleasant together. There had been a hundred chance meetings. Their eyes had met across the room. Keith had come to Juliet with work to be typed and their hands had touched. Why, if it hadn't been for the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency they'd never have met at all! It was almost two and a half years since Keith had first come to work there.

Juliet found her week full. She had to prepare Corinne Rigby to take her place, and Corinne wasn't very quick in learning about things. A hundred bits of detail had to be explained, seemingly over and over again. Juliet was preparing to leave on Saturday.

On Wednesday she told mama. She had put it off until then. She couldn't tell mama the truth.

"They are making some changes in the office," she said. "Changing the staff quite a little."

Mama didn't understand, and there was nothing for mama to understand, for it wasn't the truth, anyway. How could Mr. Fredrickson do such a thing when he had entertained her as his guest! Mama remembered stories she had read of how men fired girls, and then, when they hadn't a cent left, tempted them.

"I'm afraid that's fiction," said Juliet. "Mr. Fredrickson won't do any tempting, mama. You needn't worry on that score."

SUDDENLY mama realized that her dreams were all over. All of her plans for Juliet's future crumbled suddenly. She had said little things to the neighbors. Juliet and her boss—

She had hoped that Juliet would grow tired of Keith Morris. He was no one for her, anyhow. She had so hoped, when Fredrickson began being attentive to Juliet, that it would mean something wonderful. She meant only the best for Juliet. Juliet knew that. It didn't make things any easier.

Mama became querulous, unhappy again. All of her buoyancy died away suddenly. She had a new worry, too, now. What if Juliet couldn't get a job? There was no money ahead. Interest on the mortgage would be due in January, and even as it was, by careful planning, mama didn't know how they were going to have the money. Now, with no job at all in view—

"Don't worry, mama darling," pleaded Juliet. "They won't foreclose the mortgage and put us out in the snow on Christmas Eve, with only paper shawls wrapped around us. Is that what you're thinking about?"

"Don't be so silly, Juliet," said mama. "It does seem to me at your age—you're going on twenty-three—you'd take a sensible view of things. If—if your father were alive—"

The day before Juliet left the Fredrickson Agency, Bert Thomas came in. Thomas was getting ready for his annual production of The Big Show. The 1924 Show was to open soon, and the Fredrickson Advertising Agency was to supply him with some especially snappy display advertising. He used one of the regular theatrical advertising agencies for his usual routine copy, but he liked the art work and display advertising the Fredrickson people did and came to them for special advertising.

There was something unusually magnetic about Thomas. Perhaps the girls in the office confused the position with the man, but anyhow, when he came in, they all straightened up, applied lipstick and powder. A buzz of excitement ran through the office. Thomas did have a certain vitality, a force, an animal attraction that made you know he was important—knew what he wanted, and got what he wanted, too.

He stopped at Juliet's desk. Although he had paused to chat with Juliet for years, she knew him best by reputation. He had discovered many of the most important musical-comedy and revue stars and show girls on Broadway. Each year he had a new favorite. His boast was that no girl had ever turned him down. He dressed well, with only a touch of Broadway. He had never gone cleric in his attire, but he had never yielded, either, to the gaudiness that usually marks Times Square. A tie a trifle too brilliant, a suit obviously well tailored of a material just a trifle too gaudy for a staid business man, were his only sops to his profession. He wore a gray suit now, in which threads of lavender, black, and white mingled, and his tie echoed these colors. He carried his immaculate gray fedora.

"I hear you're leaving," said Thomas. "Marriage?"

"Just another job, I'm afraid."

"What about the boy friend?" asked Thomas.

"You know everything, don't you?" said Juliet.

He smiled at her.

"Offhand, I should say yes," he answered; and then, "You hadn't thought about going into show business, had you?"

"Not since you mentioned it last year," said Juliet.

Thomas smiled.

"Quite a memory! Well, you could do worse than go into The Big Show. If you saw the thousands of girls who came to my office each year just begging for a chance, you'd realize how unusual it was for me to ask a girl to come in. Wouldn't you like to go into show business? It's a great little profession, it's been rumored."

"I'm afraid not," said Juliet.

SHE didn't want to tell Bert Thomas that it was he and not show business that kept her from accepting his offer. There was something latently lascivious about him under his humor and his personality and his obvious attractions. You couldn't tell him that, either.

"Well, any time you change your mind," said Thomas, "you might come in to see me. Providing I'm casting, of course. And don't wait too long. You're lovely now. I know you'd look good from the front—but don't put it off forever."

"I won't," promised Juliet.

It would be fun, being in a New York show. She had the natural curiosity every girl has about the theater. She loved to read stories about the stage, even while she knew that most of them were highly colored and not awfully truthful. Rich millionaires were always pursuing gay girls, curiously innocent in spite of their experiences. In the newer stage stories the girls were always clever bookworms instead of mere butterflies, but the millionaires pursued them just the same. If any other producer had asked her, someone without Bert Thomas' reputation— She didn't know just how to go about going on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

STILL ANOTHER JULIET

Continued from page fifty-three

the stage. It seemed so mysterious, unusual. Oh, well, she knew stenography. That was safe. She'd get a job on Monday and forget about Bert Thomas and his Broadway.

Juliet was rather near tears when she told her friends in the office good-by. These familiar faces, Murphy and Miss Taylor and Ethel Bunn and even Walter Ross and Martin Fronds. And Fredrickson—he was a dear, even if she couldn't consider marrying him.

She spent Sunday morning marking advertisements in the classified section of the Times under Help Wanted—Female. She wondered how many other girls all over New York were doing the same thing.

Juliet took out the box of stationery that Mildred Grey had given her just before Mildred got married. A nice, heavy white paper. She didn't write many letters, usually. Now she answered several advertisements where only a number was given. She gave her experience, her age, the salary she had been receiving. She never got an answer from any of the letters.

On Monday morning, still using the classified section as a guide, Juliet started job-hunting. The first place proved to be a wholesale jeweler's. An odd little Jew with a bald head, curiously red, interviewed her.

What experience had she had? She'd have to be bonded here. Had she ever been bonded before?

He promised to telephone her. She never heard from him.

She went to nearly a dozen offices then. In each of them a queue of girls waited, standing or overflowing every available chair. If a man came to look over the girls, he invariably selected Juliet as one of the girls to be interviewed. If a woman made the selection, she was usually hard-eyed and middle-aged, and Juliet was ignored altogether. Four men made definite advances she could not have ignored and all of which she resented. A fifth offered her a wage that she could not possibly have lived on under any usual circumstances.

The next day she started hunting again. She was tired now, and just a little discouraged. The lovely security that the years in the Fredrickson office had given her was gone. In each place she saw groups of out-of-work girls, and each time the groups were different. Only once did she see a familiar face, a girl whom she had seen in another office. Were there always hundreds of girls, like this, out of work? How did they get jobs finally, these girls? What did they do?

Place after place. The salary Juliet wanted was too high—or the position had been filled—or Juliet was not old enough.

"Sorry; filled the job just half an hour ago."

"We have to have an older woman. A very responsible position."

"It's a shame we didn't see you sooner. This morning at nine-fifteen—"

"Try us again in a month or so."

A KIND of hopelessness came over Juliet. A helplessness she had never had before. She had always felt taken care of, protected. When dad had been alive everything had been lovely, even when she had been dissatisfied, waiting for something to happen. Then she had met Keith, and the world had become a wonderful, gay, pleasant place. Then dad had died, and mama and Keith's mother had been unpleasant about things. And now this—

On Thursday Juliet had lunch with Murphy. Murphy told her about agencies.

"There are dozens of them," said Murphy, "and one is as good as another." She gave Juliet the name of one of them. "You might go here first. The best jobs are usually those you can get through answering an ad, but lots of firms ring up agencies when they have a vacancy, and as they usually ring up two or three agencies, you're just as well off, no matter which one you go to."

The next morning Juliet went to the agency. It proved a bare room high up in an office building. A woman at the desk gave her an application to make out. Twenty girls sat around the room. They lacked the crispness of the girls at Fredrickson's. They were a badly dressed group, most of them, wearing colors too bright and trying with these bits of plumage to assume a gayety and a success that they did not have, offering themselves rather pitifully to an indifferent trade.

Juliet was sent out at once. The salary was low. She went back to the agency. Twice more she was sent out during the day. She could see why the agency chose her instead of some of the despondent little things who sat there wondering why they were not chosen. Both of the vacancies were filled when she got there.

On Sunday she met Keith in Pennsylvania Station. The weather had grown cold—too cold for pleasant out-of-door amusements. They took a bus up to the Metropolitan Museum. They knew what a wonderful place the museum was, but they were just a little tired of it. Even the pictures no longer thrilled them, and sculpture and weapons of war and armor seemed even less fascinating. They didn't know any place else to go where they could talk alone. If they had gone to see one of the married couples they knew, they would have had to be with the others—to be gay and entertaining. Juliet didn't feel like being entertaining.

She and Keith talked. He told her the newest gossip. There was little enough to tell. His mother wasn't feeling very well. He was doing some trade-paper advertisements for the Mercury car.

"IF J. D. would only give you the whole account!" said Juliet. She knew J. D. wouldn't. He had curious ideas. A copy writer had to be a certain age, had to have a certain amount of experience, before he was allowed to handle a large account. Juliet knew that Keith could handle a big account much better than Martin Fronds could. That solemn, round little fellow was really awfully stupid, but always got the credit for knowing things because he was so heavy and serious.

It was lovely being with Keith here in the museum, even though they couldn't bring themselves to care about the gorgeous Morgan Wing or authentic American furniture. All they wanted was each other.

"This can't go on," Keith said. "We must have each other always."

"This can't go on," Juliet echoed.

Yet neither Juliet nor Keith could see what they could do about things.

They had dinner together at a nice little Armenian restaurant, and ate lamb and green peppers and tomatoes roasted on a spit, and talked about their future. And all of the time Juliet was worrying, not about a distant future, but about how she would meet next week's bills. She couldn't worry Keith about that. They laughed over a dozen little things, but under her laughter Juliet wasn't very happy.

That night Juliet worried even more as she read the classified advertisements and answered some of them, none of which she would ever hear from.

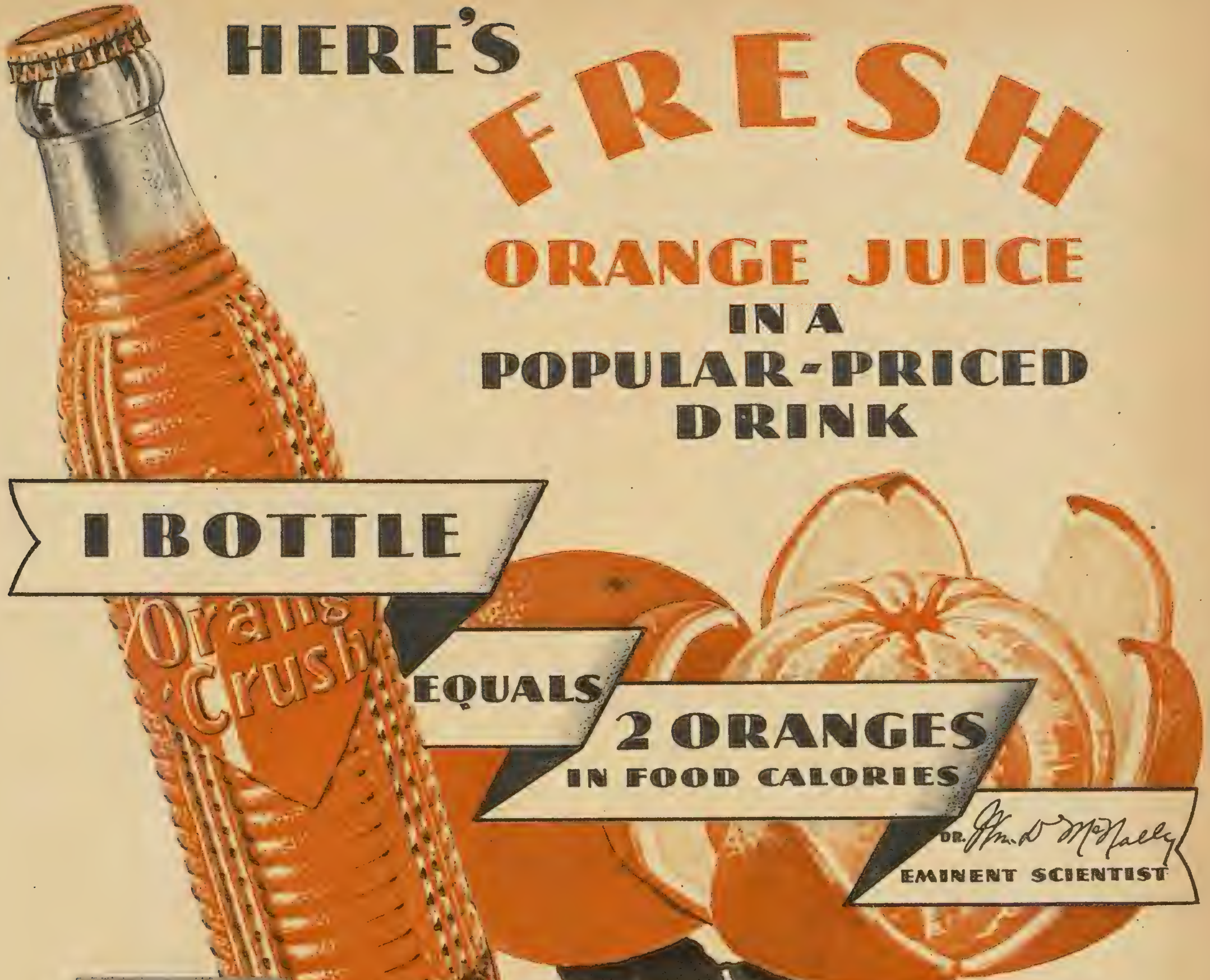
The next morning she assumed a cheerfulness she didn't feel as she had breakfast and talked with mama. Mama was entirely despondent now. Her "What will we ever do!" had become almost a wail. Bad luck was pursuing them, according to mama. Nothing good would ever happen again! If Juliet had acted the right way toward Mr. Fredrickson he never would have fired her. She must have done or said something to make him angry. There was no doubt about that. Nothing would ever be pleasant again.

And that very morning Juliet got a job! It was as good a job as she could find. She felt that. And her salary, to start, was only five dollars a week less than it had been with the Fredrickson Agency.

The McGraw Advertising Company was distinctly cheaper than the Fredrickson Agency. McGraw himself was a jovial enough fellow, but not quite as jovial as he seemed on the surface. He was hard and fairly clever, with a great sense of planning and invention. He spent

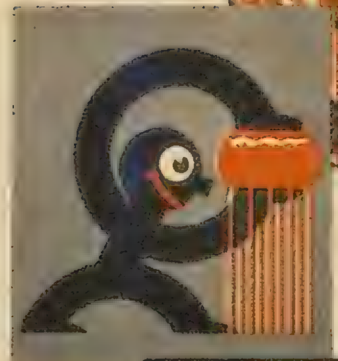
[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

HERE'S FRESH ORANGE JUICE IN A POPULAR-PRICED DRINK

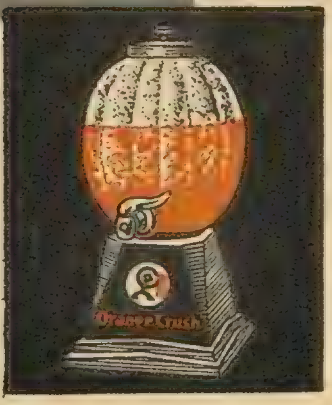


1 BOTTLE EQUALS 2 ORANGES IN FOOD CALORIES

DR. Wm. D. McNally
EMINENT SCIENTIST



MEET "CRUSHY" — he identifies stands selling the new Orange-Crush — ice cold



Also sold at fountains, by the glass

Think of it! A genuine fresh orange juice beverage — for the same price as old-fashioned "pop." ¶ A wholesome pure fruit bottled drink for outdoor thirsts, made a wonderful new way. ¶ The fresh golden juice of luscious oranges — uncooked! Blended with a spicy dash of peel and lemon juice acid; sugar and food color. Zestfully carbonated with sparkling water. ¶ Cooling! Delicious! More refreshing than the fruit itself! "Contains vitamins; drink it as freely as desired," says Dr. McNally. ¶ For health's sake, demand the one and only new fresh fruit Orange-Crush, by name. Sold everywhere.

THE NEW Orange-Crush

Made from FRESH Oranges

Product of ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Ontario, Cal., CHICAGO, New York. World's Largest Producer of Citrus Fruit Beverages

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-four

very little of his time in the office. He was the firm's chief solicitor and idea man. He had got his start with another advertising agency, and when he left it he had taken two accounts with him. These formed the nucleus of the new business.

McGraw spent much of his time with these clients and nearly all the rest getting new business. He left the office management to a Mr. Pidgeon, a solemn, mild little fellow, whom he kept cheerful by false hopes of success. You'd know from looking at Mr. Pidgeon that he would never get ahead. He had a serious little face, with eyes too close together, and you were surprised, when you looked at him, to find that he wasn't really very old. At first glance you took it for granted that he was quite an old man.

A sharp-faced young Jew named Orwitz and a Miss Landseer comprised the rest of the staff. The art work was all given out. The offices were small and dark and dusty. The furniture was old, the typewriters uncertain. The agency handled only small accounts, and some of these seemed a bit doubtful, ethically, to Juliet, even though she had often smiled over some of the exaggerated statements in the Fredrickson accounts.

Most of the things that Juliet had learned in the larger agency she had to unlearn now. At that, she fitted in rather well.

Most of the work was mail-order accounts of rather a cheap grade. They were like the cheaper accounts that the Fredrickson Agency had handled. McGraw managed to yellow things up by promises he could never keep, by advertising containing, definitely, statements that were just on the border line of being untrue. Yet, after a few days, Juliet found herself fitting in almost as if she had always been with the McGraw Advertising Company.

The McGraw offices were too far downtown for Keith and Juliet to meet at noon. Keith could telephone her during the day, and this was quite satisfactory when McGraw was out of the office. When he was there he grew sarcastic about "wasting the firm's time for social calls." After all, she actually had no right to talk to Keith during office hours. She saw him when she could at night. She couldn't leave mama alone every evening, and Mrs. Morris objected, too, when they met too frequently.

They were doubly grateful, now, when the Nortons or the Garrisons or the Halls or the Petersons invited them over for the evening or to spend Sunday. Before this, while they had appreciated these invitations, they still could see each other in the office every day. Now an evening with the Halls meant that Juliet and Keith could be together, so they actually liked Mrs. Hall's affected Southern accent and the too quickly vanishing Southern biscuits. Juliet enjoyed Mrs. Peterson's uninteresting food because Keith was across the table, and the Nortons' cocktails, poor gin and all, seemed better than any other drink in the world. Even the Garrisons' baby became a darling little fellow.

THEY went to the movies and to the theater. Keith couldn't afford to spend much money for the theater. His mother saw to that. She was going to a doctor for her nerves, and the doctor was the type that charged a good fee and required frequent visits.

"The trouble is," Keith told Juliet, "he's the type of doctor who uses psychology not to help his patients but to get them to come back to him."

Christmas came, and Juliet gave Keith a fountain pen and a pencil, so he would always have something with him that she had given him.

"Not that I need anything to remind me of you. Everything, all day long, makes me think of you," he said. And he gave her a lovely little platinum pin that "looked like frosted moonlight."

And March came, and Juliet was twenty-three.

She couldn't believe it. Why, she and Keith had been going together for three years! Dad had been dead such a long time! And she and Keith loved each other—and were no nearer being married than they had been three years before. A hundred memories and a love that grew deeper and more tender—and nothing at all happening to bring them any nearer. And all they wanted out of life, really, was to be together.

In May the McGraw Company did so poorly that Juliet was let out. She really was fired this time! Mama, who had just begun to get her spirits back and was asking if Mr. McGraw was a married man, and if he were single why didn't he take Juliet out occasionally, went into one of her blue spells again.

Juliet was without work for two weeks, and began to get really worried, when she got a job. It was a good job while it lasted—and it lasted just a month. And she was without work again. She had three jobs in the next four months.

Doherty, a nervous little fellow whose wife called him up every hour or two, decided he would have to reduce Juliet's pay or not keep her. Juliet found out that he always took girls on at the salary they asked and then reduced them a couple of weeks later. The girls usually, fearful of being out of work in a bad season, accepted the reduction. Juliet didn't dare accept. Expenses were just barely paid for at home the way things were.

On her next job, the man's wife came down to visit, and, instead of seeing the plain stenographer she had evidently been told about, saw Juliet's burnished hair and lovely skin and black-lashed eyes, and decided she'd pick out her husband's stenographer herself.

FINALLY Juliet got a job with a wholesale hardware company as secretary to the stove buyer. He was a gentle, inoffensive little fellow, and the work was as uninteresting as possible. At least, it was a regular job.

Juliet was not near Keith's office. Keith had stayed with the J. D. Fredrickson Agency. He got a raise and was given one of the larger accounts. He had the Beauty Overnight account now, and Ross, the head of the copy department, had told him he was doing remarkably well.

It made Juliet happy to know of Keith's progress, but it didn't actually help things a great deal. Keith's mother found a way to spend all of his extra money—doctors, things she needed for the household. She felt, if possible, even more strongly about Juliet.

"I thought that you'd get some sense after that girl left the office," she told him. "To think that a son of mine should run around year after year with an ordinary stenographer!"

The summer came, and there were lovely days on the beach and in the country. And fall came, and again it was harder to be together as the weather grew cold.

This couldn't go on! Juliet's birthday came and she was twenty-four. She looked in the glass to see if she really looked any older. She decided she didn't, really. Her lines hadn't broadened. Sometimes, when she looked at herself critically, she thought she saw tiny shadows under her eyes, little lines at the corners. She wasn't sure. No one ever guessed her right age. But this could go on year after year, until she was twenty-five, twenty-six—thirty— Forever, even.

Keith reported that the man Freda Robertson had been going with for over eight years had married another girl. Miss Robertson felt dreadful about it, Keith said. Why, that was an echo of poor old Murphy! Juliet knew there were thousands of girls like Murphy and Miss Robertson who went with men year after year. It wouldn't be like that with her and Keith. They really loved each other.

The days Juliet and Keith were together were as wonderful as ever—but it was so difficult being together. When Keith took Juliet to the station at night, they would go to the part of Pennsylvania Station where the trains left for distant points, and they kissed there as if one were going away and they were saying good-by. It was thrilling—but unsatisfactory. They wanted more than that. The privilege of making love when they wanted to make love. A home. Babies.

When Juliet met Bert Thomas on Fifth Avenue, she was glad to see him. He looked friendly, familiar. She still associated him with the Fredrickson office. He was as gay as ever, and dressed as cleverly as ever.

"How's the girl?" he asked. "I'm just starting to put on a new show—a big summer show: The Big Show, Summer of 1925 Edition. Want to join on?"

"I don't know," said Juliet, and hesitated.

"Look here, sister," said Thomas. "What's the big idea? We don't eat girls, even in show business, and you're only young once, you know."

He looked at her critically in the early spring sunshine.

"Sister," he said earnestly, "you won't stay young forever. You know—'This offer might be withdrawn at any minute.'"

"You think so?" asked Juliet.

"I know you're pretty enough now, but let me see. It has been several years since I've been seeing you around. It seems to me I first saw you four or five years ago. Oh, you're as lovely-looking as ever. You'd be as lovely from the front. But tonight, when you go home, take out a picture you had taken, say in 1920, and look at it. You look quite as good to me, sister; I don't care for infants, anyhow. Most flappers only get interesting over twenty-three. But you're not the girl you were five years ago—and I'd like to bet you can see the difference yourself. Just a shadow under the eyes maybe, and a little look around the mouth that wasn't there when you were, say, eighteen. But 'gather ye rosebuds,' sister.

"WHAT about coming over tomorrow and getting in The Big Show? We're using some of the most stunning show girls in town. You'll be in good company."

Juliet hesitated.

"And fifty dollars to start," said Thomas. "Isn't that better than tapping keys?"

Juliet knew her job had no future. There was nothing she could do that had a future. This might be a chance. She wasn't in the office with Keith, anyway, and as for Thomas, she could take care of herself if he tried to get fresh. She could always leave the show and get another job. There was something about the theater that was fascinating—and there was just a chance that she might succeed. Keith would be proud of her, too, seeing her on the stage.

"Well," said Thomas, "what about it? Report on Monday for rehearsal?"

Juliet looked up at Thomas. There was a power, an attraction there. She understood why women liked him. But, after all, his eyes seemed kindly enough. Maybe all the stories about him had been wrong. It would be exciting. And with that extra money she could do all sorts of things for mama. She could get the house fixed up. Then she could get some new clothes, make Keith proud of her. Maybe she could save a little. And some day she and Keith—

"All right," she nodded. "Thanks a lot. If you really mean it, I'd—I'd like to try."

"Monday at ten," said Thomas. "You know, over at the New York Theater. Ask for me. Don't let them turn you away."

Juliet faces a new life. New work. New pleasures. New dangers. Next week you'll follow her into the uncertain, sink-or-swim world of the stage.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Didn't Like It

John, a precocious child, started going to school. His answer to the inevitable question, "Well, John, how do you like school?" was, "Oh, I like to know, but I hate to learn."—Mildred Butts, 321 Third St., Marietta, Ohio.

* * *

Weights and W-a-i-t-s!

At dinner the family were discussing their various weights. Robert, aged four, sat quietly during the conversation. Someone asked him what his weight was. He quickly answered: "My wait's for pie."—Mrs. A. P. Fenton, 214 Barrington Road, Upper Darby, Pa.

Serving . . .

SEVEN MILLION

family meals a day!

THE Liberty audience—2,400,000 prosperous, city families . . . Serving 7,200,000 family meals each day of the year! . . . Family grocery bills that mount to millions of dollars each week.

2,400,000 families . . .They live for the most part in the larger cities—cities of 10,000 population or more. They have city trained appetites for table delicacies. They can and do pay for the best food on the market.

An average of 2.4 readers to every copy. A total of 3,009,389 women and 2,749,946 men reading every issue of Liberty.

You reach this vast, active buying market at the lowest advertising cost per thousand pages among major magazines!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Biggest newsdealer sale of any magazine

STRETCHING

By EILEEN BOURNE

STRETCH and relax! Stretch and relax! It is the new exercise order.

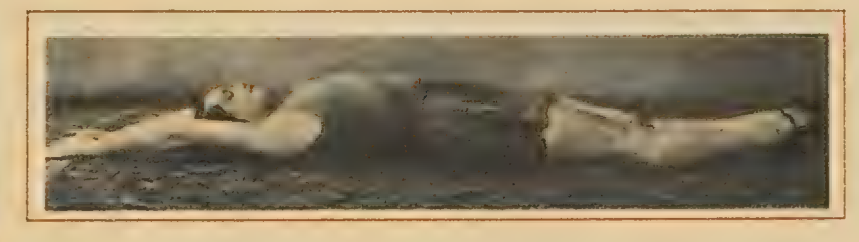
Our most up-to-the-minute physical directors are advocating a stretch a day to keep the blues away, overweight blues, underweight, or just blues, the last traceable usually to a run-down physical condition.

Stretching to keep young, agile, and happy is no new invention. Animals thought it up long æons ago, as witness the keeping-fit antics of dog, cat, lion, tiger. No chinning bars or dumbbells on their health program. Stretching and more stretching before scampering about on their daily duties is their instinctive action.

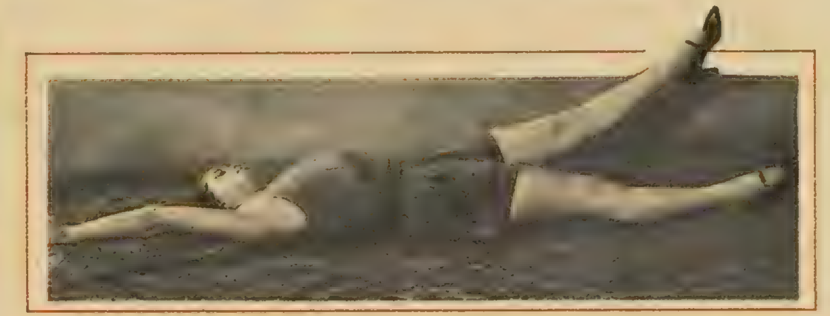
Try stretching. Clasp your hands behind your head, take a great yawn, stretch to your toe tips, and see if that doesn't put some new life into you. Relax and take another stretch. Stop in your household duties, throw hands up over your head, and take a long stretch. Or walk around on tiptoes, stretching from head to toes. Observe that all sports call for muscle stretching.

Without argument *pro* and *con*, go ahead and try the new muscular diversion.

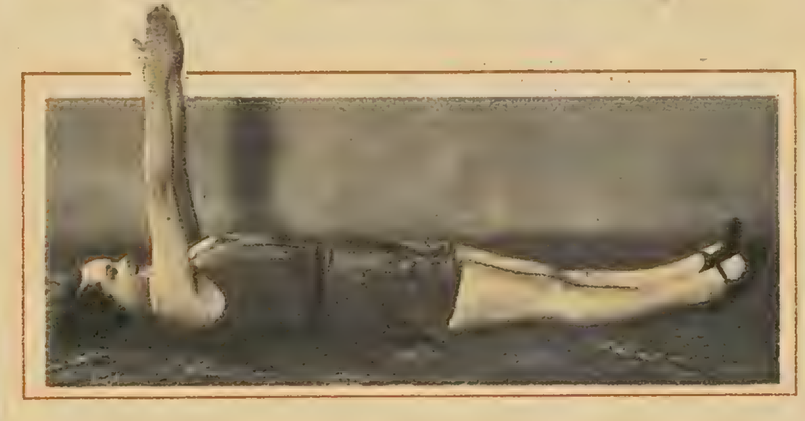
If you want a neater waistline, hip, bust, arm, or leg—*stretch!*



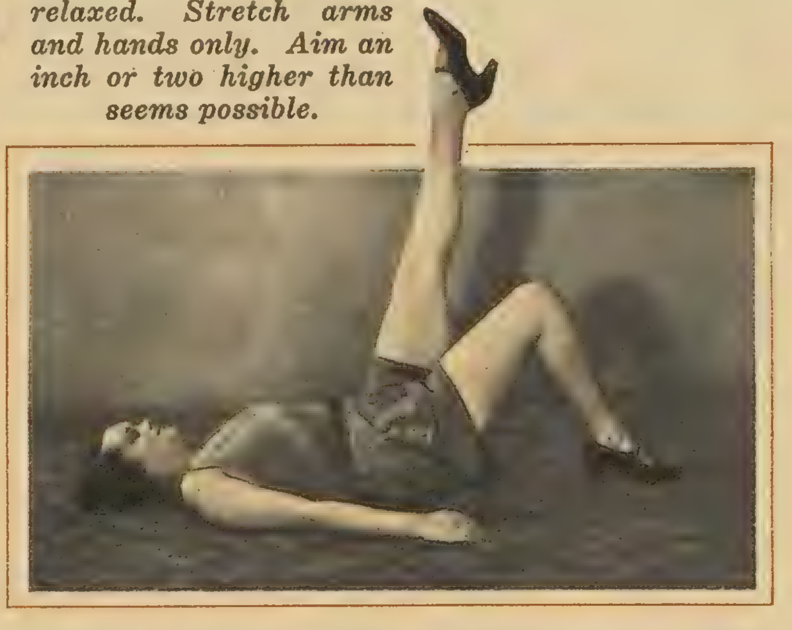
Lie flat, arms overhead, and stretch from fingers to toes until every muscle feels the pull. Relax between stretches for five long, deep breaths.



Stretch the right arm and left leg; left arm and right leg. Relax, and breathe deeply.

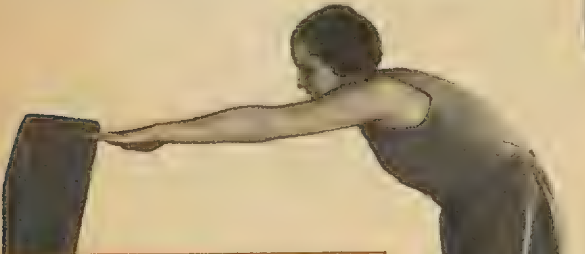


Keep the head and body relaxed. Stretch arms and hands only. Aim an inch or two higher than seems possible.

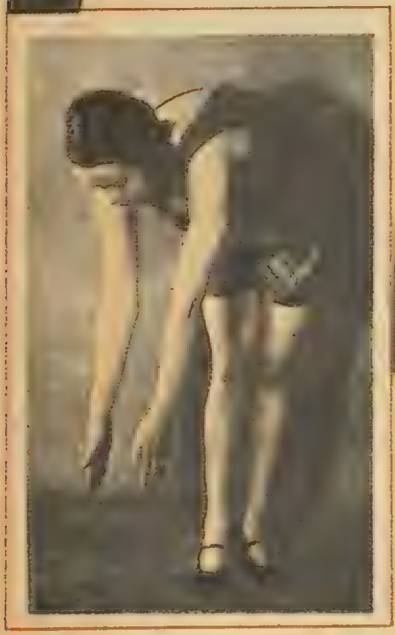


Stretch the legs up alternately, then together.

This tiptoe stretch tells its own story. Walk around, stretching, as long as you can stay up on your toes.



Place a chair a good stretch away. Try to touch it, first with the hands, then with one foot, and then with the other.



Relax the upper body completely. "Hang" from the waist. Stretch the arms and hands, swaying from right to left side and back, stretching and stretching.

P. & A. photos

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

If you have a question on beauty or hygiene that you would like Miss Bourne to answer personally, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope and mail your queries to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's New Book of Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name..
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City.................................State........................ 206

AFTER TEN in PARIS

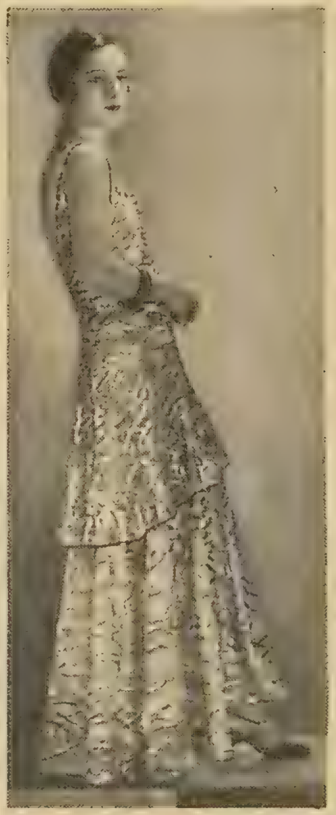
By

BETTINA BEDWELL

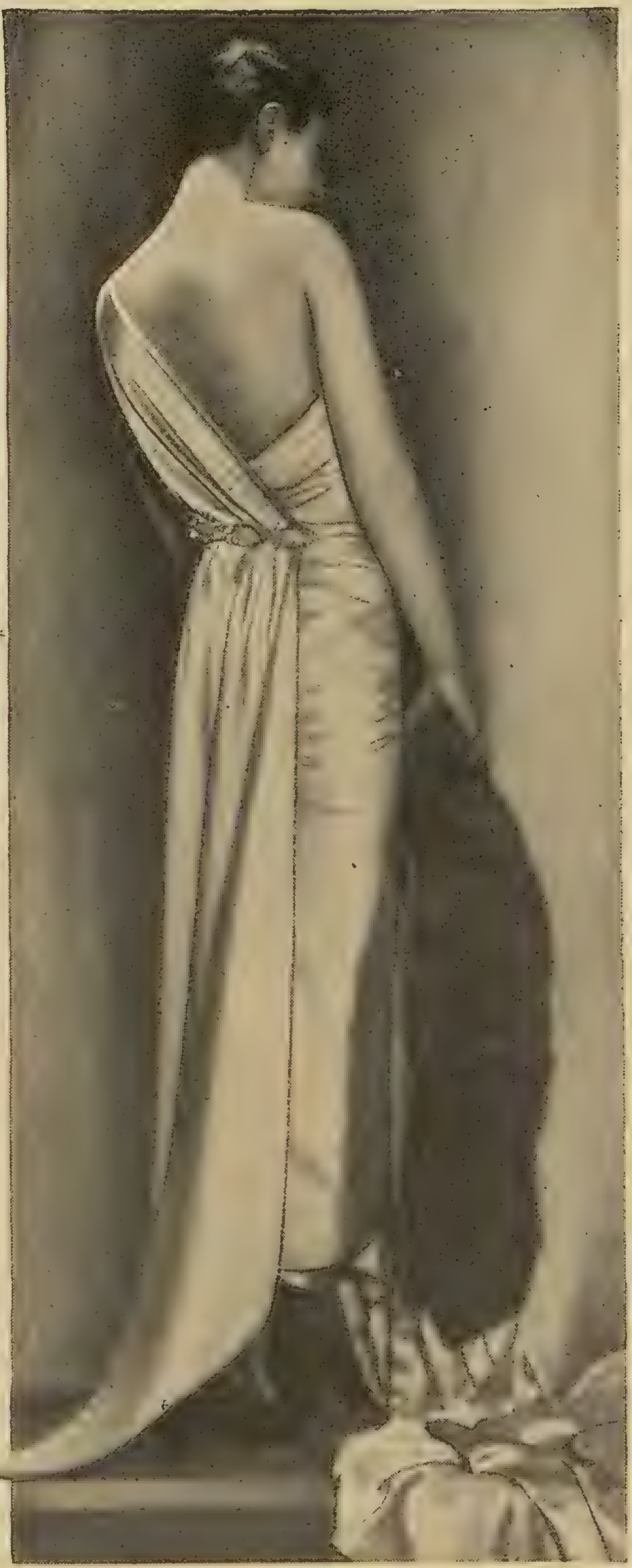
Paris.

JEAN PATOU comes back from America avowing that in fifty years there will be no more fashions. A style-seeing tour around the so-called fashionable night haunts of Paris would almost convince the observing tourist that there is no fashion today. No two women are dressed alike. No famous dress from Mme. Chanel or M. Thus-and-So can be seen over and over again, night after night. A sweet English blonde is wearing something in tulle that makes her look like a picture. Madame la Marquise is as modern as an Antheil opera in a swirling black frock. Miss America is as Greek as Sappho in her white and silver frock from Talbot. While Señora Argentina reminds you that the embroidered frock is every woman's right. A celebrated duchess wears Louiseboulanger's silver organdie dress with panniered skirt, and so on. It addles the brain to try to find *the* fasion.

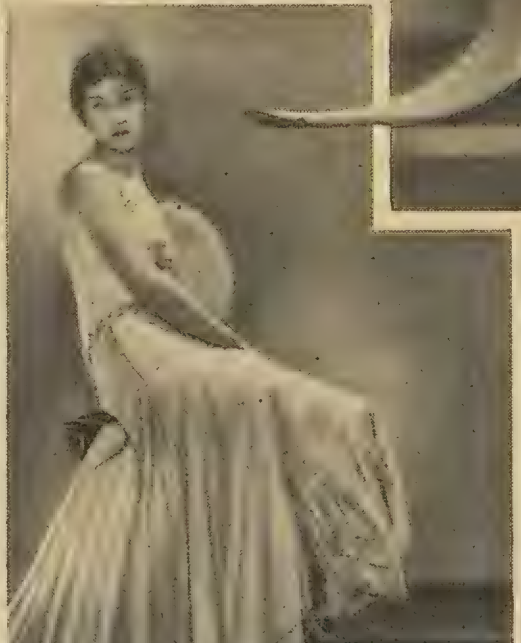
True, there are no really short skirts, and all waistlines seem normal. There are no tightly fitted waists and no skimping of material in the skirt, but there is the greatest leeway for individual selection that women have ever had since Paris was a style center. Daytime fashions preserve some clear, readable trends, but after ten o'clock of a Paris evening your sweet fancy is the limit. The bonds that shackle us to style appear to be rubber bands with practically limitless elasticity. *Élégantes* dressed very differently one from the other, all appear *right* and completely in the moment sartorially.



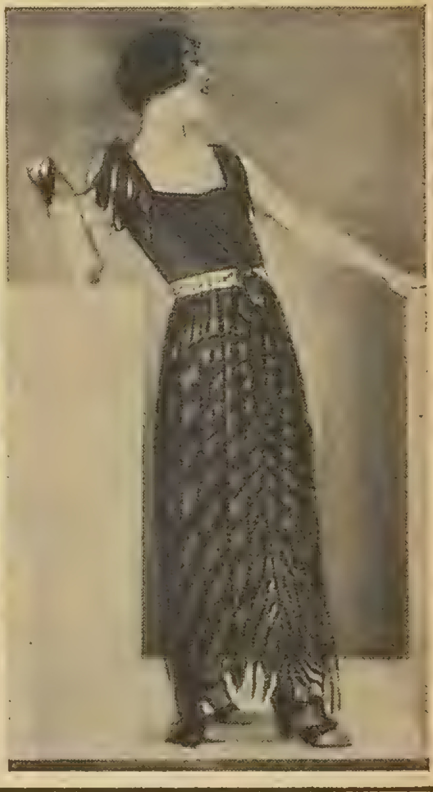
Worth introduces starched chiffon embroidered with silver raffia.



Callot offers a daring décolleté in this gown of white satin buckled with diamonds.



Pink and silver rosebuds circle the waist of a Norman Hartnell evening gown of pale blue tulle, and silver edges the skirt.



This Talbot frock is of black tulle with bands of black taffeta. The sandals of black taffeta have no vamp.

Choosing your evening frock, you will be wise to remember that you have this latitude: that no selection which does not express your own taste and emphasize your special charm can be either good or fashionable.

YOU need not be sumptuous nor slavishly simple. You may wear *any* color. I can't think of a single shade that isn't fashionable. You pick your material with the same license. Anything from cotton to a georgette brocade is quite all right if it fits your occasions. The world is realizing that women are individuals.

For the plump, youthful matron, the Worth frock of starched chiffon embroidered in silver raffia is a stunning model.

A charming dress for the young girl is the pale blue tulle dance dress from Norman Hartnell shown in our second photograph. This has the chic that is ideal for the slim débutante—the bodice with its modest neckline, the pink and silver rose girdle, and the petaled skirt edged with silver.

The Callot evening gown of white satin shown in the large photo is very smart for the sophisticated woman, with its daring décolleté and its drapery and trailing back panel. The buckle at the back is made of diamonds and the white satin evening wrap is collared with blue fox.

The Suzanne Talbot evening gown of black tulle oddly banded with black taffeta is completely modern. The girdle is white crystal tied with a ribbon.

CANNING

By ETHEL SOMERS

SUCCESSFUL canning of fruits and vegetables lies in controlling the activity of bacteria. Fruit becomes sterile when boiled with sugar sirup and bacterial growth is prevented. The product is then protected in sealed sterilized jars. In making pickles, vinegar aids the sugar in preventing bacterial growth.

To insure the best product, fruits and vegetables must be as fresh as possible, sound, and thoroughly washed. Work with small quantities, never more than two quarts. Cook rapidly, but do not overcook, lest the flavor and color be lost.

Fruit Chips

4 pounds thinly sliced fruit—peaches, pears, apples, apricots, and quinces
4 to 6 cups sugar
1½ to 2 lemons
1 ounce preserved ginger, shredded fine

THE lemon may be prepared in one of two ways. Either slice it very thin and quarter it as for marmalade, or grate the outer coating of the rind and use with the juice. Peel the washed fruit and slice very thin (into chips). Add the other ingredients and let stand about twenty minutes or until some of the sugar melts into a sirup (to prevent burning). Cook slowly until the fruit becomes clear and the sirup thick. Pack into sterile jelly glasses and seal airtight.

Currant Jelly

3 cups currant juice
3 cups granulated sugar

PREPARE the currant juice by placing one-fourth of the washed currants in a large-bottomed preserving kettle. No water need be added. To provide juice, crush the currants with a potato masher or the back of a large spoon until about one-fourth of the currants are broken. This will prevent scorching. Add the other three-fourths of the currants and cook rapidly until the juice flows freely.

Drain overnight through double cheesecloth or light muslin. Jelly bags should never be squeezed if a clear, brilliant jelly is desired.

Heat the drained juice to boiling. Stir in the sugar, which has been measured and set in a warm place. Boil rapidly, with occasional stirring, to the jelly stage (220° F.), when the sirup will slide rather than drop off the spoon after forming in two jellylike drops side by side on the spoon edge. Pour into sterile glasses and seal.

Preserved ginger is a novel and pleasing addition to canned fruit or fruit salads.

Sun-Cooked Currant Jelly

USING the same proportions as for currant jelly, stir the sugar into the hot currant juice and pour into sterilized jelly glasses without further cooking. Do not seal, but cover with a piece of glass to keep it clean and set in a sunny place for several days. If the jelly is not congealed at this time continue to sun-cook it until the desired consistency is attained. Seal and store.

ONCE your fruits and jellies are canned, the next thing to do is consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks for the best ways of serving them. Pies, cobbler, tarts, and jelly cake are a few from Miss Somers' complete list of recipes that will guarantee variety. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Order them today. And please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name ....

Street or R. F. D.............................

City.................State...........7-26-30

To keep the shape of pickled rinds, reheat the liquor and pour it over them repeatedly.

Spiced Sweet Pickle

2½ to 3 pounds prepared fruit
½ teaspoon whole cloves
5-inch stick cinnamon, broken
2 pounds sugar, preferably brown
1 pint vinegar.

LOOSELY tie the spices in cheesecloth. Add to the sugar and vinegar. Heat to boiling. Boil five minutes and pour over the prepared fruit, which has been packed closely in a sterilized crock. (This fruit may be whole or halved apricots; peeled rind of cantaloupe or parboiled sectors of watermelon rind; thick slices of cooked carrots; thick slices of ripe cucumber, either left whole or with the seed portion removed to form rings; peeled whole or halved peaches; very ripe pineapple sectors.) Cover the fruit with a plate, add a one-pound weight, and let it stand in a cool place for several days to absorb the sirup. Drain off the pickling liquor and heat with the spice bag to boiling. Boil five minutes, then remove the spice bag. Add the fruit and continue to cook until clear and tender. Pour into sterile glasses and seal.

Mint Jelly

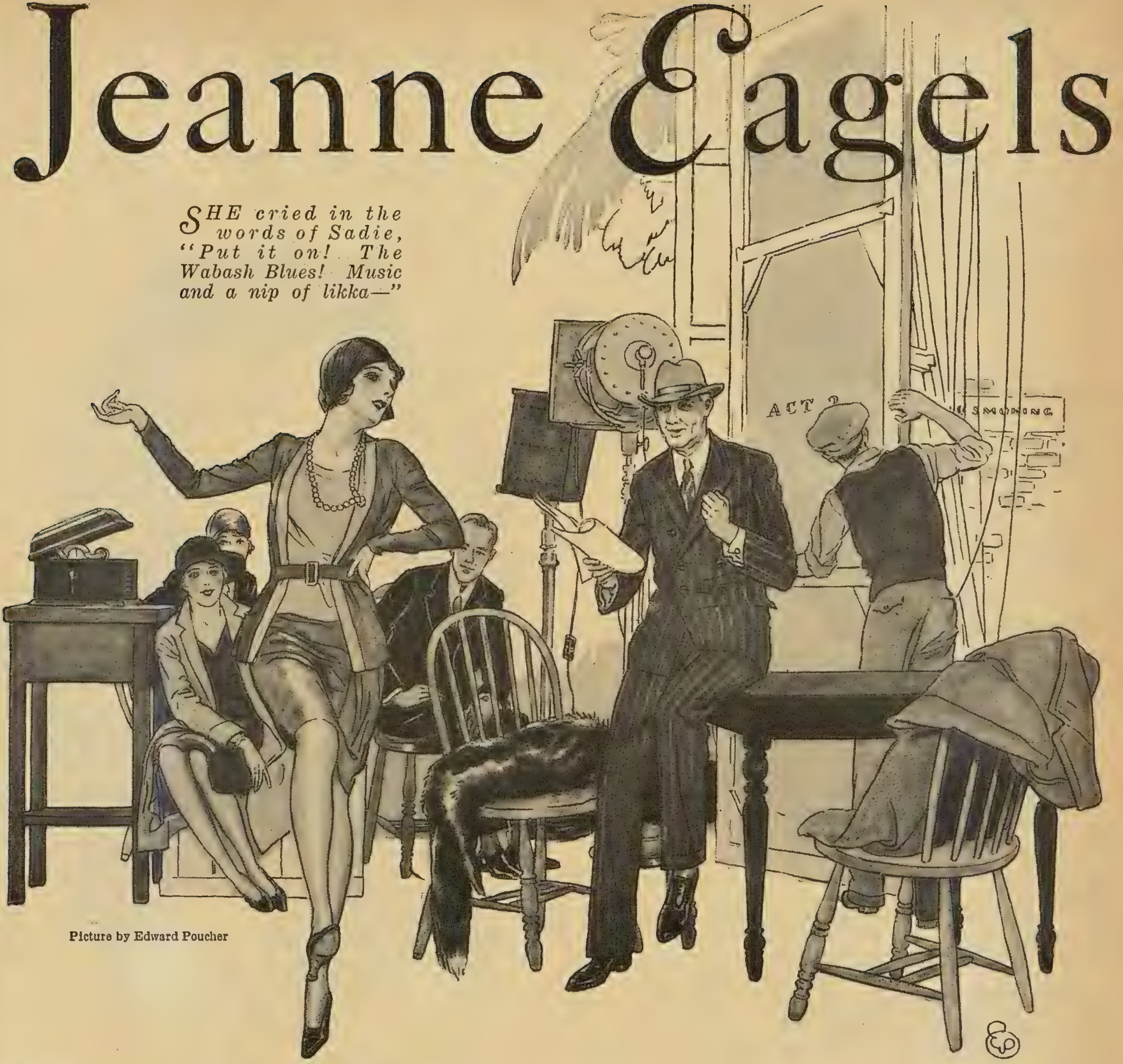
3 cups apple juice
2 cups sugar
1 to 2 tablespoons prepared mint

CHOP washed mint leaves to the amount of one-half cupful, and add two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of cold water. Cover and let stand eight hours or overnight. Place on the fire and bring to the boiling point.

To prepare the apple juice, cut three pounds of washed tart apples into eighths. Do not remove the peeling or core. Discard the stem and blossom end. Add two cups of cold water and bring quickly to a boil. Cook until soft and drain through a double cheesecloth bag without squeezing. This will yield approximately three cups of apple juice.

Heat the apple juice to boiling. Stir in the sugar and boil vigorously to the jelly stage (220° F.), when the juice will form two drops that will slide off the side of the spoon. Add the mint. If desired, this may be squeezed through a bag and the juice only added.

Jeanne Eagels



SHE cried in the words of Sadie, "Put it on! The Wabash Blues! Music and a nip of likka—"

Picture by Edward Poucher

MR. DOHERTY'S story now approaches the climax of Jeanne Eagels' stage career, which began in 1901, when as a child of eleven she played a Shakespearean part in Kansas City. Previous installments have followed her through her long novitiate as chorus girl and tent-show "Bernhardt," and through the ins and outs of her earlier years on Broadway—years during which she was known as "the patsy" of that thoroughfare, and was pigeonholed by most of its habitués as a pretty, irresponsible blonde with a quick temper who thought herself, absurdly, the world's greatest actress. Last week Mr. Doherty told how she made a friend and foster mother of Maria Savage, her French teacher, whom she called Mama Froggy; how she played with some success in a melodrama, In the Night Watch; and how she was tragi-comically attended across the Atlantic and back again by the unrequited passion of a burly Italian, a stevedore millionaire.

The Dog-Town Flop of A Gentleman's Mother—"A Part in a Play Called Rain"—Enter Sadie Thompson

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

PART NINE

SAM HARRIS, when he saw Jeanne Eagels in Daddies, vowed that some day she would be one of his stars. And Sam Forrest, his stage director, who had seen Jeanne first in Outcast, knew that Jeanne should be a star.

When the two Sams were casting for My Lady's Lips, therefore, and learned that Jeanne was free, they grasped the opportunity to engage her.

Jeanne had spent her $7,000 in Europe. She had quarreled with the stevedore millionaire, and had walked out of the rooms he had furnished for her, leaving all his gifts behind her. She was again dodging creditors. And she was glad to get the chance of working for Sam Harris. She was fond of Harris, and she needed the money.

My Lady's Lips had but three rôles. Jeanne was to have the lead. Martha Hedman was to have the second rôle, and William Powell the other. Jeanne accepted the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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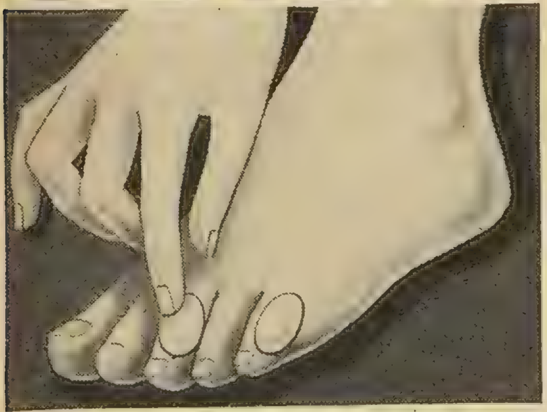
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JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-one

script and declared she was enthusiastic about it. Forrest began rehearsals almost immediately; and then Jeanne changed her mind.

"You'll have to get somebody else for this part," she told Forrest. "I'm sorry, but I can't play it. It isn't my sort of rôle. I can't put myself into it."

"But—" Forrest began.

"I know," Jeanne interrupted. "It's a wonderful part, and I raved about it. But I find it isn't for me. I'm not trying to trick you. I haven't any other offer. I'm not trying to get out of this so I can better myself. In fact, I think I shall starve until I get something else. I am merely being honest with you—and with myself. If I go through with the part, I know I will not give a good performance. I can't put myself into the character. I'm sorry, but I can't do anything else."

FORREST was angry and indignant. No actress had ever rehearsed a play with him before and then walked out with, "I'm sorry." Such things are not done. He engaged another actress, but he didn't forget Jeanne Eagels. The girl needed a lesson, and some day—when she wanted another job from Sam Harris—she would get it.

If Jeanne worried about her predicament—and actresses out of work worry as much as bricklayers—she pretended otherwise. Lean months followed, but her feet danced through living rooms and dressing rooms. She was the life of every party, as she always was.

She could count on Clifton Webb to take her to the opera. And the courtesies of the profession were always given her at the box offices of theaters.

Webb had season tickets to the opera, and he and Jeanne always sat next to Zoe Akins and Jobyna Howland. All during the performance the four would sit entranced, and all during the intermission they would chatter.

"I'm going to write you a play, Jeanne," Zoe promised. "And if Elsie Ferguson doesn't take The Varying Shore, I'll give you that."

Miss Akins had written this play for Elsie, but Elsie was in France, and Zoe—and Jeanne—must wait for her return to know whether she would take it. Zoe brought the manuscript to Jeanne that she might study it.

Brown Bros. photo

Jeanne Eagels at the height of her blonde beauty, when she was twenty-eight.

"It won't do you any harm to read it," she said, "and if Elsie doesn't care for it and you do, you'll know it by heart before rehearsals start."

Jeanne read the play and phoned Zoe.

"It's beautiful," she said. "It's glorious! I've read it and rehearsed it. I've died and gone to heaven. If I don't get it I'll be broken-hearted."

It was difficult for Zoe to relay her news. She had a cable. Elsie was coming home, and must have the play.

"Don't take it so hard, though," she tried to console Jeanne. "I'm writing a play for you. I'm calling it Moonflower, and I think you'll love it."

Zoe went to Europe without finishing Moonflower, however, and when the play was done it was too late for Jeanne. She was already rehearsing for Rain.

Elsie Ferguson played The Varying Shore, and it failed in New York, though it met with some little success on the road. If Jeanne had played it and made a success she might never have played Sadie Thompson in Rain. Elsie Ferguson was glad to get Moonflower, the play written for Jeanne, and was superb in the part. The play made a great success.

Jeanne went back to Mama Froggy's, and it was many months before she was given another opportunity to prove herself an actress.

Curiously enough, it was Sam Forrest who gave her that chance.

Sam's wife, Mary Ryan, was in Chicago when she received the manuscript of A Gentleman's Mother. She liked it, but inasmuch as she had played a somewhat similar rôle in Red Light Annie, she felt that the public might think her a one-character actress. She sent the play to her husband with the remark that there was but one other woman in America who could play it—Jeanne Eagels.

Forrest broke his pencil in two and threw the pieces on the floor.

Jeanne Eagels, eh? The only girl who had ever walked out on him. He went to Sam Harris.

"I've read the play," he said, "and it might make a hit. And Jeanne Eagels would be great in it. But she isn't going to walk out on me again."

"She will," said Harris, "and she won't. Get her on the phone now and tell her I want to talk to her."

It was the spring breaking after a cold hard winter—the dawn of stardom, the faint stirring of Success after years of poverty and struggle and despair. It came as the telephone ringing in Mama Froggy's flat, and a voice saying, "Sam Harris wants to see Jeanne Eagels right away—and make it snappy."

II

SAM HARRIS outlined the play to Jeanne, and she consented only too readily to take the part he offered and to "be good."

"It's really a great character you have in this play," Harris told her. "In the first act you are an old woman. You tend bar in a French seaport town like Calais. You speak French for half the act. All the people who drift into the bar speak French. Finally an Englishman enters, and you speak English to him."

"I can speak French," said Jeanne.

"I know," said Harris. "And you speak English, too. But you are not to speak it with the broad A, if you please. The Englishman is surprised to hear you speak his native tongue, and without a trace of foreign accent. You explain that you were born in London, and that at one time you were a soubrette. We darken the stage, and in a few seconds we spot you, no longer the old Frenchwoman tending bar, but a beautiful young soubrette. You sing. You dance."

"I can do it," Jeanne said, her eyes widening, shining. She rose quickly from her chair, sang a snatch of song, shuffled a few steps. Harris clapped his hands, and made her sit down again.

"You had a baby when you were hardly more than a baby yourself," he went on. "The child was taken from you. You don't know where he is. You feel he is alive, and all your life you have hoped and prayed that whatever else he might grow up to be he would be a gentleman."

"I understand," said Jeanne. She did not look at Harris.

"The Englishman has a fight and kills one of the Frenchmen in the bar, and the old woman, who has discovered the boy is her son, attempts to take the blame. She begs him to flee, explaining that if he doesn't escape he will be put to death. She tells him she will say that she killed the man to protect her property and her life. She will have to spend some time in jail, but she will be in no danger of punishment, she insists, because she has a valid defense. But the Englishman refuses. He tells the old woman there are some things a gentleman may not do—even to save his life. And the woman is happy because she knows at least that her prayers have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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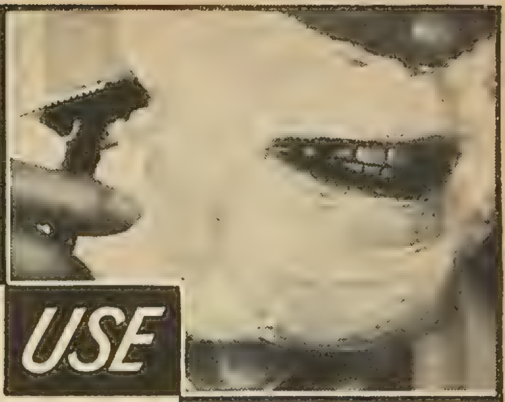

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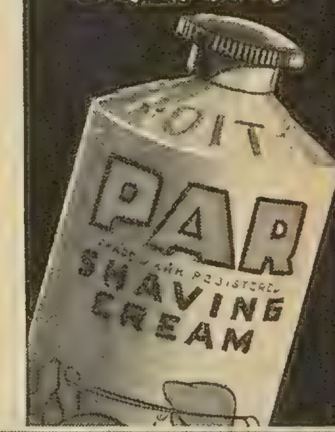

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[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-three]

been answered, and her son is the gentleman she hoped he would be."

Jeanne nodded. Was she thinking of her own boy?

"Now I'm going to call in Forrest," Harris said, getting out of his chair. "He's pretty sore, and I don't blame him. I'll leave you alone with him and you make your peace. Remember, from now on he's your boss."

Jeanne apologized in a manner all her own.

"Oh, Mr. Forrest," she said, as soon as he opened the door, "Mr. Harris has been telling me all about you. He says you are the most wonderful director he ever had! He says you're a genius! He depends upon you completely! He says you know more about the theater than anybody in the world, himself included!"

BEFORE Forrest had crawled out from beneath this avalanche of flattery and the sweetest and most cozening of smiles he almost begged Jeanne's pardon for resenting her desertion of My Lady's Lips.

"And I've promised Mr. Harris," Jeanne went on, "that I'm going to be very, very good. I'm going to work hard for you, Mr. Forrest. I'll do just as you say, and we won't have a bit of trouble."

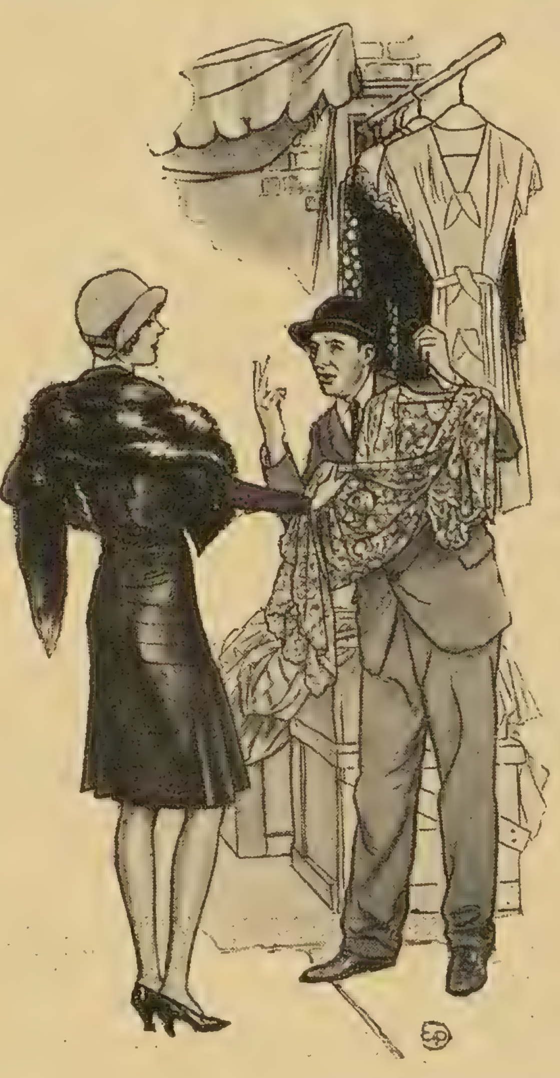
She did everything but kiss him.

And never were there more harmonious relations between actress and director than existed between Jeanne Eagels and Sam Forrest during the rehearsals of A Gentleman's Mother.

Jeanne rehearsed day and night, and Mama Froggy was with her all the time, helping to perfect her in the character of a French woman bartender. Forrest was delighted with her work, and Harris enthusiastic.

"There isn't another woman on the stage so versatile," Harris remarked to Forrest. "I didn't believe anyone could change her character so quickly. She's perfect as the old hag at the bar. And the next moment she's perfect as the soubrette. Maybe she is what she claims to be, the greatest actress in the world."

"She is," Forrest agreed. "And the nicest. They said she couldn't rehearse. Did you ever see anyone better at a rehearsal? Or more docile? Why, she'd eat sugar out of your hand."



Picture by Edward Poucher

The coat of salmon-pink sateen she picked up on the Bowery.

The play opened in Atlantic City. It was a failure. It was rewritten later. Mary Nash played it as The Lady. And when it was sold to the movies it became Norma Talmadge's greatest success.

The play failed, though the actress triumphed. It takes more than a rôle to make a play.

"Don't feel bad, Jeanne," Harris said. "You were marvelous. It wasn't your fault. It was the fault of the play. I'm going to pep it up and do it over again, and you can have it if you want to. Or you can have a new play I've just read. It's called Rain, and I think it has a chance."

JEANNE'S face lighted up, and on the way home to Mama Froggy's she bought a quart of ice cream with cherries in it.

"First we'll have a banquet," she said. "Then we'll read the play."

The next day Jeanne called up Zoe Akins, who had recently returned from Europe.

"Honey," she said, "you don't have to finish Moonflower for me. I've been given a wonderful part in a play called Rain, by a man named John Colton. He wrote it out of Somerset Maugham's short story, Miss Thompson."

"I've heard of that play," Zoe said, "and I don't see what you want with it. I can't see you in it at all."

Zoe hadn't read the play. But she had read the story—the story of a girl with thick ankles, whose very ugliness fascinated the missionary who wanted to convert her, and led to his destruction.

"Helen MacKellar was offered the part," Zoe went on, "and Marjorie Rambeau, and lots of other good actresses, and they all turned it down. I think they were wise. I understand that Maugham himself didn't believe there was a play in his story, and that he sold his rights for a few hundred dollars. I hate to think of you in another flop. Why don't you wait for a while? If I haven't finished Moonflower soon, something else will turn up."

Jeanne's visions of herself as Sadie Thompson were dimmed. Zoe Akins ought to know. She had written many plays. She wouldn't advise a friend to refuse a play if she didn't think the play was bad. Still, the part of Sadie looked wonderful on paper.

" What do you think, Mama Froggy? " Jeanne asked.

" I think you'd be foolish to throw away this opportunity just because somebody can't see you in the rôle."

Suddenly Jeanne remembered her conversation with Willard Mack, and his prophecy that some day some man would write a play of the South Seas, and that if Jeanne were fortunate enough to appear in it she might become a star.

She turned again to the manuscript and read her entrance line aloud. " So! I'm to be parked here, am I, dearie? "

And Sadie Thompson was born in the flesh.

III

JEANNE EAGELS, reading Rain, was unaware that Pauline Armitage went to sleep every night serene and happy in the thought that she was to have it.

John D. Williams and Kent Thurber, who became interested in the play after it had been turned down by a dozen of America's greatest actresses, had offered the part of Sadie to Miss Armitage. But they didn't have money enough to produce it, and Rain came into the hands of Sam Harris. Williams and Thurber told him that they had picked Miss Armitage for the lead, but Harris laughed at them.

" Jeanne Eagels gets the first refusal of it," he said. " I don't know much about Armitage. But I know Eagels and I have her under contract."

Pauline brooded, especially after Jeanne made such a success in the play, and for months she could speak of little but her loss.

" I would be famous, too, if I had been given that rôle—and it should have been mine. I was promised it. I wanted it. I loved it. I rehearsed it. I was perfect in the rôle before I knew that Jeanne Eagels was rehearsing it. It isn't fair. And the way Eagels plays it! Oh, she's good enough, I suppose. But if I were playing Sadie—you know that part in the second act where—"

The fame and the money that came to Eagels, the homage other actresses paid her, the hoity-toity manner that came to her, Armitage envied. She believed that Eagels had stolen them from her.

When she threw herself out of a fourteenth-story window in a New York hotel some years later, her suicide was attributed to nervous prostration, to despair and despondency—she had been out of work for four months—and to a love affair. Yet the real cause of her suicide, the basis of all her despondency, was the loss of the golden part in Rain.

Pauline jumped to her death when her maid left her for a moment to answer the telephone. The call was from a Broadway agent who said he had a great rôle for Pauline to play—one that would feature her if it did not make her a star.

Jeanne wouldn't have surrendered her part to Pauline, even if she had known Pauline expected it. She would have asked, " Who is Pauline Armitage? " And she would have answered, " An indifferent actress of little experience." She would have argued that her own twenty years in the theater and her ability to portray a character should outweigh any claim Pauline might have, no matter how valid.

By the time rehearsals were half over Jeanne wouldn't have given up Sadie Thompson even if she had known that her doing so would prevent Pauline's suicide. It would have been impossible, for by that time she was not playing Sadie; she was Sadie.

Critics have said Jeanne Eagels knew what Sadie looked like when she went to school, what books she carried, what boys she flirted with, what clothes she wore, what food she ate; and that she had known Simone—the character she played in Her Cardboard Lover—long before she ever heard of her.

Jeanne knew Sadie as she knew herself. Jeanne was not Sadie. Sadie was Jeanne, done over for a play.

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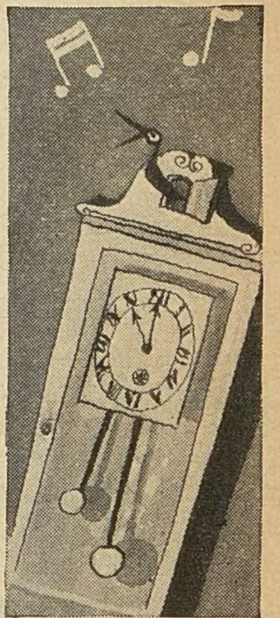

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JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-five

Jeanne derived as much enjoyment from dressing Sadie as she did from building her into a character. She went all over New York before she found the kind of frock and coat and hat and shoes that Sadie would wear. She got the shoes at a dingy East Side bargain counter, after weeks of searching for them. She paid two dollars for them. They were “ on sale.” She gave a shoe manufacturer an order to make her a dozen pairs exactly like them. The white straw hat with its one bedraggled plume she found somewhere in the Bronx, and the coat of salmon-pink sateen showing through white lace she picked up in a second-hand store on the Bowery. Sadie's parasol came out of a fire sale, her bracelets from the five-and-ten, and her beads from Mama Froggy. Geraldine Farrar had given them to the Frenchwoman, and she gave them to Jeanne “ for luck.”

Jeanne was thin and peakèd when she began rehearsals for Rain. Her face was the color of a man's vest lining, and her clothes were not much better than Sadie's. She had no money, no jewels, no credit. And for the first time in her life she begged for advice.

“ I don't want to be a prostitute,” she said to Sam Forrest. “ The play doesn't really call me one. It intimates that I came to Pago Pago out of the red-light district of Honolulu, but maybe I didn't. I can't feel myself a prostitute. I don't want me to be cheap, sordid, vulgar. Sam, just what would you be if you were playing Sadie? ”

Sam laughed at her in a kindly way, and said bluntly:

“ You're not a prostitute, you're just a common harlot, a streetwalker looking for a man with a dollar. Oh, you're a good fellow. There's no malice in you, and no morals either. You'd give your extra shirt, if you had one, to anyone you liked. You drink when you can. You think Christ is a swear word. You're a lonely soul, but you dón't know it. You're an outcast, but you don't realize it until you fall in love with the big marine and learn that he wants to marry you.”

“ All right, I'll be a common harlot, then—but not a cheap one, Sam. I'll be a little pathetic, and not too vulgar. There's good stuff in me, but I've never had a chance to show it. I'm bad, maybe, but everybody likes me—everybody but the Reverend Davidson and his wife and Mrs. MacPhail.”

JEANNE always defended Sadie. A San Francisco reporter once asked her if she didn't want to visit the Barbary Coast, “ where Sadie came from.”

“ How do you know she ever was there? ” Jeanne demanded. “ There isn't anything in the play to indicate it. Sadie is not a bad woman in the sense of evil. She is simply trying to get the most out of life, to enjoy herself. Mrs. Davidson, the missionary's wife, is a bad woman, an evil woman. And Mrs. MacPhail is the worst of all. What right had she to sneer at Sadie? People ask me if I am going to play another harlot when I'm through with Sadie. Does anybody know Sadie is a harlot? ”

Jeanne accepted Sam Forrest's idea of Sadie, but with reservations.

“ Now tell me, what'll I do in that first act, when I come on with Bates and see the Marines? ” she asked.

“ Be yourself,” said Forrest. “ Sing a little, dance a little—something like the soubrette in A Gentleman's Mother, but different. See what I mean? ”

Strauss Peyton photo from Brown Bros.

Jeanne, “ the patsy of Broadway.”

“ Great! ” Jeanne cried. She hummed. She danced. She cried to the assembled group in the words of Sadie, “ Put it on! The Wabash Blues! Music and a nip of likka—that's what a rainy day is for, says I. Can you dance, Handsome? ”

Handsome! Did the name bring back visions of “ Handsome Ed ” Dubinsky? Handsome from Kansas! She must have been herself again, playing in the tent show, for she was now strutting across the stage as Marcella Hamilton had done when she had played Cross Bar Kate in Buffalo Bill, Jr., the King of the Cowboys, and Forrest was crying, “ That's it! That's Sadie! Do it like that all the time, Jeanne! That's immense! ”

“ I WANT Sadie to have a hoarse whisky voice,” Jeanne explained to Mme. Novello Davis. “ She must talk as girls of her sort would. How can I give her such a voice? ”

“ Put your hands on your hips,” Mme. Davis commanded. “ That will let your vocal apparatus work at its best. Draw a deep breath. Lock it up in your chest. Now talk as long as you can. When you run out of breath, stop and fill your lungs again.”

Jeanne followed instructions, and heard with amazement and delight the first words Sadie Thompson spoke.

“ Oh, I love her! ” she cried. “ I'm crazy about her! ”

Again she put her hands on her hips, breathed deeply, and spoke in the new voice: “ When I get to San Francisco, Handsome, I've got to go to the penitentiary—for three years.” She paused and took another breath. Her hands trembled a little. “ Reverend Davidson says it doesn't make any difference whether I was innocent or guilty of what they framed me for.” A pause to breathe in more air. “ He says that is God's way of letting me square myself. He says I've got to accept an unjust punishment by man as a sacrifice to God.”

Mme. Davis hugged her pupil.

“ You're wonderful,” she said. “ You make me cry.”

“ Reverend Davidson,” Jeanne called in her new voice, savoring the richness of it, loving it. “ Reverend Davidson! Why don't he come? Why don't he come? ”

“ You look so tough with you hands on your hips, Jeanne dear. So tough—and so forlorn! ”

Jeanne hurried to the theater and tried out Sadie's voice for Forrest. Sam looked at her in awe.

“ Now I know,” he said, “ the play will be a hit.”

Next week's installment will tell of the rehearsals of Rain, its failure in a Philadelphia tryout, and the delirious success of its New York first night.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 38 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 47

Waiter wears a four-in-hand tie.
The sides of his coat do not match.
Neck of bottle on tray is off center.
One leg of woman's chair is too short.
No heel on woman's slipper.
She has a cigarette between her lips and one in a holder.
She wears a sports hat with an evening gown.
Openwork basket is used for a wine cooler.
Man's chair has but one knob on back.

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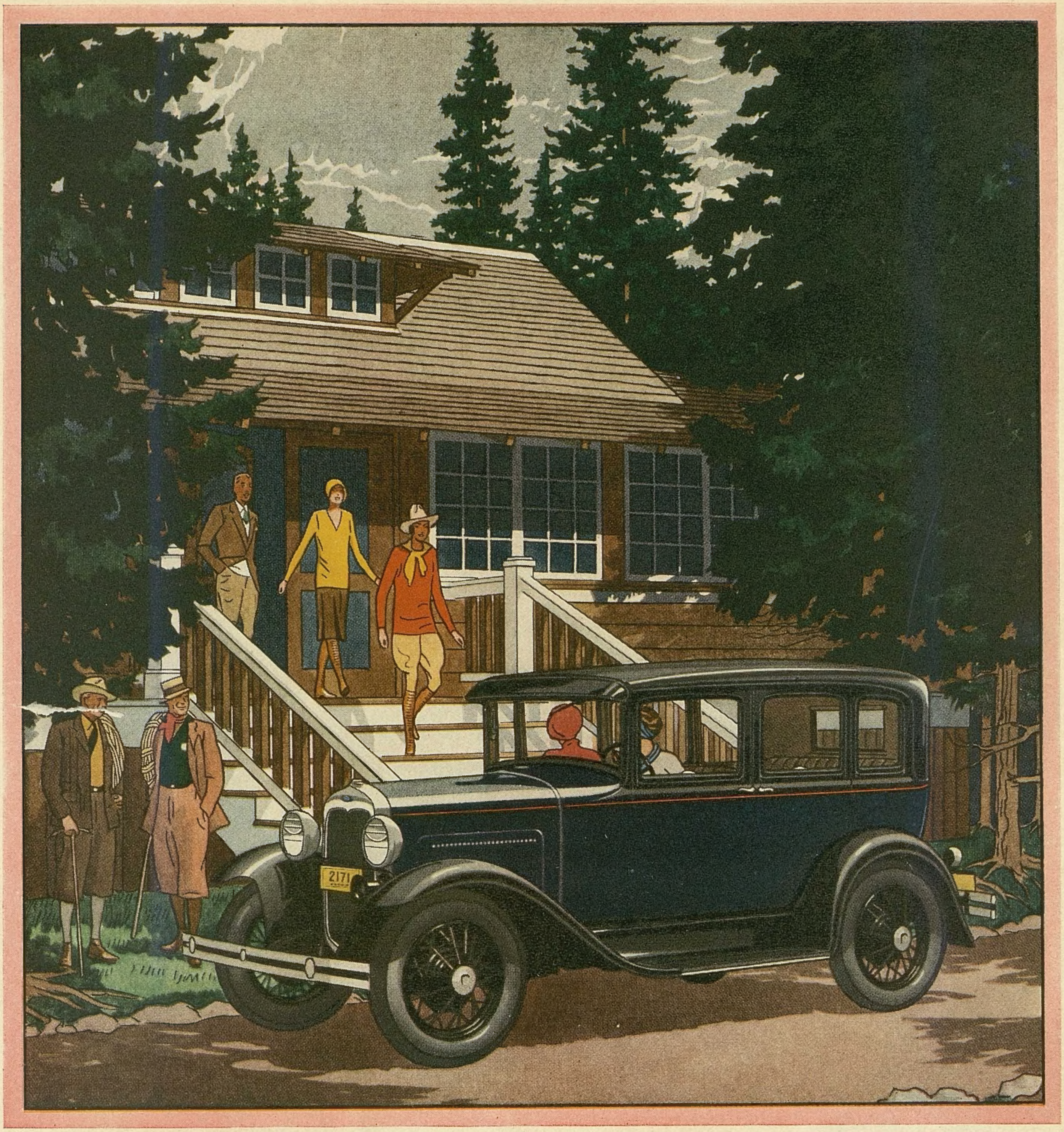
E	R	E	B	U	S	■	B	A	N	S	■	O	N	E
S	T	A	I	R	■	A	R	I	D	■	F	A	T	S
		S	T	I	R	R	E	D	■	F	A	R		
S	A	T	■	C	O	R	D	■	C	U	R	S	E	D
A	B	■	M	E	D	E	■	M	A	R	I	M	B	A
M	E	R	E		E	A	S	E	R		N	E	O	N
E	D	E	N		O	R	A	T	E		A	N	N	A



THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN

Wherever the long trail leads

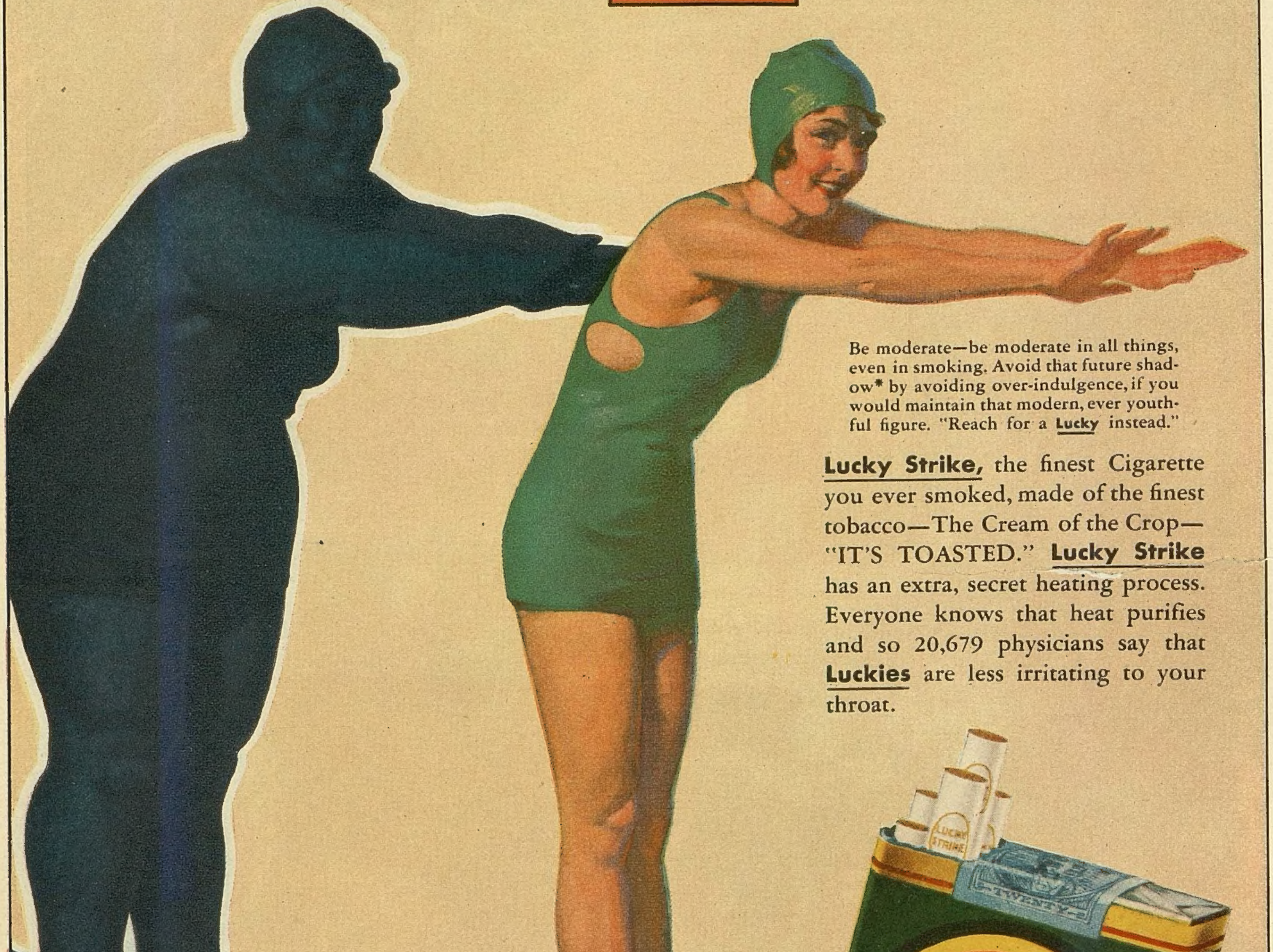
THROUGH heavy city traffic — across fertile valleys and desert sands — to the top of snow-capped mountains — wherever the long trail leads — you will find the Ford car and cheery words about it. . . . Its flashing beauty gives it distinction at the Country Club, yet it is no stranger to deeply rutted roads and hard daily usage in the far-off places. Its sturdy strength, reliability and capable performance, at all times and under all conditions, reflect the care and enduring quality that have been built into it. . . . By its constant, faithful service through many months and years you will know that it is a "value far above the price."

Ford

IS THIS YOU FIVE YEARS FROM NOW?

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever youthful figure. "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."